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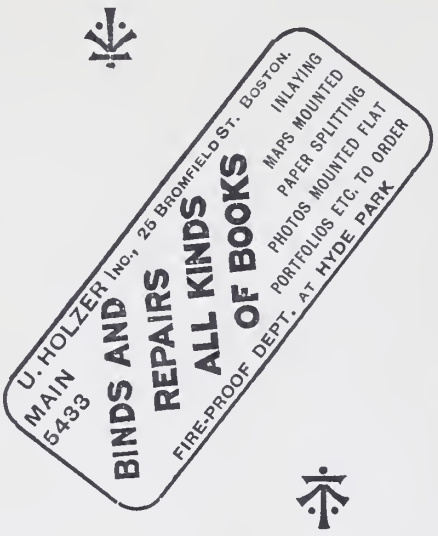
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THE REGISTER

OCTOBER, 1916

VOL. XXXVI NO. 1

H.B.B. '18



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The Latin School Register

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Latin School Register

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THE GAME

As he swung down the side street leading to North Hall, Sidney Augustus Rafter, entering his junior year at Preston Academy, wondered what the prospects of football would be for him this year. Sid was tall, but not altogether out of proportion. During the preceding year, as a sophomore, he had made himself popular by making the second team. His long legs carried him over the ground at a good rate and, having gained a few pounds in weight during the summer, he hoped to make the first team that fall.

North Hall was situated to the left of the Academy and, as Sid Rafter drew nearer, he saw a group of its tenants and their friends, evidently discussing some important subject. When his steps had brought him within calling distance, one of the group looked up, and, upon seeing him burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, Sid, you were the last one I ever expected to see here in time for early football practice," he said. Sid grinned and took his seat among the group.

"I'm always on deck, Al, when it comes to football; besides the first team is my goal this year," he replied.

"What! The first—"

"Sure," Sid defended. "I gained six pounds this summer and I don't see why I can't do it as well as you fellows did."

"Six pounds nothing!" put in Walt Stone, the big fullback.

"All right, then, if you want me to prove it, I'll go up to the gym with you this afternoon" challenged the new-comer.

"Oh, we'll let it go, "replied Al, "but

I'd like to see you make the team. Anyway the gym won't be open'till tomorrow."

"I bunk with you this term, don't I, Ned? Sid remarked.

"Yes. It's No. 4. I put my 'duds' on the left side," replied Ned.

With this, Sid went to his new quarters and found his room-mate's bed littered with the contents of a now empty suit-case, which fact showed that Ned Carter had arrived only a few hours before. The room was of a convenient size and the afternoon sun shone brilliantly through the two bay windows. Sid changed his clothes, washed the train dust from his face, hands, and neck,and then rejoined his companions.

"Let's go over to the dormitory, fellows, and see if any—but there's the grub bell."

At Walt's last remark there was a rush for the dining-room. The supper was delicious and, after each had eaten heartily, they went to the parlor, where songs and music occupied the remainder of the evening.

The boys of North Hall were up early and donned their "togs" for the first of the three days practice before school opened. Football went very well that day and the following days also, Sid playing his old position of end on the second team.

After a while the experienced coach began to see a valuable player in Sid Rafter and several times placed him on the Varsity for trials. Here again Sid's legs did him good service, for he was under the ball long before the regular end was. Finally, a few days later, he received notice that he would be a regular member of the first team, much to the joy of Sid and to the amazement of his companions.

As the games with the smaller high schools and academies came and went, he began to be looked upon as a valuable man in the line-up. Many a time he figured in some good play and many a time the name of Rafter was added to the school cheer.

As the great day drew near when Preston Academy was to clash with Hopeville High School, the excitement everywhere was extremely intense. The name of Rafter was in every mouth and Capt. Brown himself depended a good deal on Sid.

Two days before the game, Sid walked home from his last practice, joyously discussing with his friends the members of the Hopeville team, which had a remarkable little quarterback this year. When he reached his room, the now famous end found a telegram awaiting him, and, upon opening, read the following:—

Woodville Junction,
9. 00 A. M.

Dear Sidney,

Father ill. Come soon as possible.
Mother.

Sid, with dismay written across his face, sank into a chair, and read the message again. He then picked up a time table and found that there was a train at 6.0 0 o'clock that evening. After seeing the principal and explaining his sudden leave, he packed his trunk, threw the remaining articles into his suit-case, and, with a cheerful face but heavy heart, started for the station.

When he reached home , he found his father in a very serious condition, but the doctors did not give up all hopes of a recovery.

The excitement at Preston gradually gave way to a hopeless dismay as the news spread that Rafter, on whom, they believed, rested the fortunes of the Academy, would not be able to play.

While this was going on, Sid was

down at a grocery store working hard to keep his family's expenses down. When he reached home, after his day's work, he found his father very much better and the doctors did not believe his condition to be as serious as they at first thought. When supper had been finished, Mrs. Rafter broke the following good news to her son.

"Do you remember Uncle Joe?" she suddenly asked him.

"Sure," answered Sid."He was a rich mine owner out west, wasn't he?"

"Yes, and you remember he died a short time ago and that his will, for some reason, had not been settled?" she inquired.

"Yes, why?"Sid was puzzled.

"Well, his will has been settled and I just got word to-day that he has left us his great Red Butte mine."

Sid was jubilant and, as the thoughts of what this sudden fortune would mean to them flashed through his mind, there came one which immediately sobered his countenance.

"Say, mother, I—er—I couldn't—go back—er—to school, could I ?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Surely, son," she replied. "I was just thinking of the same thing."

The great day dawned clear and cold, and Sid, after bidding good-bye to his parents, started for the depot. The only train that he could take would get him to Preston at four o'clock—an hour after the game began! Never did a train seem to move more slowly than it did to Sid Rafter that afternoon; but, as he neared his destination, a faint hope rose in his mind that he might get into the game at the last minute.

The train had not quite stopped when he jumped off and started for the field. By the faint cheers which he heard as he drew near the stands, he knew that the game was still in progress. When he reached it, he made his way straight for the coach, who, finding that his surprise and joy could not be expressed in words, rushed him to the gym, and stripped Sid of his clothing, and, before the latter knew it, he was arrayed in the gorgeous outfit of the gridiron.

Signals! Sixteen-forty- two- seven!

In a beautiful forward pass the pigskin was hurled to Sid. With Walt Stone as an interference he dashed down the field! Walt stumbled and fell, and his interference was gone! Across the field sped the famous little quarterback of the Hopeville eleven! Fifteen yards more! Would he make it before the rival man could intercept him? He must! On he sped! The last white line was only three yards away now. Suddenly, a pair of arms desperately clutched his thighs. He felt himself thrown! Then all was darkness.

That night, at the great bonfire celebration of the victory of 6-0 over Hopeville High School, the President of the Athletic Association arose and, after all was quiet, announced that the captain of next year's football team would be, the hero of the last game———— Sidney Augustus Rafter!

R. B. '19

ONE OUT OF MANY

James Freeman, known to all as Jock, was a farmer's boy, eighteen years old, tall, broad shouldered, and strong. Raised on a farm and in the open all the time, he was the picture of health. He had no definite plan for life, and when war broke out, he felt that his chance had come. Word came to the countryside that the invading host was marching on and must be stopped A poster appeared in the village post office, bearing the picture of a man in kahki, beckoning, with the Union Jack behind him, and saying, "Come! Your country needs you." He quickly got his transportation, and saying good-bye to his loved ones, went away, the first to go from the little community.

At the training camp he was examined, accepted, and put in uniform, in the short space of one hour. He found himself in a company with many other young men, vigorous, active and eager for work. From that day on, Jock worked as he had never done before. He went to the rifle range, dug trenches, and learned innumerable other things that were necessary. Soon, however, he was transferred to the machine gun section on account of his size and strength. Here he learned to fight with his short bayonet, or clubbed rifle, and to move quickly, silently, ready for instant action. After a few months here the battalion was sent to England; but all that the folks back home knew about it, was that when Jock had arrived in England, a brief item appeared in the paper, which said that his battalion, drafts, and details had arrived safely on the other side.

Jock thought that the work had been hard at home, but here it was much more so. Officers of the regular army took charge, all undesirables were weeded out, and discipline tightened. Men who had been in the trenches showed them how to leap, duck, dodge, and all the ins and outs of the game.

Suddenly, one afternoon, word came to pack up; so Jock put on his haversack, blankets, ammunition boxes, canteen, ration bag, and bayonet, shouldered his gun, and entrained. At dark they boarded a boat and in the cold gray morning saw the shores of France. How many would find it a last resting place! Alas! a good many, but to them and theirs it was a glorious one.

Jock soon found himself at a reserve station five miles behind the lines. Daily drill was held, but it was evident to all that they were to advance soon. Often aeroplanes passed over-head, and once they saw a thrilling air battle high in the sky, as a result of which the enemy's machine came down within the lines, its engine disabled.

One dark night, Jock's battalion went forward in motor busses for a few miles, and then went on in single file, turning and twisting through a communication trench with the damp earth high on both sides. When the first line trench was reached, they were ordered to spread out, stow away their belongings, and make themselves as much at home as possible. For a few days nothing much was done. A few shots were interchanged, and the usual artillery fire occurred towards night. On the third day came the word to advance that evening;so the afternoon was spent in writ-

ing last messages and in arranging their affairs.

For days the sappers had been at work digging mines and short advance trenches. For three hours the artillery had fired incessantly. It stopped. A hasty hand-shake, a gruff word of command, and they were off! For glory—or death! The mines went up ahead of them, the bombs exploded, and the "star-lights" lit up the lurking place of death. Oh, the excitement and the horror of it all! He rushed a foe who fell, he kept on; a gun went off in his face, he fired, and went on. A communication trench extended in front of him and he rushed down it. Suddenly he found himself in a village street. Rifles blazed forth from windows and doorways. A small mob was opposing them, Should they retreat? Not they. A word, and they threw themselves down. As calmly as if on the range Jock commenced to shoot; wherever a rifle blazed, or head showed, there was his target.

All this time, however, his comrades kept the gun with the long black muzzle spurting fire and death into the mass a hundred yards away. It was not without loss, for one by one this little band was thinned. Could they stay? Until they died! As the men fell, Jock pushed their bodies ahead as a breast work while the bullets were whizzing by, hitting something sometimes with a sharp zingk.

At last there were but two left—two out of the thirty brave and courageous souls that had leaped the parapet a half hour before. Still they kept on until Jock himself had to take charge of the gun, his comrade falling with a bullet in his head. Then came a rush. A hundred feet, fifty feet, there weren't many left. Pray God he could hold it! Twenty-five and a mere handful, ten feet and there were two. Leaping up Jock met them. His clubbed rifle disposed of one, and as he was about to hurl himself upon the other, when he fell hearing the wild cheers of the Black Watch as they rushed down the death strewn lane.

When next he knew anything, he was in a hospital train and sweet face bent over him as he whispered, "Mother!" A soft hand brushed his brow and he sank back into slumber.

Was it worth it? Jock thought so, for there came a day when he had the Distinguished Service Order medal pinned on his breast; but his eyes filled with tears as he thought of his comrades, "Somewhere in France." Theirs was the glory too!

A VACATION EXPERIENCE

I had a most enjoyable experience last summer while spending my vacation in the White Mountains. I camped out for a day and one night with a group of friends on the summit of Mount Washington.

Having negotiated the plans for our proposed trip, we retired early in order to feel fit for our strenuous morrow. We arose at sunrise over-jubilant and expectant for the outcome of the day. There were eighteen in the party—all friends—when we started from the hotel that morning at four-thirty o'clock. After giving three rousing good cheers on the front lawn—the cheers by the way being so vociferously shouted as to serve as the rising bell for a goodly number of the guests who were wont to rise early—we slowly but steadily made our way from the hotel grounds.

It was a balmy August morn. What a happy little army we were as we trudged along in Indian file, now crossing through a lane, and now plodding through a ragged woodland whose cracklings meant something "strange," according to the women travellers in the party! We had, no doubt, saved a great amount of time in pursuing our intended course as we arrived at the Base station thirty minutes ahead of the scheduled time. Here we all agreed to rest for a few moments to adjust our packs and what not. However, after a ten minutes' respite we started on the hardest, yet most exciting portion of our trip.

We are off! I shall never forget the first of the climb as long as I live. It was simply uphill work for the first six hundred yards after leaving the station at the base. Although I was an amateur at climbing mountains—this being my first formidable climb—I, nevertheless, did have the sagacity to begin easily. Fortunately, as the time wore on, I gradually became accustomed to the narrow trail, and finally, continuing at an even pace I became used to the gait. Nothing of any vital importance occurred on the climb save for the wait we had at an opening that gave on the trail which extended a few feet out to a ledge. This colossal aperture was called a watering place, a station where the trains on the cog-railway retank on the ascent. It was indeed a most remarkable sight as we looked down hundreds of feet below into that wonderful work of nature, a ravine whose awe-inspiring depth, made picturesque by the markings of the sun presented us with a scene that was indeed majestic. The air here was very invigorating an served as a tonic for our weary bodies. The last leg of the ascent was wanting in excitement, although we were bubbling over with delight while trudging along with the thought of our promised treat, a "slum gullian" dinner.

How happy we were when we had gained the summit of Mount Washington! It was now sunset. What a long day it had been as we walked along! We explored the rocky summit and visited the two buildings that aroused the transients interest, the New Summit House and a souvenir shop. We visited the lavatories in the hotel and washed off the perspiration. After that we felt greatly refreshed Then we began to think of our stomachs. I believe I

made mention of our proposed meal. Yes, we were hungry, and although we were not famished, we nevertheless were in a great hurry to eat what our chef had promised us. It happened that that important gentleman was none other than a certain Judge Shute of boy's stories fame. That taciturn person had mentioned a certain dish that was to be ours on our trip and then said no more. He called us together and assigned a task to each one of us. Mine was that of collecting fagots which were used in the building of our five stone fires over which were placed five frying pans. It took us fully two hours to prepare the meal and if ever I reaped any benefit for a couple of hours' work, I certainly did that day.

Fried pork strips, the grease of which was poured into the pans full of potatoes which were also to be fried, constitued the first item in the cooking of our repast. Then came the onions which the women had peeled, followed by the fresh strips of bacon, now the eggs, and we have the ingredients of our dinner. After each of one these respective ingredients had been fried separately, they were all laid out on a large piece of paper and mixed. We then boiled the coffee, a very easy task indeed, as we procured the water from the hotel. Now taking the paperful of substance we poked the fires to a fever heat again and filling each one of the pans, we warmed the hash over. Five minutes had passed—we were eating now. How it tasted! It was a very appreciative group of hungry individuals that squatted around the fires that afternoon just before dusk. Having enjoyed the meal immensely, we all heartily cheered our brilliant chef who had instituted the "slum gullian." Soon after we extinguished the smouldering fires and made preparations to retire.

It was then about nine o'clock. We were to sleep on bunks in an old stable that was chained down and re-enforced with wire cable lest it be blown away. We were all in our bunks at ten o' clock, weary but happy. I had slept soundly, and as the sun was peeping in through the cracks of the hut, I jumped out of my bunk with a start, mystified as to the cause of the noise outside. Having slipped into my clothes in a jiffy I ran out into the open only to be greeted with a cheer by four of my companions who had risen earlier. As I walked around I saw one of the most vivid and picturesque sights imaginable. Off to my left was a group of oncoming clouds and to my right was a heavenly Vista, the Lake of the Clouds surrounded as it were with clouds like a picture in its frame. I could easily understand why such an appellation had been bestowed on that certain lake. I immediately rushed into our sleeping quarters to awaken the rest of my companions in order that they might view the lake before the clouds drifted off.

We hurriedly prepared our breakfast which consisted of bread, fried bacon, and coffee; then we had the rest of the morning to ourselves. Now the reader must be willing to admit that we were fully recompensed for taking so long a journey when we were presented with that almost indescribable picture of the lake. However, how can our surprise be depicted when, at about eleven o' clock with an increasing gale blowing steadily we were completely covered with an immense cloud, the sequence of the preceding experience being a flurry of snow that lasted for two hours! That was the first fall of snow that season, there being only one other since that day. How happy we felt as we walked around

there that morning with the wind blowing the snow in our faces! We happened to be the only transients on the summit that day ,too, as it was too brisk for any commuter on the cog-railway to essay a trip. We swaggered about in a very important air upon thinking what we could say about our trip reminiscently.

All packed up that afternoon, and with the snow gone as if by enchantment and a bright sky overhead we started on the descent. We followed the railway tracks—that being the most direct route—as we were in a hurry to get back to our hotel before dinner was over. Singing and cheering our chef, we walked the ties, recounting the various experiences of our trip. We were all brave enough to cross the trestle known as Jacob's Ladder, a feat that is quite risky to say the least. Arriving at the base, we lost no time in boarding the cars for home.

It was a jolly crowd indeed that was assembled on the front lawn as we came running up the path, and I could wager that there are some at the hotel now who take delight in telling of our experiences. The trip was intensely interesting and incidentally educating, as many of us had never seen the Alps of this country in such close proximity save in geographical books. It also was beautifully replete with happy occurrences and experiences that will not be forgotten by any one of the party for a long time to come.



SCENE: A humble country hotel.

MALE GUEST: I'd like to be called at four to-morrow morning; I'm going fishing.

Female domestic (stupidly): Eh?

MALE GUEST (deliberately): I'm going fishing to-morrow morning and I wish to be called early—not later than four.

FEMALE DOMESTIC (stolidly): Will you ring?

When Hamlet said, "But I have that within which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket to the circus.

PATIENT: Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.

DOCTOR (after feeling her pulse): There is nothing the matter, madame. All you need is rest.

PATIENT: Now, aren't you mistaken doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tongue.

DOCTOR: That needs rest, too.

* * *

Waiter, bring us eleven raw oysters.

We don't give eleven sir; we give six or twelve.

No, twelve would never do, we should be thirteen at table.

STRESS OF WEATHER.

Dear lady, please help an unfortunate man. I ain't had no work at my trade since last winter.

Poor man! What is your trade?

Shovellin' snow, mum.

* * *

REGRETS.

MISS GUSHINGTON(to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other.

YOUNG WIDOW: Oh, my dear, I have forty; but such a bother as they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died.

* * *

"Do we want Mexico?" asks a newspaper correspondent just returned from that section. We do; we do. Several letters which we have read lately from that place state that the girls down there don't know anything about kissing, but are anxious to learn.

* * *

ODD, WASN'T IT.

FATHER: "I never imagined that your studies cost me so much money."

STUDENT: "Yes, and I don't study much, either."

* * *

TEACHER: "John where was Sleepy Hollow?"

JOHN: "Why, er, I can't exactly tell you but I know where it is, I got it in my head."

* * *

SOME FALL!

MR. SYNNER: "Last night I dreamt I had a fall, and while falling, I thought of all the misdeeds I ever committed."

MR. SKYNNER: It must have been a fall from the Metropolitan tower."

In a small Southern town, there had been some animosity between the black population and the white. A negro preacher once invited during that time a white minister to address his congregation. Fearing lest the white minister should be badly received, he introduced him to his congregation in this manner:

"My friends, though this man's face is white, I do most earnestly assure you his heart is black."

* * *

"Are you sick?" asked the old physician of his oldest son, who appeared dispirited and ill-at-ease.

"Not exactly," said the young man; "only an eastern house has drawn on me unexpectedly for $400."

"How often have I cautioned you," said the angry father, "not to expose yourself to a draft!"

* * *

HE MUST HAVE BEEN POPULAR.

A medical practitioner in a country town is said to have been in receipt of many amusing letters and testimonials. Among them were the following;—

Dear Doc,

I hev bin blind fer foreteen yeers, an' after takin' one bottel uv yer faymuss eye-pills, I kin see my finish.

Dear Docter,

My datter is lyin' at death's door. Will you plees cum an' pull her through?

* * *

MRS. BUBBLE: "What may be your daughter doing now, Mrs. Trubble?"

MRS. TRUBBLE: "My daughter wants to be a teacher of domestic science, so she's taking a course in household derangement at the abnormal school."

HE: I feel as though I had extracted with a corkscrew the invitation to call.

SHE: Well I hope you will enjoy it as much as you do other things you extract with a corkscrew

* * *

"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs, anyway."

* * *

JUST THE SAME TO HIM.

Many years ago it was a time-honored custom at Harvard University for the members of different classes to rehearse their various war-songs upon the great open campus. If these met with the approval of the students in the dormitories surrounding the campus, they signified their approbation by an awful bellow of, "More! Mo-o-ore!! Mo-o-ore!!"

One afternoon when the windows of a class-room fronting the campus were wide open, a hideous bray assailed the ears of the students. A donkey was responsible. The donkey was that of John, the orange-man. But the strange music did not in the least upset the well-ordered class-room. Equilibrium was disturbed, however, when from a dormitory across the campus was heard the voice of a lone freshman, who wailed, 'More! Mo-o-ore!! Mo-o-ore!!!"

School Notes



Once again does the REGISTER extend a cordial and hearty greeting to both teachers and pupils, new and old, and gives them its best wishes for a year of success and happiness. School, opening as it does three weeks later than usual, will compel us all to utilize the little moments which have hitherto seemed so valueless, and to exert every effort to catch up with our work. As Emerson says, "Character is higher than intellect." Why not make that our motto for the year? The Latin School is a place which trains boys in character as well as in intellect. Here a boy learns love of truth, self reliance, fairness, persistency, and "all that makes a man." So, while improving and broadening our intellects, let us not forget that a good character is the greatest thing the boy of today can possess.

* * *

Owing to the seeming dangers of the spread of infantile paralysis, the opening of school was twice postponed. To some of us this delay was altogether pleasant, but, we imagine, it was not so agreeable to those who worked during vacation. The football squad in particular will suffer from lack of early practice.

* * *

During the summer two distinguished graduates of the Latin School passed away. On August 26 occurred the death of Dr. Warren Fisher Gay, '86, a leading surgeon of Boston. The Rev. Henry Hinkley, '56 a prominent clergyman, died on September 14.

* * *

Again has the distant conflict of Armageddon struck the Latin School, for on April 20 Allan G. Barton, an alumnus of the School, was killed at Ypres, Belguim. He had enlisted with the First Canadian Contingent.

* * *

Teachers and pupils returning to the school will miss a familiar face. Mr. Francis de Maurice Dunn, for thirty

years connected with the Latin School died on June 27. A more extended notice will appear in a later number.

* * *

Mr. Warren E. Robinson of our teaching staff, was unable to be present at the opening of school on account of militia duty at the border.

* * *

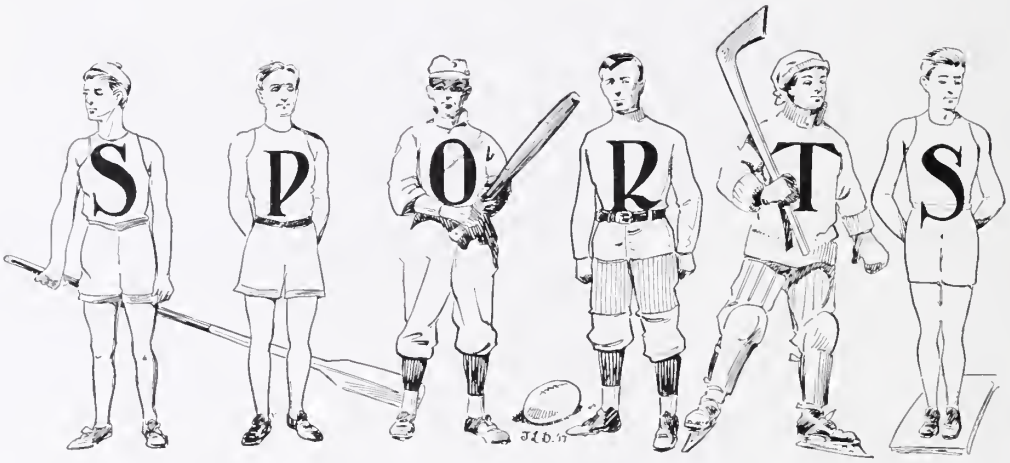
Dr. Harry Sheffer, B. L. S. '01, has been appointed lecturer to do some of of the work formerly done by the late Professor Royce at Harvard.

* * *

Mr. Wilfred Frederick Kelley, who has been appointed Assistant Junior Master, is another graduate to come back to the school to teach. While in school he won many prizes and was very much interested in declamation. After graduation in 1911 he went to Tufts, and there founded and was president of the Tufts Forum. He graduated summa cum laude, with honors in history, and as a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

* * *

Kenneth Finlayson Mac Lennan, for three years a student at this school, died in Letocport, France, in September from the effects of wounds received in battle.



The athletic season for 1916-17 opened on Monday, October second, with a football meeting in Room 15 at which fifty candidates were present. Coach O'Brien outlined his intentions for the coming year and announced that practice would be held the next day.

Since we have such veterans from last year's team as Capt. O'Connor, Brady, Crowley, Donegan, Murphy, Ryan, McGrath, Stuart and Kennedy, it seems quite likely that a team selected from last year's first and second teams will be sent on the grid-

iron to represent Latin School at the opening clash.

A great problem confronts Coach O'Brien this year, namely, to find a quarterback to fill Cousens' shoes. At present McGrath is showing best in this position especially because he is speedy and a very shifty player; but why do we have only three or four candidates for each position? Out of seven-hundred pupils about sixty come out for football and, when the season is over, we have scant two teams left. Is it because you think that there are plenty of veterans to fill all the positions or is it because you think you have not enough weight? If it is the former reason, you are sadly mistaken, for, under Coach O'Brien's methods the best man gets the place regardless of experience, although I will admit experience helps a player a great deal. If you claim that you lack weight, let it be understood right now that it is fight, not weight, that makes a football player.

With such candidates as Atwood, Dudley, Casey, Connolly, and Goodrich, Latin School ought to have one of the best football seasons of her career; and and if a pupil feels unable to try for the team on account of ill health or some other reason, let him give the team his moral support. Urge your team on, not only when they are winning but more so when they are being driven back to their own goal posts. Cheer your opponent when he makes a good play. Cheer your second team once in a while, because they make the first team what they are. The second team is the team the regulars practice upon. It is not too late now to try for the team. Come on out and help us to have a record squad!

In closing, let me urge every fellow in the school to support the team, either on the gridiron or from the sidelines, and let these words ring in your ears, "We want more candidates!"

M. V. Dullea, B. L. S. '12 has been chosen leader of the Boston College Football Team for the present season.

J. R. Povah, B. L. S. '14 is playing a slashing game at guard on the Holy Cross Team. Povah was a popular choice for guard on the interscholastic teams several years ago.



FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1916

OCT. 20. ST. MARK'S AT SOUTHBORO.

OCT. 25. CAMBRIDGE LATIN AT CAMBRIDGE

NOV. 3. BROOKLINE AT BROOKLINE

NOV. 10. DORCHESTER AT DORCHESTER

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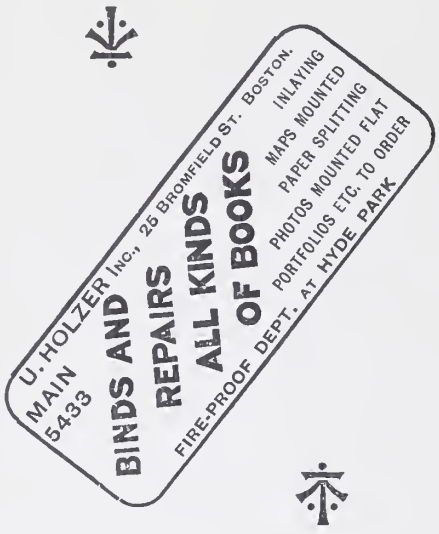
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THE REGISTER

NOVEMBER, 1916

VOL. XXXVI NO. 2

H.B.B. '18



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The Latin School Register

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TRAINING UNDER UNCLE SAM

On the bright sunshiny morning of July 6, twelve hundred boys from widely scattered parts of the United States took the first step towards establishing a precedence for a National Junior Military Training Camp.

Shortly before nine o'clock, there began to appear in the South Station, khaki-clad boys with bags of all descriptions, not to mention tennis racquets and mandolins, and even a few golf enthusiasts came into sight with their ever present pouches slung over their shoulders. As the time grew nearer for the departure of our train at 10:02, there must have been two hundred soldiers in the making, crowding around the gate where the sign-board gave forth the magical news that it was the train for New London, and that to our enthusiastic minds meant Fort Terry, Plum Island. At last the gate was opened and we poured forth into the two waiting cars that had been assigned us. Then followed fifteen minutes of frantic and excited partings, as we all thought of a last word to give our relatives and friends who had crowded the platform in such numbers, that it seemed almost like a repetition of the militia farewell. Then came the sound for which we were all waiting so expectantly: "All aboard!" and the train began to move out into the yards. With a final cheer we were out of the station and soon settled down for our three hours' ride to New London. Thence we shifted to a little government tender and soon we were off, skirting along the beautiful shore of the entrance to New London's

harbor. As soon as we were outside, all eyes and ears were wide open for the first cry that would announce to us that we were nearing our goal.

At last we seemed to be nearing an island. "But surely," everyone was saying to his neighbor, "that sandy and barren looking desert can not be the same of which we had heard such glowing reports!" Not a tree could be seen, nothing but a rocky shore and a high sandy bluff. Soon a small wharf came into view toward which we were heading, and everyone passed the news around that we had at last "arrived."

In no time at all we were tied up alongside, and out we piled bag and baggage. Now our first reminder came that we were in the charge of the United States Government and no longer private citizens, for there, seeing that we disembarked safely and in an orderly manner, stood three or four armed guards pacing back and forth across the wharf. Now we were lined up in single file, and each one, as he passed by a desk in the little guardhouse on the dock, deposited his $22.50 and gave allthe necessary data regarding himself. As we passed through this little house, we were led off into divisions of five, to be assigned to different companies, and here we had our first experience of military discipline; for time after time the divisions came between chums, yet we had to obey, outwardly serene, at least. As we emerged from our house of division, we were handed a small card whereon was inscribed the letter of our company. As we reached the end of the wharf, the second division came, those who were to go to the hill camp at the western end of the island turning to the right and those who had been assigned to the eastern unit to the left.

Those of us going to the East Unit gathered our belongings together and put them on a large hand-car for which about twenty of us had to furnish the motion power sufficient for the up-hill trip of one mile. After we had alternately pushed and stumbled over the boulder bed of the track, we arrived at a long low wooden building at which all those who had tickets marked "D" and "E" removed their baggage from the truck and entered. There were three of these box-like looking structures and at each, those who belonged to the corresponding company disembarked with their house-hold goods. As we entered these shacks, we gave up our identification cards and received in exchange big blue duffel bags each containing three pairs of blankets, two pillow slips, and a pillow. As we emerged with this extra equipment slung over our shoulders, we were met by a gray-garbed man, who at first sight reminded one strongly of the gray-coated guards at the South Station, but who, we hasten, to add, was our first lieutenant, a third year man West Point, who soon showed us that there was an everlasting and impassible boundary between him and us. As we first looked at our streets lined with tents we vaguely wondered if four of us must inhabit one of those little cones; but our question was soon answered when to our astonishment, and secret dismay, our West Pointer informed us that seven fellows should go in each tent and, after arranging their belongings to come out at once and dig a trench around the tent. We promptly got to work, but with widely different ideas as to the size of our trench. Some suggested the size of a gutter, another wished it large enough to resemble an annex of those across the water. We appealed to our

afore-mentioned lieutenant with many qualms, which were soon justified, for although he gave us the desired information, he made it plain, that it should not be necessary to consult him on such small matters.

This task done, we sat down and watched the gradual colonization of our company street. Another boatload had come in from New York, while we were in the midst of our dignified endeavors to make a suitable repository for an overflow of water in case of rain. No sooner had a tent enveloped its occupants, than they emerged with the eternal pick and shovel and started to dig their own salvation. After what seemed to be an interminably long period had passed, during which time each cadet had been eagerly inquiring of his neighbors if he had heard any news regarding food, a whistle was blown, and almost before the last sound had died away, we were all in front of onr tents, anxiously awaiting for the signal to be given that would give us our first chance to sample the army rations, on which we were to subsist for five weeks. At last we were given the order, and down we all marched to the mess shacks, which turned out to be the same buildings in which we had received duffel bags. Now, however, we can make a closer inspection of our erstwhile dining-rooms. Each shack measured approximately one hundred and twenty by twenty-five feet, and contained two large compartments, the mess rooms at the ends and two smaller ones in the middle, which were the kitchens. The mess-rooms were open on three sides and screened in to keep out the flies, which was done in a remarkably efficient manner by the aid of ten or twelve boys, who each day spent two hours swating flies, as an antidote for breaking what seemed to us some inconsequential rule. Inside, were six long tables which were kept very slippery in order to expedite the passage of sand (sugar), grease (butter), canned cow (milk) and other highly necessary articles, with the results that said articles often turned turtle on account of reckless driving on the part of the passer. At first endeavor it was rather difficult to gauge elevations and deflections of our dirt floor, but after many trials, we managed to know with consummate skill when to expect a hollow or a hill. Some even offered to act as guides for the unskilled. How we ate that first supper of bologna, potato salad, cocoa, apple-butter and bread!! After many suppers of this same delicious delicacy (bologna), we all felt as one poet aptly said:

"Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone,
Oh where, oh where can he be?
He's gone to Fort Terry and there he's bologna
And that's how he's served up to me."

When we had devoured everything in sight, we were called to attention and officers gave us a little talk, explaining the idea of the camp and the way in which we were to conduct ourselves. Then the order, "Company, rise!" being given, we marched back to our tents and later each company went down to the beach and celebrated with a bonfire and each of our officers spoke a few words.

A 9:30 all lights were out, but if sleep came to any before midnight it was the exception aad not the rule We could not seem to contain our restless bodies in the close confines of one small cot. Presently somebody's pillow slips off the back of the cot and down

would come its owner's head on the hard frame. Then would come a rattle of stones on the top of the tent, as some ambitious trouble maker in the next tent would start in his work. Then of course "intertentual" complications arose; but soon the hubdub ceased and as the camp became quieter, we passed into a restless sleep.

We had begun five weeks of military training under Uncle Sam.

To be continued. A. H. M. '17

A DAY'S OBSERVATION

During the past summer it was my good fortune to visit one of Canada's great training camps. It was Camp Aldershot, situated about three miles from Kentville, Nova Scotia, in an open, rolling country with low mountains in the distance, and at the head of the beautiful Annapolis valley.

It was a holiday when I was there and there were excursions from all over the Province. The blare of bag-pipes greeted us on our arrival and led the way towards the camp. On our left was the camp postoffice, and further along headquarters. At the top of the low hill we paused and there, as if on a table, lay the camp. High on the right were the hospital, the guard house, and so-forth; at the foot, the sanitary arrangements, and then the cook tents, with the tables set up before them glistening with white enamel ware. Then came a broad street dividing the camp. At the left were the tents, conical in shape and in almost perfect alignment. Further along was the parade ground where the battalions were already forming for the parade. Each soldier was dressed in an olive drab uniform, much like ours in general appearance. They wore puttees and wide leather belts, from which hung their bayonets, canteens, and ration bags. The caps were close-fitting, and at the left side had three feathers fastened by a large medallion. Two of the feathers were gray and the third was different, showing by its color the battalion to which the man belonged.

Now they are forming. A sergeant passes down the line counting them off. They hastily go through a brief drill and march to their posts, with the scuffling of feet and creaking of leather as an officer gallops past, and soon everything is in readiness. The band plays the first few bars of "God Save the King", while every soldier off duty jumps to attention, facing the music.

The review is over and the men go rushing to their quarters while we pass on to see what else there is. Past the parade ground we notice trenches, some very roughly dug, and others just as nearly perfect as they can be made, sticks woven in and out to prevent the earth's caving in, and sand bags on top to make it solid. These trenches twist and turn at almost every rod, the object being to prevent the enemy from sweeping a long strip of trench. Here and there dummies are hung up to give the men practice in leaping the trench and pinning the foe with the bayonet.

Back in camp again we met several men of the Highland Brigade whom we knew, and chatted about the war, the camp,—and home. As we waited for the train in the cool dusk, we saw father talking with son, mother with her boy, probably for the last time, but as they kissed a fond good-bye, I wondered if we, in our fair land, would ever see such a scene as this, and in my heart I most earnestly hoped that we never would.

BLUENOSE.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

8:30 A. M.—Bulging minarets black silhouetted on a crimson sky—Bazaar howlers making ready their booths for the day's trade—A shrivelled old man spearing cigarette butts in the gutter—An immovable Frenchman with silky moustache sipping absinthe on the balcony of the European Club—CAIRO.

Cairo! Howard Bey, ex-Broadway favorite, now the most powerful man in Egypt, was fascinated, enthralled by the witching early morning Cairo spread out below his window in the Khedive's palace. Refreshed by a soft, moist breeze, he pushed back the rich blanket beneath which he had slept, and raising the white-latticed sash, leaned forward, that the breath of the lotus-blossoms below might reach his nostrils. He drank his fill of the pleasant dampness and smiled. His face, seamed by hardship, and tanned by exposure to the sun of the southland, flushed a little, and his lips parted, disclosing two rows of white, even teeth.

Howard Bey, having risen to high position and enormous wealth by the Khedive's favor, was even now planning, thinking, scheming; by his plans might the affairs of the whole continent be changed. His power was infinite.

Suddenly above the noises of the street rose the shrill siren of a motor-car. Howard Bey leaned again from his casement and saw a powerful Mercedes stop before the European Club. Besides the chauffeur there was but one occupant of the machine. A young man in the uniform of a British soldier stepped lightly from the car and ascended the marble stairway. Howard looked more closely. Those slim shoulders! That curling black hair!—Could it be? He looked again. Tears welled up in his eyes. He was choked with emotion. He had recognized the young man as Tom Dunbar, his friend of ten years ago,—back in the old U. S. A.!

Howard Bey clapped his hands twice; almost simultaneously a huge black Krooman appeared in the doorway, and after prostrating himself at his master's feet, rose and awaited his command.

"Hassan, my bath!" said Howard Bey. "Quick! I must go at once!"

The muscular black again prostrated himself and vanished. Ten minutes later the Khedive's aide found his friend the young officer in the lobby of the European Club. Dunbar sat reading at a window. He did not look up until Howard approached and placed a hand upon his shoulder. Then he started as if from a dream, and after staring a moment cried hysterically:

"Jack Howard! Yes, it is Jack!"

"Lieutenant Dunbar!" Howard Bey gripped the young man's outstretched hand. "No! Tom!—Tom Dunbar. Just Tom, old man. And now tell us all about it."

o o o o

The ballroom in the Khedive's palace was a sea of tuneful color, moving in billows of scarlet and gold. Life and laughter filled the great building. Fair faces and gorgeous uniforms sought the shelter of palms and lotus blossoms. The garden upon the palace roof alone seemed deserted. Brilliant stars shone down from the southern skies and mos-

ques and minarets stood outlined upon the heavens.

Two watchers stood upon the curved turret of the roof-garden. Howard Bey and Lieutenant Tom Dunbar studied together the wonders of the most facinating city in the world—by night!

Howard Bey's searching eyes remained fixed upon a slender spire half a mile away in darkness. Following his gaze Dunbar saw one beacon-light, then another and another flare out upon the pinnacle of the silvery minaret. Instantly answering beacons flared from three distant towers. Howard's hand closed upon his friend's arm with a grip of steel.

"There's going to be fighting," he said, "you must leave Cairo,—at once! You—"

"I'll stick by you to the last, Jack. I'll not go while you're in danger!" Dunbar's eyes flashed in the dark. Howard Bey's voice trembled as he said:

"I know it, Tom. you're,—you're all right, old man. But it won't be your kind of fighting. You don't know the game as it's played here in Egypt. I can take care of myself, and when I've accomplished what,—what I'm trying to accomplish here, I'll go home,—with you!"

Lieutenant Dunbar's big Mercedes puned softly as it stood waiting before the Khedive's palace. Distant artillery grumbled spasmodically. The palace was in an uproar. Howard Bey bid his friend good-bye as he sat at the wheel of his throbbing machine. He drew a card from his pocket and scribbled a few words upon it in Arabic

"Here, Tom," he said. "Take this card with you. If ever you're in trouble,—lost or anything, just show it to someone, and they'll set you right."

Dunbar took the bit of pasteboard and examined it curiously.

"But what does it mean, Jack?" he said. "It's Greek to me."

"The words mean—"

Howard Bey was interrupted by the song of a bullet as it sped just behind him. The great electric light at the palace entrance went out, leaving the street in darkness. Dunbar reached out to touch his friend, but he was gone. A heavy sulphurous odor filled the air. Another report broke the stillness of the night, and the second bullet passed so close Tom knew it had been intended this time to take his own life. Instantly he shot in the clutch, and the powerful Mercedes sped away into the night.

It seemed to young Lieutenant Dunbar that he had been driving for hours through the evil-smelling streets, trying to find some exit from the city. Always he was pursued by the sharp rattle of rifle shots, stabbing the darkness with stilettos of pink and scarlet.

As he was slowly turning the corner of a squalid court, a dozen uniformed ruffians sprang upon his car, overpowered him, and riddled his gas-tank with bullets from their muskets. Resistance was impossible, and Tom was dragged to the street. Trying to free his arm from a painful grip, he received a smashing blow in the face. One of the gang searched his clothing, and appropriated the contents of his pockets. He found the card upon which Howard Bey had scrawled a sentence in Arabic, and moved by curiosity, read it. Suddenly his face became ashen, and his hand shook as he showed the paper to his comrades. Instantly they threw

aside their weapons, and tore off madly down the street. Tom Dunbar picked up the card from the pavement where it had fallen, and rose unsteadily to his feet. He could not unterstand the strange power of the Arabic words over his assailants. At any rate, he thought, he must drive away at once, and escape from the city. But no!—The fuel-tank was perforated with bullet holes. His car was disabled, and he could not leave the city. He was conscious of acute hunger. He felt for his money.—It was gone. Perhaps there were no shops open.

Hours later, driven mad by hunger, Dunbar stumbled into the shop of a pastry-seller. The Turkish proprietor curiously picked up the card tossed upon the counter by the nearly unconscious man. He read its Arabic sentence,—and a broad grin overspread his greasy features. He led Dunbar to a table, and heaped before him the choicest pastry, sweet-meats and fruit his shop contained. Dazed, but famished,Tom ate ravenously.

The city was still torn with fighting. Rifle-shots marked the seconds, and the streets were rivers of blood. Secure in the tower of the Khedive's palace, Howard Bey explained to Lieutenant Dunbar how he had been forced to flee in the darkness immediately after he had given his friend the Arabic card.

Tom Dunbar drew the battered paper from his pocket.

"It saved my life," he said, "Jack, what do those words mean?"

Howard Bey laughed.

"Didn't you know, Tom? Why, they mean—"

A screeching shell ripped through the massive turret. Hours later Tom Dunbar opened his eyes to gaze upward through a great hole in the roof at the infinite heavens. Twinkling stars—the silver spire of a minaret.

E. G. F. '18.



FRANCIS DE MAURICE DUNN

FRANCIS De MAURICE DUNN
A Tribute

Francis deM. Dunn was appointed to the post of junior master in the Public Latin School September 6, 1886. For the space of thirty years he came and went in the round of his daily duties, and his whole heart was in his work. His death on June 27, 1916 was a sad bereavement indeed to his family and friends, and a distinct loss to the school, for, while the subject matter that a teacher imparts may be soon forgotten, his personality and the visions that he makes the boys to see, persist forever unfaded in the memory down through the years.

Mr. Dunn exemplified the old fashioned virtues of punctuality, faithfulness to duty, loyalty, and devotion to the highest standards of honor and of manliness. Men are often remembered for some distinct trait that seems to have dominated their lives. In Mr. Dunn this trait was kindness. He wished to see gladness in other men's faces, and he counted light the cost if some sacrifice of his could put it there. He was loved by his boys, and he was loved by his professional brothers, each of whom will hold him in happy, affectionate memory.

HENRY PENNYPACKER

The following action was taken by the masters·

BE IT

RESOLVED) That the masters of the Public Latin School of Boston, in stated meeting assembled, desire to give expression to their profound sense of the loss they have suffered by the passing of one of their number, Francis de Maurice Dunn on June 27, 1916.

RESOLVED) That this sudden bereavement has brought to his associates the consciousness that for thirty years he has been a loyal supporter of the traditions and standards of the school, a friend of every pupil therein, and a nearly perfect exemplar of the homely virtues of fidelity, cheerfulness, and brotherly love.

RESOLVED) That his steadily enjoyable comradeship of all these years has left in his associates a memory that will long be bright and always be beautiful.

RESOLVED) That these resolutions be spread upon the records and a copy sent to the family together with an expression of the earnest wish of the masters for the continued welfare of the members thereof.

A WAR TRAGEDY

Karl and Jaques Meir were the sons of a German father and a French mother. Their father had been a Prussian soldier in the Franco-Prussian war, after which he settled in Strassburg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine. There he married the daughter of an old French family, much to her parents' disgust. The oldest son Karl had an easy-going German disposition, while Jaques had a more senitive French one.

When the two boys were about twelve and thirteen years old, their mother died. This brought the boys more closely together than ever.

About ten years later their father was taken sick and, calling his sons to his bedside, said, "My sons, I have not much longer to live but I shall die happy if you will promise to remember the words of our Lord, 'Children, love one another.'" Soon the old man died and the two boys were left alone.

Two years after their father's death the present European war broke out between the allied troops of England, France, and Russia, and the German and Austrian forces. Karl joined a German regiment and Jaques slipped through the German lines and got to France, and enlisted under her colors.

Soon after, Jaques was asked to go into the German lines disguised, in order to learn about their strength as to men and ammunition.

He passed in safely through the Germans, taking mental note of their strength. When he was returning and within five miles of the French lines, a familiar voice called "Halt!" Looking in the direction from which the voice came, he recognized his brother dressed in a German uniform step from behind a tree. Karl did not know his brother because of the disguise. He cried out, "Friend or foe?"

"I'm a poor peasant beggar who has—"

He got no farther for Karl snatched off the beard.

"My God! Jaques, is it you?" he cried.

"Yes, Karl, it's I, do with me as you like; I am your prisoner."

"But I can't arrest my brother as a spy. You know we swore before we parted to be true to each other during the war," passionately exclaimed Karl. "Go on your way; nobody has seen us, but promise not to come as a spy again, Jaques."

"I promise, Karl and maybe someday I will be able to repay you," answered Jaques, and with a hearty handshake the two brothers parted.

Karl was mistaken in his last words, for behind another tree was a German soldier who muttered, "So nobody has seen you, my fine man! We'll see whether you'l lcall me a Saxon Boar again, you traitor!"

The man's name was Fritz Vonholtz. With him Karl had gotten into a quarrel over cards, and Karl had called him a Saxon Boar. Fritz had come to Karl's post to fight him, but now he slunk away and returned to camp by a round about road. When he arrived, he went straight to the captain and told him all that had transpired; therefore when Karl reached the camp, he was seized.

Jaques reached the French army safely. Another spy, who had enlisted

in the German army the day after Jaques arrived, told him about his brother. That night he left this letter in his tent addressed to his captain:

Captain Menboque;

Dear Sir-

When you receive this letter I shall be gone. My brother, about whom I have told you, is going to be court-martialed tomorrow for letting me go. I don't know how they discovered it, but someone must have seen us. I must give myself up to save him.

Yours truly

Jaques Meir.

He then got his horse quietly from the stable and stole softly from the camp. Once past the outer-most guards, he galloped towards the enemy.

He gave himself up to the first patrol he came to and told the officer in charge his story. The officer sent him to camp immediately under guard. He was brought to the captain and repeated his story.

At the court-martial he was sentenced to be shot at daybreak. Karl was let off with a severe reprimand.

That night Karl was allowed to see Jaques for a little time.

"Oh Jaques, why did you come back?" he cried.

And leave you here to die for me?" answered Jaques.

"What do you think I am, Karl?"

"But I could have stood it for you," said Karl.

"Don't speak any more about it Karl," answered Jaques, taking his hand, "you've done enough for me."

From then until the guard came to take Karl away neither of them spoke, but with their hands clasped each looked into the other's eyes. When he was leaving Karl said in a voice husky with emotion, "Good bye, Jaques, and God bless you."

The next morning the whole regiment was marched out to see Jaques shot. The companies were lined upon each side and in front of him.

A little in front of the companies facing him was the firing squad. His brother was in the company nearest to him on the left.

The captain cried;

"Ready! Take Aim!"

As his lips were forming to give the last order, Karl jumped from his place in the ranks and ran to his brother.

"Fire!"

And the two brothers died as they had lived—together.

C. D. R, '17.

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Lieut. Franklin Wing.
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Lieut. William C. Jones.
1*st Serg.* Francis J. Ryan

COMPANY N.

Capt. Paul L. Hansen.
Lieut Albert A. Gioiosa.
Lieut. Gerald F. Murphy.
1*st Serg.* Allan Cheney.



A professor at Dartmouth was in the habit of spending his summer vacation on a farm in Maine. He was about to reserve his accomodations for the next summer and wrote to the farmer stating that he would be glad to come again if they would dismiss the servant, Hannah, and also would refrain from keeping the domestic animals, such as hogs, inside the house. Imagine his surprise when he received the following reply.

"Dear Professor— We shall be very glad to have you with us again. So far as Hannah is concerned she got married, and we have not had a hog in the house since you left last summer"

o o o o

IN VIRGIL

Ut te post multa tuorum funera aspicemus?

How do we see you after your many funerals?

o o o o

OLD LADY: "Stop the train, conductor, I've lost my wig out of the window"

CONDUCTOR: "Never mind lady, there's a switch at the next station."

TEACHER: (to boy caught whispering): "What were you trying to find out?"

BOY: "Nothing, sir."

TEACHER; I thought so, but don't find it out that way. Come and ask me."

o o o o

"So you prefer to be cremated when you die."

"I certainly do"

"Why?"

"So that my remains may be mingled with the grate."

o o o o

"Did you attend the reunion of your class at school this year?"

"I did, but never again! Half my old classmates were so prosperous that I couldn't afford to associate with them, and the other half were so hard up that I didn't dare go near them for fear they would try to borrow money from me."

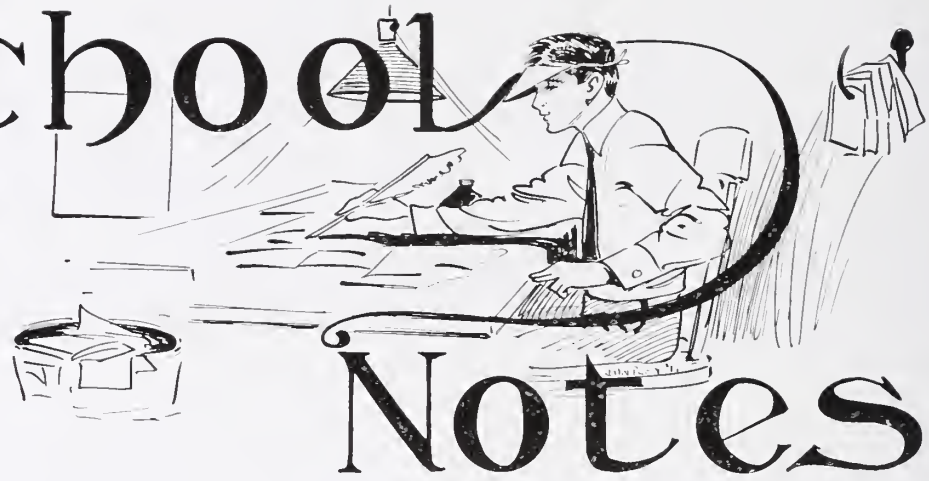
o o o o

EMPHATIC.

TEACHER (to a Junior): "Is this your first year of Greek?"

"No, it's my last."

School Notes



As this number veers somewhat toward the military, it might be well to say a word concerning our own military organization. It was founded in 1864 in response to a demand for a training school for officers. Since then its growth has been amazing, and its work and worth proven without a doubt to those who were skeptical about it. Our system is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best in the country; and inquiries in regard to it come from all over the Union. There is not time in our work for extended field manoeuvers or, in fact, for much beyond the simple ground work of company drill. This work, simple as it may seem, however, stands us in good stead and helps us wherever we may go. It is always a source of satisfaction to Colonel Benyon to see his former pupils succeed in the militia and other such organizations, and we may feel certain that the knowledge gleaned under him will always prove useful to us in later life.

* * * *

THE REGISTER is pleased to see the formation of the Latin School Athletic Association. Talked of for a long time, it actually came into existence on Friday, October 6, and by the following Monday, practically everyone in the school was wearing one of the little "L" buttons.

* * * *

On Monday, October 16, Dr. Byron Groce, former Head of the Department of English, visited the school. Speaking in one of the rooms, he paid a very high compliment to last year's staff of the REGISTER and wished the present staff success.

* * * *

Mr. Warren E. Robinson, a junior master in this school, formerly a first sergeant in Troop C, Massachusetts Cavalry, has been elected Second Lieutenant in the same organization.

* * * *

Paul B. Eliott, '15, and Arthur R. Nelson, '15, have won positions on the staff of the "Harvard Illustrated". The former is in the business department and the latter on the photographic staff of the paper.

The Rev. Frederick A. Wilmot, once a student at this school has resigned his pastorate in West Somerville to take up work in connection with a Shakespearean revival in Jordan Hall this winter.

* * * *

Harvard University has awarded the Bennett prize to Sidney Zandition, '13, for an essay on the "Railway Wage Problem". The judges were Arthur D. Hill of Boston and Ernest M. Hopkins, president of Dartmouth College.

* * * *

On the thirteenth of October the school was briefly addressed by District Chief Walsh, who spoke on fire prevention and told what to do in case of fire.

* * * *

Dr. David F. Lincoln, a graduate of the school, and at one time a teacher here, died recently.

* * * *

The Latin School boys who attended the training camp at Fort Terry, Plum Island were the following:—

* * * *

Sanders	'16
McIntyre	'17
Pond	'17
Mc Hale	'17
Miner	'17
O'Hearn	'17
Feely	'18
Otis	'18
Neugroschc	'18
Saxton	'18
Lourdon	'19

Room Reporters

1. Sullivan, G. H.
2. Richardson, D.
3. Crosby, G. R.
4. Campbell, T.
5. Russell, G. B.
6. Bross, H. B.
7. Stalles, M. H.
8. Crotty, H. F.
9. Nazzaro E. E.
10. Halloran, H. E.
11. Miner, R. B.
12. Hanson, P. L.
13. McCann, J. F., Jr.
14. Abbott, W. A.
15. Kennedy, J. E., Jr.
16. Goodwin, C. B.
17. Antico, P. P.
18. Skinner, L. A.
19. Rossi, E. J.
20. Pierce, J. A.
23. Glover, E. C.
24. Pond, H.
25. Croak, T. J.
26. Bond, R. J.
27. Leo, F. J.
28.
29. McGovern, A.
30. Ohrenberger, G.H.

In our last number we neglected to state that the story "A Vacation Experience" was written by M. I. Ryan, '17, and "One out of Many" by Minard, '17.

AMONG THE CLUBS

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

The first meeting of the Natural History Club will be held on the first Tuesday in November. The particulars, including the name of the speaker, the place and the exact time of the talk, will be announced at a later date. The committee in charge purposes, however, to have the initial lecture of the year one that will go down in the annals of the club as a record breaker.

We should have the response of the entire school in evidence at the meeting; first of all from the educational standpoint, and again from the perspective of school loyalty and activity. Do not be a laggard! Do not be indifferent! Avail yourself of all the golden opportunities offered; nor is this the least to be desired. Watch the bulletin board and make a memorandum of the date at its announcement. Your presence and ours will result to our mutual educational advantage.

THE ORCHESTRA.

It has always been a comfort and pride to the Latin School that whenever she needs to call upon any of her sons for assistance they respond with alacrity.

The time has come when the orchestra must be re-organized and under way. We want all the members of last year's orchestra to appear this year ready for work. We want all boys who are new to the school, and who have any musical accomplishments to come out for the orchestra. This is an organization which produces results, and heretofore the results have been excellent. Let us make this year the biggest and best year of all by having every boy who can play any musical instrument do his share. Especially is there a great need of members in the brass section and of a drummer. There will be excellent instruction and each boy will certainly be helped by coming out. We hope to see a large response to the call and to be able to keep up the Latin School Orchestra.

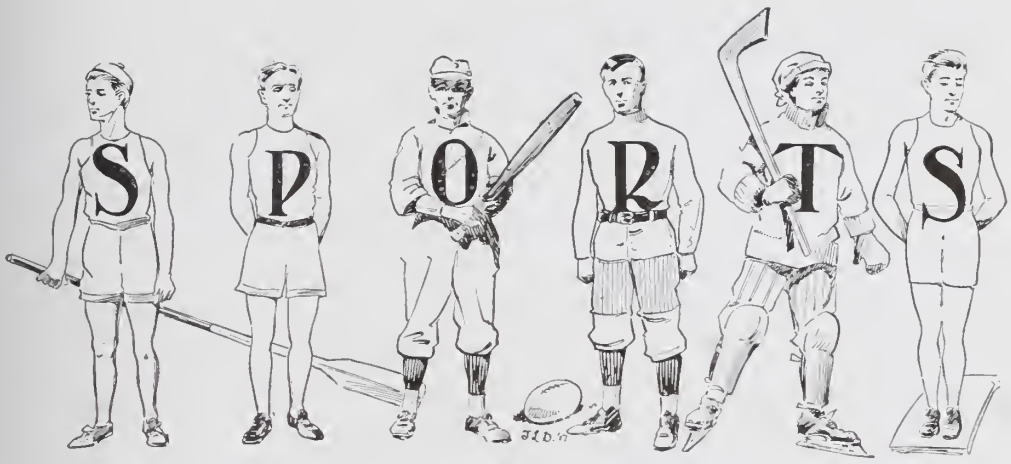
H. L. S. '17

THE GLEE CLUB.

A quartette was formed right among our ranks and we are to hear some more music this year.

The fellows in the club have already perfected two pieces, namely; "Kentucky Babe" and "How can I leave you?" The intermission in our declamations aught to be well filled. The members, all of class I, are as follows: F. D. COLE first tenor, A. H. McINTYRE, second tenor, J. S. DOHERTY, first bass, and F. L. Lambert, second bass. We all wish this new quartette a successful year.

M. T. R. '17



The first practice of the season was held on Tuesday, October 3, about forty men reporting. This year, as has been the case for the last three or four years, a little less than half the number reported for practice than are present at the football meetings. Is the interest in athletics gradually dying out? The same group of fellows who are candidates for the baseball or track teams, are candidates for the football team.

The athlete of to-day does not try for a team with just the thought of making the team and winning the coveted letter. The athletic letter ought to be a reward for faithful work rather than the only aim of the athletically inclined fellow.

Probably many of the new members and certainly some of the older members of the school do not realize what a splendid athletic instructor the Latin School has. Mr. O'Brien, our coach, who is ranked as one of the best all-round school-boy coaches in this part of the state, gives a great part of his attention to the physical condition of each individual player. I, myself, was sitting on the sidelines at the English High game last Thanksgiving when the Latin School fullback was injured. Although the player begged to be allowed to remain in the game, Mr. O'Brien would not consent, saying that he would rather have the team lose than to have a player expose himself to further injury.

Talk with Logan, Soucy, King, or any other Latin School graduate of recent years who has made a reputation in collegiate football. They will recommend the high school athletic training as the best training for the college athlete and, futhermore, they will tell you they owe their success in college athletics to the preliminary training they received under Mr. O'Brien's tutelage.

* * *

On Monday, October 9, a small white pin bearing a purple "L" made its appearance in the buttonholes of several of our prominent athletes, and upon inquiry our younger brothers of the school were informed that this pin, or rather button, was the insignia of the newly formed Latin School Athletic Association.

Almost every one of the one thousand pupils in the school has joined this association, and it looks as if the newspapers would have to find some other way to fill their athletic columns, for no longer will they be able to consume space by criticising Latin School's ragged uniforms.

October, 18, 1916 is a date that will be recorded in the school's archives. On that day the new uniforms procured with the funds from the athletic association were officially christened. The team engaged in a hard hour's scrimmage with the Tech Freshman team. This scrimmage gave Mr. O'Brien a chance to see wherein his team was weak. The center of the line seemed to be the weak spot, and once more the words to be passed along are, "More football candidates wanted".

* * *

McCarron, '18, has been appointed assistant manager of football.

* * *

Among those who observed the contest between Tech Freshman and Latin School with interest were: C. P. Davis '15, E. M. Murdough, '15, Cousens, '16, all of whom were prominent athletes while in Latin School.

* * *

Fenway Park has been secured for the Mechanic Arts and English High games.

THE REPEATER

I envy you, and I must say
You get your lessons every day
Before we reg'lar fellows do,
Who've hardly any time to play;
And when each night *your* work is done,—
Ours but to labor on and on!
And yet it's not so queer,
'Cause my Big Brother Bob,—last year
He envied you!

E. G. F. '18

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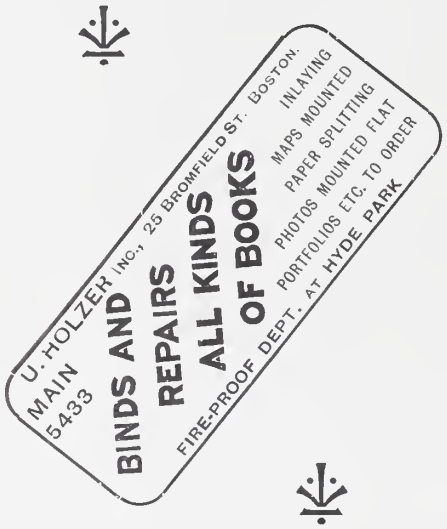
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DECEMBER, 1916

VOL. XXXVI NO. 3

HBB. '18



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The Latin School Register

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THE "KID."

The train nearing his destination, Roy Tilton began to collect and put into his valise those of his few possessions which he had used during his long, dreary, and, to him, wholly uncomfortable journey. The puffing little locomotive finally came to a stop and, through the blinding snow which greeted him as he opened the door of the caboose and leaped to the ground, he could perceive the dim outlines of the station, and it was from this latter that he was to carry provisions to the Western Trading Post, which was the largest of its kind in that section of the country. It was fifty miles northwest of the station, and he was required to make two trips to it each week. Finding no one in the station, he first built a fire in the stove with such suitable material as he could find about the station, for the mercury was well nigh below the zero mark, and then thoroughly examined his new quarters, which contained, beside the above-mentioned stove, an old three-legged stool and a roughly constructed bunk. Having finished a light lunch, which he had brought from home, he threw himself down on this bunk and surrendered his thoughts to dreamland.

"Hey, there, wha' cha doin' around here?" a man about forty years, old clad in an immense fur coat, yelled in his ear and jerked him to his feet.

"What?" stammered Roy, still rubbing his eyes and trying to explain to himself the reason for such a sudden awakening.

"I say, wha' cha doin' around this place?" the man repeated, and this time much more sharply than before.

"Oh, er—I'm up here to take a Mr. Jackson's place in lugging grub from here to the Western Trading Post," Roy replied, as he was now fully aware of the situation.

"Well, I guess Jackson's my name, but the boss wouldn't send a kid like you to take this job," Jackson said,

"Anyhow, I don't care who takes it as long as I'm going to work on the road."

Then they sat down to eat a hearty breakfast, materials for which Jackson had provided, and consisted of strong coffee, bread and meat. It was then that Roy found out the merit of the stool by suddenly lessening the distance between himself and the floor, and in consequence of this, he built his next fire out of the remains of the old three-legged stool. During the meal he was made familiar with the route over which he was to travel and with the conduct and manners of the different sled-dogs.

"First," Jackson said, "you've got to get the grub boxes off the train and then, as soon as you've hitched the dogs up, strike out for the river. From there you come to two trails at the foot of the mountains. Take the one on the right, go through the pass there, and you'll come out at the Post."

"How often does the train come?" Roy inquired.

"Every day," Jackson replied, "and usually it gets here about sun-down."

They then went out to see the dogs, all of whom were very powerfully built, especially the leader, called "Mike" and Jackson explained, that, as he had a very quick temper, he would have to be carefully dealt with. They spent the remainder of the day talking on various subjects and, as a result of this, Roy was made acquainted with the character of the country. Just as twilight began to fade away into the coal-black darkness of the night, the shrill shriek of the locomotive whistle interrupted their conversation. Both donning their overcoats and Jackson taking his personal belongings, which scarcely filled a small canvas bag slung over his shoulder, they stepped out to meet the train. When that had pulled up to the station, Jackson assisted Roy in taking off the boxes of provisions which were to be taken to the Post. That done, the man mounted the steps of the caboose and bade farewell to Roy.

"Good luck to you, kid," he said, "and don't forget about Mike or you'll be in for trouble the first thing."

Roy watched the train disappear into the night and then went back to the station to eat his supper, which he made from the food he found in his own grub box. For the second time he spent the night on his bunk with the gorgeous lights of the Aurora Borealis shining through the little window.

He was up long before sunrise and had started to work loading the boxes onto the sleds. Having finished this work, he harnessed the dogs to the sleds, though not without difficulty, and started out on his first trip. With Jackson's directions in mind, he headed for the river, and with the dogs pulling nicely, reached it about noon. After a short rest, he pushed on across the river and arrived at the foot of the mountains, and as it had stopped snowing, he decided to spend the night in the open. Shoveling away the snow for a space about ten feet in diameter, he pitched his tent and piled cakes of ice and snow around the sides to keep the wind from tearing it to pieces. Then he gave the dogs some meat and, after eating a little something, wrapped himself up in a blanket and fell asleep, thoroughly tired out from the day's exertions.

In the morning, after a refreshing sleep and an equally strengthening breakfast, he started up the mountains and within a few hours arrived at the Post, which consisted of three large buildings

built of logs and which was situated on the shore of a large bay. One of the men happened to be going from one of these buildings to another, and, seeing Roy with the dogs, called to the rest—

"Hey, you fellows, here come the dogs, and a kid driving them at that!"

It was only a matter of seconds before the whole Post turned out to see the new-comer, and then jeers of every description filled the air as they became aware that a "kid" was taking Jackson's place.

"How old be you, kid?" a man, named Jim, asked.

"Nineteen. Why?" Ray answered.

"Here, now, don't you go talkin' back at me like that," Jim said, showing a sudden burst of anger.

Then they unloaded the sleds and put the dogs in a small shelter, after which Roy went with them to the 'cook shanty" where he ate a hearty supper. During the meal, as he had been ever since his arrival he was subjected to jeers, especially on the part of Jim, who never lost an opportunity to plague him.

Every trip he made to the Post he was greeted by exclamations containing that word, which he disliked so much, "kid," and always Jim was the foremost in conducting them; but as everything has an end, this is no exception to the rule. It happened thus.

One day, when Roy went out to meet the train, the conductor of the same handed him a letter addressed to Jim and asked him if he could possibly get it to him by the following night. Roy replied that he would but, as luck would have it, it started to snow about midnight and when he awoke in the morning the snow was already two feet deep and he saw the impossibility of taking out the dogs. The letter, however, must reach Jim! He immediately came to his conclusion and, though he knew the great risk he was taking, put on his snow shoes, left plenty of meat for the dogs, and departed.

In spite of the heavy wraps he had put on, the howling wind cut right through them. It was snowing as it never had before, and it seemed hours before he reached the river. The wind and snow seemed to increase at every step. Darkness found him ascending the mountains and entering the "Pass of Death." (The sides of this pass were of sheer rock rising abruptly for about one hundred and twenty feet, and the trail at this point is unusually rugged and steep). Into this dreaded defile plunged Roy! He thought he would fall at every step, but something kept him going. He gained the exit from the pass! He fell, and with great difficulty got up again! Still he struggled on, and slowly but surely he neared the cabins of the Post! He reached the nearest one, burst open the door with such feeble strength as was left in him, and staggering over to the group inside gave the precious letter to Jim and then fell to the floor—exhausted.

A few hours later, after Roy had had a good rest, Jim walked over to him, but instead of the customary ridicule, he extended his hand and said, as his eyes grew misty,—

"Shake, Roy!"

And Roy gladly clasped his hand. Then turning to the rest, Jim said,—

"Three cheers for the kid, fellows!"

And they were given with a will.

When Roy went down to the station the next morning, he was accompanied by Jim, who was on his way to take a position which he had long wanted, and which, but for Roy's pluck, he would have lost.

R. B. '19.

TRAINING UNDER UNCLE SAM

(Continued).

Hardly had dawn broken when indistinct murmurings and whisperings arose, and by five o'clock, nearly the whole camp was up, and on the qui vive for further developments. Now we had a better chance to take a survey of our surroundings, and of the East End Camp, particularly. Our camp included five companies, and was situated on a high sandy bluff, surrounded by water on three sides. Each company street contained on the average, twenty-two tents, and at one end the view of the water was cut off by the shower-baths which were enclosed by high wooden walls. On the wall facing the water, there were twelve or fifteen faucets over a wooden bench, on which was, at least the first day, a tin basin for each faucet. Nearly every day saw the supply depleted, until during the last week of camp, there was a long waiting line for each basin that almost equalled our own daily scrimmage for lunch checks. The other end of the company street joined the main thoroughfare of our own little world. Facing this end of the street were the mess shacks, beyond which, on the other side of the road were the officers' tents, and then along in order, the company store, the canteens, which were large tents, then the Y. M. C. A. shacks and finally, the hospital tent.

From our elevated location we could command an extensive view of the island which roughly resembled a dumb-bell; but in the midst of our explorations, we were called to attention and lined up to march to breakfast. which consisted of oranges, corn-flakes, bacon, bread, jelly, and coffee. This operation over, we were marched back to the company street and formed into a single line, according to heights, and then in a double line as we do the first couple of drill days at school. Then in each squad, the fellow who had had the most previous military training was given, temporarily, the place of corporal. When all was arranged, we broke ranks, and the members of each squad gathered together their belongings from their temporary tents of the night before, and repaired to the tent which was to be their abode for the remainder of camp.

The first two or three days were devoted to constructing the street in true military fashion, receiving our equipment, and many other necessary operations; but by Monday morning all was in order, and ran like a smoothly oiled machine. The company, on practically a war basis comprised over one hundred and fifty individuals, divided into four platoons, which were about the same size as a full company at B. L. S. The roster consisted of a captain in most cases a lieutenant of the United States Army; a first lieutenant, who, in the majority of cases, was a third year man from West Point; a first sergeant of the regular army as second lieutenant, and two other lieutenants who were business men who had attended Plattsburg the previous summer.

Each cadet when fully equipped, carried an ammunition belt, which seemed to us like a pair of glorified suspenders, and from which hung a canteen,

the cork of which we sometimes in our haste, forgot to jam in securely, with the result that at a sudden jolt, the canteen would execute a pirouette, and we would be treated to a not altogether unpleasant shower down our right leg. Over our left shoulder we carried our pack, containing the following: A half of our shelter or dog-tent, the mate to which was carried by the rear-rank man one blanket; one rubber poncho; a towel; a, wash-cloth; a tooth-brush; underwear; two pairs of socks; soap and comb. This paraphanalia, however, we fortunately did not carry all the time. Ordinarily we had only the gun, ammunition belt and canteen.

Let us go through an ordinary day at camp. Somewhere about five-fifteen one would hear perhaps two or three fellows patter down the company street, clad in pajamas with a towel over their shoulders, or more often in nature's garb. These belonged to what we labelled Class A No. 1 of ambitious people for they were going to take a shower before breakfast. Then just as these same youths would be fully clad, their ~~flesh~~ tingling from the cold spray, would come the dreaded notes of reveille at five forty-five A. M.; and how deftly, after the first week of trying experience had passed, did we manage to put on our leggings and tie, what seemed to be an unaccountable number of cords, that on the morning of leaving home had taken nearly a half-hour to arrange. At six came assembly and many were the last rushes to get into line at the roll-call before we should be accounted absent, for which, later we must pay by hard labor, such as, digging up rocks from the street filling up mudholes, and in the aforementioned pastime of swatting flies. Then followed ten minutes of calisthenics, which a great many of us felt as though we were going through as in a dream, or rather a nightmare. Until six-thirty we were given time to wash and complete our toilet, and, if we had been one of the early risers, to get our beds made. At six-thirty we marched down to breakfast, which after our calisthenics, was certainly received with favor. At seven came fatigue call, when those who were sick, reported at the first sergeant's tent and were later sent to the hospital tent. At seven twenty came police call, which meant "clean up and sweep up," when we all set to work and cleaned around our company street. Before this time, however, each tent floor should have been swept, the beds made, and the "front lawn" as we called the ground around our tent, have been raked.

Now as there were two rakes and two brooms to each company of one hundred and fifty, one can imagine the demand that arose, morning, and afternoon, for these humble articles.

On week days we were lined up at seven fifty and marched to the parade grounds, which were situated on the other end of the island. Here we drilled until ten, with rests of perhaps two or three minutes every twenty. From ten to ten thirty we stacked our arms and were allowed to go anywhere in the immediate vicinity of the parade grounds. At this time most of us rushed to the soldiers' barracks, which faced the drill grounds, in order to quench our thirst; then we of the East Camp drilled drilled until 11.30, when we started over the dusty road to our camp, one and three-fourths miles distant. How we hated and dreaded this march on some of those hot, muggy mornings of July!



GETTING THE MAIL



A VIEW OF THE CAMP



ONE OF THE COMPANY STREETS

It stifled and choked us, and the only relief was to bind our handkerchiefs around our noses. After such an experience, we could better appreciate the scenes depicted by Kipling's poems, such as "Boots" and "Gunga Din." It seemed at times, as though we could not raise our feet another step but, after a cold shower, or as a substitute, after being stripped to the waist and having a basin of cold water flund over us, every nerve would tingle and we would feel ready to go over it again. Dinner was at twelve, and that was the time when we ate every thing that was given us and were thankful; but the cooks, I am sure, in all the five weeks we were there, never served up to us anything but an A1 dinner.

After dinner we were given our mail, and the majority of us lay down for a little rest. Then at one we were at it again, practically never in any strenuous work but in such pursuit as a visit to the Wine store-house, a lecture on explosives demonstration of the working of the big guns. The fire control stations, searchlights, and many other highly interesting subjects, while an alloted number from each company took special courses in radio and signalling.

This period lasted until three thirty, at first, and later until two thirty, after which we were allowed to go in swimming but on account of the intensely cold water and the stony beach there were very few bathers after the first few days, most of the fellows preferring to take a shower. In this time, too, others wrote letters, went for a tramp over the island, climbing over the rocks or sitting on a sandy beach, from which, however, no one but the regular army officers and men were allowed to go in swimming. At four forty-five we again cleaned out our tents, and around thestreet, and at five-thirty went down to supper. At six came retreat, at which we all wore our blouses, or, as we ignorantly called them, "coats."

Then on three times a week, we marched to the parade grounds, and gave a battalion parade, for which the music was furnished by the regular army band. As we passed in review by companies, each vied with the other to have the best line, and the result was judged by Col. Hero and his staff; the winners carrying the colors in the next review. The homeward march from this parade was the only one we ever enjoyed, for we were allowed to sing and cheer as much as we wished, and this certainly seemed to shorten the distance. After this parade we had the evening to ourselves until nine fifteen when we were to be back in the company street.

Some evenings we had camp rallies and bonfires, but more often the fellows would go off in groups of two or three and wandered over the island. Three times a week the Y. M. C. A. gave us free "movies" and, if it were a pleasant night, they were out of doors. Other evenings the officers gave very interesting talks and, besides, we had two or three minstrel shows. At the other end of the island there were "regular" movies where the latest films were given, and here many of the fellows preferred to go, despite the long walk. Then there were the guns and mortars, of which the ground seemed to be fairly bristling. Walking along through the high reeds, one would never know, where a big hole might suddenly come into view, containing four or five mortars or a big gun station containing a ten inch gun. In the evenings the canteen would be jammed with cadets vigorously yelling

for a "double-chocolate," "double-walnut," for ice-cream tasted good indeed after a long walk to the parade grounds and back. At nine fifteen "call to quarters" blew, and we were in our tents trying to write one more card or finsh a chapter of a story before taps was sounded at nine thirty, when all lights must be out.

On Saturdays we had one weekly inspection by the commanding officer of the island Col. Andrew Hero, Jr. The occupants of each tent were aligned in front of it, and Col. Hero personally inspected each tent and its occupants. At twelve we were through for the day. Then we used to take long hikes of our own accord, from one end of the island to the other. On Saturday afternoons washing was entirely "the thing" and in fact, washing parties were formed, when three or four of us would go along together and "corner" an end of the long bench under the water faucets. On the parade grounds track meets were held, and several ball games took place in different parts of the field. One in particular, between the officers of the two camps, drawing out many fans.

On Sundays we were allowed a half hour extra before rising, but in one state of semi-consciousness it might just as well have been five forty-five as six fifteen. At eight the squads were formed for the Episcopal and Catholic services. Then at ten, came the general assembly, when we all had to report to attend the nonsecretarian services conducted either under the Y. M. C. A. or the chaplain of the island. The afternoons were spent, either in more walks, listening to the concert furnished by the army band, or with jealous admiration, among the feminine friends of the lucky fellows, as they "oh'd" and "ah'd" at the different objects of interest around camp. The first two Sundays we had the entire day at our own disposal, but the visitors came in such great numbers, that we were obliged as a matter of courtesy, to give exhibition drills, and this we did the last three Sundays. These drills the visitors certainly enjoyed, which in part made up for our sacrifice in giving up our afternoon.

During our third week in camp three submarines appeared, and all were given an afternoon off, that we might watch their manoeuvers. Submerging, at a stand still, then while in motion, they would turn around under the water and come to the surface behind their starting point. Several times the Atlantic fleet encircled the island and kept us in a continued state of excitement as to its purpose. The New York Yacht Club's fleet also passed the island on their annual eastern cruise, making a very pretty picture.

Another exceedingly interesting event at camp was guard duty. Each platoon took the guard of camp for a night, the first squad having from seven to eight, the second, eight to nine and so on to eleven to twelve for the fifth squad. Each cadet had an assigned post to work. And, if after taps he must challenge each individual crossing his post, and if recognized pass him, if not call the corporal of the guard. Many were the tricks that the West Pointers and cadets essayed to play on these unsuspecting individuals.

On the twenty-eighth of July Col. Roosevelt inspected our camp and later in the day received us, concluding by a short address. On the following day, Major-Gen. Leonard Wood paid us the compliment of inspecting our camp, and

after a regimental review in his honor, spoke a few words to us.

On the last night of camp, Col. Hero intended to give us an exhibition of mortar practice, but on account of haze, this was rendered impossible and in its place a searchlight drill was given. Preceding this, we had all been marched to one of the mortar pits, where an officer from each company spoke a fewwords of commendation and farewell; and, as the last words of Col. Hero's speech died away: "Good-bye, good luck to you all." cheer after cheer rent the air, as 1,200 young throats vied with one another to bid a last formal farewell to Fort Terry and to the best five weeks we had ever spent. A. H. M. '17.

THE SILENT OATH

"Turks enter war, bombard Russian ports." This was the news which, on the morning of the seventeenth of September, 1914, greeted the eyes of two excited men. The elder, to judge from his appearance, was about fifty years of age, the younger twenty-five. The eyes of uncle and nephew, for such was their relation to each other, met. Then, strangely enough, both glanced up at a once bright sword which now depended from the wall in its scabbard, a sword which had wrought havoc among those same Turks

The black eyes, dark hair and swarthy complexion of the men, together with the Oriental furnishing of the home, suggested their Armenian origin. They were of that ancient race, the first to embrace Christianity, which for two thousand years has risen superior to the presecutions of Persian, Byzantine, Arab and Turkish oppressors. Our two friends were splendid examples of their stalwart race. The uncle, Kirsor, must have possessed unusual strength in his youth,—even now he was no mean adversary for many men much younger. His nephew, Haljuk, was of strikingly handsome features and fine athletic build. His eyes, usually illumined with a good-natured twinkle, now had something fierce in them as they flashed fire. No love for the Turks was theirs. The very word stirred the demon of fury within them. Why?

* * * *

During the last years of the nineteenth century, an Armenian family, the Kuzanians, dwelt in the valley of the upper Euphrates, among the lofty hills which rise high above surrounding plains and meadows. In this mountain-girdled land, then, was the modest cottage of Haljuk Kuzanian's parents and uncle. Our hero was not an only child, having a brother and a sister, both younger than himself, he being at this time ten years old.

Now in 1899, the government, or rather misrule, of the Turks, resulted in a serious revolt. Kirsor cast in his lot with the patriots who were risking all in the cause of liberty. In many a bloody fray, he displayed remarkable valor. In single combat he met and slew a gigantic Ottoman emir, Eldor Pasha. His comrades, too, fought bravely, but the overwhelming odds of the Mussulmans prevailed. Their vic-

tory was signalized by that indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children which usually attends a Turkish triumph. When the day arrives which tolls the knell of Othman power, Heaven have mercy on the Turks, for he will receive none from the Giaours!

Assad Pasha, brother of the emir whom Kirsor had slain in battle, was in command of the Turkish forces in central Armenia. Kirsor having escaped to a band of robbers, the Kusmanli, the Kurd resolved to take vengeance on his helpless family. With a guard of fifty fiends he approached Kuzanian cottage and, seizing Haljuk's father, put him to death. This incident over, he entered the house, but not without resistance. The brave mother, arming the friendly neighbors with guns, defended her children until she fell, pierced with countless wounds. Two of her children were slain, Haljuk only surviving. There, amid that scene of horror and blood-shed, he swore a silent oath of vengeance against the murderer. The door was giving way, six of the defenders had already fallen, three alone remained. One of these snatching the boy in his arms, rushed from the house through an obscure passage underground to a secret cave. The Kurd, satisfied with his vengeance, departed to seek other victims.

Meanwhile, the poor unfortunates in the cave, shook with fear until the last sounds of the retreating footsteps died away in the distance. Then, hand in hand, theywandered tremulously through the silent woods for many long, long hours. At last, as the sun's last streak of light was sinking over the horizon, two men, armed with revolvers, sprang from the bushes.

Good heavens!" exclaimed one of the robbers, "the saints confound me if this is not Kirsor's nephew. Poor child! But how is it that you come here?" to the friend. However, perceiving the exhausted condition of the pair, he questioned them no longer, but, assuring them that they should not be harmed, bade them follow him.

Plunging into the thicket, they presently came to a huge boulder. The rock was, to all appearances, immovable, but one of the denizens of the wood thrust his hand into the hollow of a large pine and the next moment the travelers were astonished to see him, with great exertion, raise a massive iron handle. Immediately the boulder rose from the ground, disclosing a spacious tunnel. "Come," said the robber. They entered and the rock at once returned to its former position. For a few moments they traversed the cavernous gloom, then their path led upward until they found themselves once more in daylight. At first they were so dazed by the sudden burst of light that they could not see. Then, looking about, they perceived that they were in the midst of a great company of rough, fierce-looking men in the heart of the forest. Beside the rendezvous flowed slowly a broad, sparkling stream.

"My nephew!" shouted a familiar voice, and Haljuk's uncle folded him in his arms. "And you, my good friend," he added to the honest neighbor, "how is it that you are here?"

Their sylvan guide, interposed, urging the fatigue of the wanderers and their need of rest. The uncle assented, but reading calamity in their sorrowful faces, drew the boy's protector aside and inquired, "Dead?"

"Yes, all dead," was the mournful reply. "Haljuk was the only one I could save."

Great tears of anguish bathed Kirsor's cheeks as he wrung the good man's hand with his own. He tried to speak, to express an inexpressible gratitude to his nephew's preserver, but a gulp in his throat forbade. The wearied travellers were conducted beneath the shade of an ancient pine, where they were refreshed with venison and other food most grateful to the half-famished pair.

Reclining in Nature's own couch, the unfortunates were soon in the realm of Somnus.

Meanwhile the uncle was overwhelmed by the death of his dear brother with all his family. The robber chief offered his consolation.

"Come, come," he said, "tears are of no avail. They will not bring your loved ones back to life. They will only harm your health. What you must consider now is revenge, and, unless I am much mistaken, your nephew looks like a lad to lay a heavy hand on the butchers."

"Your advice is good," answered Kirsor. Tears are of no avail. They will not punish the guilty. You are right, revenge is the thing and I will obtain it if I have to wait twenty years."

"No, I would not bid you to do that," pondered the monarch of the mountains "Strong and hardy though you are, such a life as mine with such rude, though good-hearted comrades, could not help being extremely distasteful to you. No, much as I should like the aid of your good right arm, I cannot urge you to remain with me. Besides, your enemy has a full treasury and a stout guard to boot,—to attempt his stronghold with such forces as these would be suicide. The boy, too, must be thought of. You cannot hope for revenge for years to come, and then only with a well-filled purse and a better band than mine. You have property and friends in America. Go there, make your fortune, and when the lad grows up. come back and hunt down the pasha, By that time, circumstances may become favorable to you, the Turks will not rule here forever, but now the very wind whistles Turkish and we must bide our time."

Hard as it was to relinquish all immediate projects of revenge, hard as it was to allow the brutal murderer, reeking with the blood of his helpless and unoffending relatives, to enjoy the blessed air even a few years longer, the logic of the chief's suggestion was indisputable. As the latter had said, Haljuk must be his chief care for the present, he must be well brought up, educated and fitted for the glorious task of avenging his father. Some day he might be able to face the foe on more nearly equal terms. Accordingly he thanked the noble bandit for his excellent counsel and decided to follow it.

"How can I manage to get through the lines?" he queried.

"The Islan Biram will end at sunset. Throughout the night there will be feasting and rejoicing. The officers will attend a ball at Fort Pishaz where the chief will be present. Throngs of soldiery, both officers and men, will be there to greet him. The other soldiers, guarding the lines, will celebrate the feast with wine. The maintenance of the lines will be neglected. We will make a surprise attack on the weakest outpost, massacre the guards, and hack our way through. You and the boy will then proceed along the road of Anacholerobanenyole on horseback and in two days will reach the Russian border troops."

Accordingly, the middle of the following night the robber band assailed the carousers, who, heavy with wine, paid the penalty of their intemperance and gluttony. Thirty Moslems were slain, several horses were captured. Quarter was neither expected nor given. At length the king of the outlaws made Kirsor and Haljuk mount on one of the captive horses and bade them an affectionate farewell.

"How can we ever repay you?" asked Kirsor as he pressed the rough hand of his host.

"'Tis nothing," was the reply. "God speed you."

They parted, never to meet again. Uncle and nephew rode fast over plains, over hills, through valleys, through forests. Two days brought them to where they were kindly received by the Russian troops, who heartily congratulated them on their escape from so merciless a people as the Tartars were well known to be.

With a scanty supply of money, furnished by a kind Armenian peasant at whose house they had stopped in their flight, Kirsor travelled to St. Petersburg and thence engaged a passage to America on the Archangel. After a pleasant voyage of ten days, the shores of freedom burst upon the sight of the poor exiles.

As the steamer came in view of the land of promise, the guardian goddess of the free towered in stately majesty over all, the crown of liberty upon her head, and in her hands liberty for all who would receive,—the honored mother of millions and millions of brave sons ready to defend her, to guard those blessings which she offers, while the last flame of life warms their heroic bosoms.

Not greater joy when the battered and disheartened Dardanians bore on to rich Lavinia! No more days of torture and nights of sleepless agony! No more persecutions! They were free,—free to enter the path of life, liberty and happiness.

Assisted by faithful friends from his own land, Kirsor was soon established in business, and progressed toward prosperity. Thus he was enabled to rear Haljuk in comfortable circumstances, to educate him, and to send him to college.

Time heals many wounds, it erases the memory of many blessings, of many evils, but the wounds of the exile's bleeding heart grow bitterer with its flight and time only sharpens his anguish. The reader will, then, readily understand the feelings with which Haljuk and his uncle greeted the morning's news.

W. H. D. '17.

(To be continued).

THE SLEEPING SPIRIT

The coach of Barton Academy was talking over the football prospects of the school with an old friend, a graduate of the school. He was rather excited over some point, as was plainly shown by his angry tones.

"I tell you, Bob," he addresssed his friend, "I can't get a show of spirit out of Jackson, our right guard. I have done everything in my power to arouse him to vigorous action; I could tell him he was a quitter, and it would make no difference to him. I really do not know why he ever decided to go out for foot-

ball. He is as lazy a fellow as I have ever seen, and were it not that he is the only available man I have for right guard, I should surely place him in the scrub team. I know he can play football, and I know he likes the game, but thus far I have not been able to make him apply himself in earnest. It seems that he is far too good-natured; and the Crafton game is only a week away," he finished despairingly. He gazed moodily at the fireplace, while his friend regarded him thoughtfully.

"Listen, Jack," said he, "I have a plan which I think will be effective. Somewhere in him there is the spirit you have been seeking, and I believe my plan will bring it out." The two friends bowed their heads together, while Bob outlined his plan. The coach listened doubtfully, and apparently did not have much confidence in it.

"I'll try it, Bob, I'll try it, but I have my doubts. You have no idea how easy and indifferent he seems. It is worth a trial, however. Well, I must leave now-Many thanks for your suggestion Good. night, Bob."

A few days before the Crafton game, Kim, the scrappy, red-haired, quarterback, came into the dressing room in the gymnasium, and said, in an angry voice, "Say, none of you fellows have seen my watch, have you?" A score of eyes regarded him questioningly. "Why?" asked one. "Because it's gone!" he blurted out. "I know exactly where I put it, and it's not there now. I've looked high and low, and it's not to be found. I should not like to think there is a thief among us, but the circumstances point that way. No one but a member of the team has had access to the dressing room." And his eyes, casually sweeping across the astonished faces of his friends, rested a moment, intentionally or otherwise, upon Jackson's face. A slight flush stole over the features of the latter, which passed as Kim shifted his gaze. The quarterback left the room without another word, whereupon the players began to converse with one another in low tones. Jackson dressed quickly and left the room. Passing out of the building he encountered the coach, who favored him with a curt "Hello." Jackson's reply was short and spoken sharply, which sent a grin to the coach's face.

The next afternoon Leonard, the speedy end, reported the loss of a diamond scarf pin. As on the day before, his eyes also lingered on Jackson. The guard rose abruptly and seemed about to speak, but thought better of it. He wasted no time in leaving the building his head held high and an angry flush in his cheeks.

It was the day of the Crafton game. The stands were well packed, and a cold wind made overcoats a pleasure. After a few delays the game was started. From the very beginning it was a battle royal. The Barton team was heavily outweighed, but was slightly faster than its rival. For the first two periods the game was fairly exciting, Crafton's superior weight began to wear down their lighter opponents, and before the period had ended Crafton had a field goal to its credit. Through it all Jackson had played listlessly.

From the Barton players stepped Leonard, the captain. He advanced quickly to where Jackson was standing alone. Jackson looked at him expectantly, and saw in Leonard's eyes a dangerous flash.

"Jackson," said Leonard in a voice

tense with emotion, "I wishn to tell you right now what I think of you. Outside of being a quitter, you're a thief, a sneaking crook! I have the evidence that you stole my scarf pin and Kim's watch. To think that a Barton man should be so treacherous, so cowardly—' His voice broke just as the whistle blew. Jackson went to his place mechanical y, dazedly. A sneak, a crook, a quitte ! Why had he been called that? He'd show them! A quitter, was he? He plunged wrathfully into the mass, watching the ball. He played as he had never played before. His anger was stir d anew when he caught sight of Leona d. Then, with but a few more momen s of play, he found the ball in his arms. How it had come there, he did not know. He had not given the slightest attention to the signals, so deep was the wound Leonard had infl cted upon him. He saw o ly the goal posts. His egs working like pistons, he shot through the broken field. There was but one man between him and victory. There was a crash as the two bodies met. Jackson stumbled and dragged himself free, and a moment later rested the ball behind the posts. The whistle blew, and Barton had won; but Jackson did not stop. He tore down the field, his face aflame, his eyes on Leonard, who met him with a smile on his face, his hand outstretched. Jackson stopped surprised, when the voice of the coach said, happily:

"I knew you could do it, Tom! All you needed was to get started. Yours was a desperate case, nd it equired a desperate remedy. There never were any robberies. Kim, Leonard, and I talked the matter over and they agreed to pretend to have had something stolen from them. You know, of course, how both stared at you in the dressing room when the "robberies" were announced. You a'so know wha Leonard said to you between the third and fourth periods. I doubt if h njoyed those few seconds any more than you Tom, but it was a my urgent requ st that it was done. We had to stir you up somehow or other. I hope you will understand," he concluded.

Jackson grasped Leonard's ou - stretched hand, and said, simply, "I do, coach, I do." S. S. '18.

THE ELECTION AT CLASS I.

On Tuesday, November 7, election day mounted the summit of the revolving year. For the members of the Boston Latin School's Graduating Class, another element of importance was attached to that day: besides being the day of our national and state elections, it was also election day for the officers of Class I.

In accordance with Boston Latin School's time honored custom, the Class of 1917 was to select out of their own members a staff of officers consisting of a president, a secretary and five committeemen to represent them in the activities of their class as occasion might demand.

To hold a position on the staff of officers of the Boston Latin School's Graduating Class is an honor indeed. Though the event of our scholastic election may be of little interest to the general outsider, and though the office may have power over little more than the affairs of the class it represents may demand, yet a school is a little world in itself, pregnant in its sphere with interest and importance proportional to that

of spheres amazing in their complexity. Thus in one's own sphere to be chosen an officer by one's own comrades is a mark of no small prestige, and well bespeaks the successful candidate.

Being fully aware of such things, is it needful to say that the rivalry for the respective offices was keen, or that no office was endangered for lack of aspirants? On Monday, November 6, a rally of a political nature was held in Room 21. Mr. Jones presided. There each of the aspiring candidates for the presidency and secretaryship had the opportunity of stating his case and fully revealing his abilities before the entire Class of 1917. In this order, Crowley, Keough, Larsen, Ryan and Sullivan, nominees for the presidency, addressed the body of voters. Likewise did Duffy, Goodrich, McCame, Murphy and Seeley, nominees for the secretaryship have an opportunity to speak, to their heart's content. In the case of many, I judged it to be their maiden speech, as the time occupied in the delivery of their heart's content, was very little indeed. What's more, what a look of relief there came upon their features as they began descending from the platform! Thus we were not wearied with lengthy harangues, but everything moved with keeness and alacrity. Though (as is entirely natural and proper) each candidate with blushing modesty aimed to prove to us that he, by virtue of his being endowed with superior abilities, capacities, faculties and talents, could give the Class of 1917 a far better administration than his opponent; nevertheless, one could not help noticing how cleanly and with what a wholesome spirit the entire affair was conducted. Seriousness mingled with the sensation of novelty permeated the entire proceeding, and it sent us home spiritedly to decide, or already decided for whom to cast our ballot on the following day.

On Tuesday, the eventful day, each division of Class I voted in its own room for a president and a secretary. The vote for committeemen was delayed. With impatient interest we awaited the results. After various conjectures on all sides on the probable results (there was no extensive betting ,I believe) our uncertainty was removed when on the bulletin board it was finally announced that Crowley and Seeley were the successful candidates for president and secretary, respectively.

Thus Crowley is our president and Seeley our secretary. From a later report it was found that Hefler, Larsen, McIntyre and Murphy were the choice for committeemen. Goodrich, Hanrahan, Lundegren and McKenna each received an equal number of votes, so that it was necessary to vote once more to decide which one of them was to complete the number of our committee men. From the results of the second ballot another complication arose: Goodrich and Lundegren were tied this time. For whom of these two the fates have destined to become our committeeman is yet unknown at this writing.

To Crowley, therefore, President of the Class of 1917; to Seeley, its secretary, and to Hefler, Larsen, McIntyre, Murphy and him whom the fates will ordain the complement of the number of committeemen—to these worthy young men we extend our hearty congratulations with earnest wishes for a successful term. They are the choice of their class, and our regard for them has been aptly demonstrated by electing them to the highest positions in our power to bestow. Final returns show that the complication has been cleared in favor of Goodrich. M. S. B. '17.



THE PITFALLS OF PARIS.

Aunt Sophia: Oh, here's a cab. What's French for "engaged," Alice?

Alice: "Fiance," dear.

Aunt Sophia: O, yes (calls), Cocher! êtes vous fiance? Je vous prends.

Cabby (soliloquizing): Et moi qui suis pere de famille encore! Etounantes ces Americaines.

* * *

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

Lieutenant (to elderly lady): Madam, really, to-day you look as fresh and blooming as a rose of twenty years.

* * *

Policeman: Have you a permit to play here?

Organ Grinder: No, but it amuses the little ones so much.

Policeman: Then you will have the goodness to accompany me.

Organ Grinder: Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing.

* * *

FIGURATIVE

Snobberton: Ah, Dudly, I understand you are to be congratulated. Is the fair one pretty?

Dudley: N-n-no. Can't say she is.

Snobberton: Good figure?

Dudley: Y-ye-es! 'Bout a million.

* * *

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He told me I could look for another place."

* * *

IN GEOGRAPHY

New York School Teacher: What is the highest mountain in our State?

Boy: Sing Sing.

Teacher: Why?

Boy: Father went up there a year ago and hasn't come down yet.

* * *

A NEW FORM OF ANGLOMANIA.

Miss Georgina: I want some banjo strings, and I must have the very best. You'd better give me English catgut.

Shopman: I'd like to know if American cats don't have as good—ahem!—internal arrangements as English cats.

* * *

Enfant Terrible: Say, Mr. Snobby, can you play cards?

Snobby: Why, no, Johnny, I can't play very well.

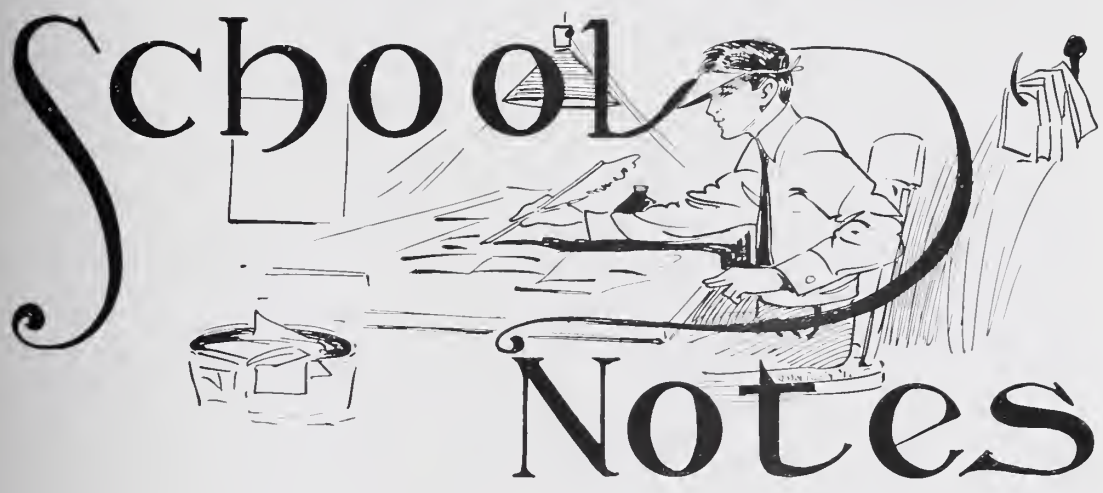
E. T.: Well, then, you'd better look out, for ma says if Emma plays her cards well, she'll catch you.

* * *

STATES.

Best state for an artist—Colorado.
Best state for a doctor—Md.
Best state for a tramp—Wash.
Best state for hogs—Penn.
Worst state for health—Ill.
The state we like best—Me.
Best state for wealthy sinners—Mass.
Best state for a poor shot—Miss.
Best state for Arabs—Ala.
Best state for those who can't pay—O.
Best state for a flood—Ark.
Two states oftenest together—Wis. Ky.
Best state for miners—Ore.
Worst state of all—Texas.
Worth more than nine states put together—Tenn.

M. S. C., '17



The "Register" extends its greetings of Christmas season to all the masters and pupils, and wishes that once again there might be "peace on earth, good will to men." What a happy Christmas it would be if that wish should come true!

* * *

We think that there is nothing which so shows lack of school spirit as the borrowing of copies of the "Register" by boys who do not subscribe. At the first of the month one may go into almost any room and find two or three fellows looking at one paper, thus proclaiming that one or two of them, at least, do not subscribe. Do you call this school spirit? If you will look at the title page, you will notice that this magazine is "Published by the Students of the Boston Latin School." Do *you* think that we can honestly assert this if only a percentage of the school subscribes? Don't be a parasite and depend upon somebody else for a peek into the "Register." Have a copy of your own each month and take pride in being a supporter of the paper.

* * *

In the interests of the American Red Cross, Mr. Sidney P. Morgan addressed the upper classes on October 23. He urged all to join and support the organization, and explained that it was ready to render aid in either peace or war.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of one of Latin's oldest and most distinguished graduates, Colonel Horace Newton Fisher who passed away on Monday, October 23. Colonel Fisher graduated here in 1853 and then went to Harvard where he received the degree of A. B., LL. B., and A. M. In the War of the Rebellion he entered the army as a volunteer and rapidly rose to the ranks of lieutenant colonel. Several times he was mentioned for bravery and was compelled to resign after the Chickamauga campaign on account of wounds. Since then he has travelled extensively and written numerous works, chiefly on the Latin-American countries. For forty years he has represented Chili in Boston and his lectures on consular duties. His was a life full of service and worthy of emulation by any one of us.

* * *

Sidney and Arthur Laird, brothers and graduates of the Latin School, are now with the Canadian Expeditionary force the former at present in England in the infantry, and the latter "somewhere in France" with the engineers. Sidney is remembered by his exploits and agility on the track, and is now doubtless using

that jumping and hurdling training to good advantage. We wish them both good luck and safe return.

* * *

Nearly a fifth of the recipients of Price Greenleaf Aid in the freshman class at Harvard College were Latin School graduates, and it is with pleasure that the "Register" announces the list, viz: Aaron S. Aaronson, David Berman, Eli Cohen, William Allen Denber, Benjamin Kelson, Ralph Henry Rasser, Arthur William Marget, Russell Lee Potter, Henry Sadofsky, Abraham Tumaroff.

* * *

E. G. Standwood, Editor-in-Chief of the "Register" three years ago, visited school recently and commented very favorably on the growth of the paper since then.

* * *

It might be of interest to alumni and members of the school to know that Dr. Byron Groce is to spend the winter in Bermuda.

Charles Hervey Bailey, who figured quite prominently in the recent Lusitania-Postscript controversy, is an ex-Latin School boy, having left here from the Second Class in 1899 to go to Brown. He is now a professor at the Tufts Medical School.

* * *

We wish to remind members of the school that the "Register" box is at the door of the teachers' room. Stories and articles will be welcomed and read carefully; only *please* write on some other subject than the war!

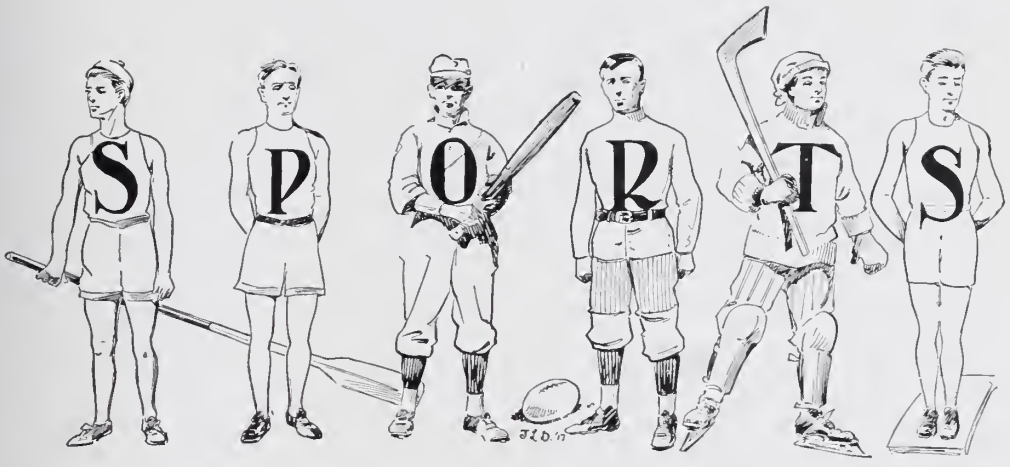
* * *

In our last issue we neglected to state that Wheeler '20, was one of the boys who attended the Fort Terry last summer Wheeler is a new boy to the school, having come here from Illinois.

* * *

The school is proud to welcome back Coporal H. G. O. Chase, '18, of Company A, Signal Corps, who left last June for service on the Mexican border. Mr. W. E. Robinson of the Cavalry has also just returned from the border.





On Friday, October 20, Boston Latin journeyed to Southboro, where it opened its season by suffering a defeat at the hands of the strong St. Mark's team, In the first period Latin threatened their opponents' goal line, but weakened and during the remainder of the game was outplayed. Latin School's only score came in the third period as the result of a block punt. It was while Revere of St. Mark's was attempting to kick the ball out of his own territory that Murphy who replaced Doherty at center, broke through and blocked the kick on St. Mark's 20 yard line. Parent immediately picked up the ball and ran twenty yards for a touchdown. Revere and Van Renesselaer excelled for St. Mark's, while Murphy, Parent and Doyle played well for Latin School. The lineup was as follows:

St. Mark's	Boston Latin
Hellier, Taylor, le	re, O'Connor
S. Bradlee, lt	rt, Atwood
Sparrow, lg	rg, Doyle
Koenig, c	c, Doherty, F. Murphy
Fay, rg	lg, Dudley
Sear, Monks, rt	lt, Crowley
Dilworth, Sanford, re	le, Parent, Connolly
Van Rensellar, qb	qb, Kennedy, Goodwin
Hinkle, Forgan, lhb	rhb, McGrath, J. Murphy
Revere, Griscom, rhb	lhb, Cronin, Goodrich
M. Bradlee, fb	fb, Ryan

Score—St. Mark's, 20; Boston Latin, 6. Touchdowns—Mellier, Van Rensellaer 2, Parent. Goals from touchdowns—Koenig 2. Referee—Hallahan. Umpire—Carens. Linesman—Baldy. Time—Four 9-minute periods.

On Tuesday, Oct. 24, the Boston Latin School team gained a hard earned victory when they defeated the husky Cambridge Latin team by a score of 7 to 0. In the opening period our team was able. by means of a great variety of ground gaining plays, to advance the ball well down towards the Cambridge goal line. The period ended with the ball in Boston Latin's possession on our opponents' 6 yard line. With the opening of the second period our team resumed its varied attack. Only three plays were necessary before Ryan, Bos-

ton Latin's husky fullback, carried the pigskin over for the only touchdown of the game. Kennedy kicked the goal.

In the third and fourth periods Boston Latin threatened the Cambridge Latin goal line several times, only to lose ground at a critical moment by penalties for off-side and holding. Although Cambridge was obliged to hold the Boston team in its own territory frequently, it was at no time able to invade Boston Latin territory to any greater extent than the 25 yard line. O'Connor and Dwyer played well for Cambridge while Murphy, McGrath and Atwood played well for Boston Latin. The summary:

Cambridge Latin	Boston Latin
Gannon, Woods, Gadsby, le	re, D. O'Connor, Connolly
McFadden, lt	rt, Donegan
Jenkins, O'Sullivan, lg	rg, Doyle, Dudley
Morey, Conroy, c	c, Murphy
Rothford, rg	lg, Atwood
Dwyer, rt	lt, Crowley, Stuart
Conroy, Bolger, re	le, Parent, Cronin
Lahiff, Powers, qb	qb, Kennedy
Robart, lhb	rhb, Goodrich
Coggeshall, rhb	lhb, McGrath
J. O'Connor, fb	fb, Ryan

Score—Boston Latin, 7; Cambridge Latin, 0. Touchdown—Ryan. Goal from touchdown—Kennedy. Referee—Mooney. Umpire—Grannin. Linesman—Lane. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Brookline High defeated Latin School in a hard fought game at the Tech Field, Brookline, on Friday, Nov. 3. Latin School, although considerably weakened by the loss of Capt. O'Connor and McGrath through injuries, outrushed the Brookline team. Latin had slightly the better of the argument and came very near holding Brookline to a scoreless game, but fumbles on two occasions lost what seemed to our team bright prospects for a score.

Brookline scored its touchdown as the result of an unfortunate fumble by Latin's quarterback, Kennedy. In the first quarter Bowdidge punted to Kennedy on Latin's 20 yard line. Kennedy started to run the kick back but fumbled when he was tackled, Brookline recovering the ball on our 26 yard line. Only seven plays were necessary before Faulkner went over for the only score of the game. In the fourth period Brookline advanced the ball to Latin's 4 yard line. Here Latin's line displayed its strength, for with first down and four yards to gain the Brookline team lost the ball on downs. The feature of the game was the all-round playing of Murphy and Goodrich's 50 yard run. Hagan and Faulkner played well for Brookline, Regan and Murphy excelling for Latin School. The lineup:

Brookline High	Boston Latin
Lally, le	re, F. Cronin
Thompson, lt	rt, Crowley
Mills, lg	rg, Doyle
Tuttle, c	c, F. Murphy, Doherty
Jordan, Johnson, rg	lg, Atwood
Garrity, rt	lt, Ryan, Stuart
Collins, Faulkner, re	le, Connolly, Parent
Bowdidge, qb	qb, Kennedy, Gioiosa
Hagan, lhb	rhb, Goodrich
Putman, rhb	lhb, J. Murphy, McHale
Threslie, Faulkner, fb	fb, J. Cronin

Score—Brookline High, 6; Boston Latin, 0. Touchdown—Faulkner. Referee—Allen. Umpire—Mahoney. Linesman—Mooney. Time—Four 11-minute periods.

At Lincoln Field, Dorchester, on Friday, Nov. 10, Dorchester High provided a surprise when it held Boston Latin to a 7 to 7 tie. Latin was considered to be the favorite but by what sense of reasoning it is hard to say. Comparing the teams as they played, Dorchester seemed to have slightly the better of the argument. However, our team was forced to play without Frank McGrath, our best back, and Ryan, a clever linesman, while Dorchester was greatly strengthened by the return of ex-Capt. Flanagan, who was suddenly declared eligible to represent Dorchester High in athletics.

Latin started in whirlwind fashion by scoring a touchdown early in the first period. Cronin kicked to Kelley of Dorchester who fumbled and a Latin player coming down the field, recovered the ball running twenty-five yards for a touchdown. Kennedy kicked the goal. Latin weakened and after an exchange of kicks Paton made a 30 yard run on a delayed pass to Latin's 39 yard line. It was Dorchester's ball on our 32 yard line with third down and seven yards to go when the period ended.

After an intermission of one minute play was resumed Bullard gained thirty yards through Latin's left side, being tackled on our 2 yard line. In three more plays, Flanagan of Dorchester went over for a touchdown. Paton kicked the goal, thus tying the score.

In the third period, Latin lost the ball on downs in its own territory. Bullard romped through our line for a twenty yard gain. Paton failed at a try for a drop kick. Latin recovered the ball and kicked to Flanagan, who was downed in his tracks by O'Connor. The period ended with the ball in Dorchester's possession on their 40 yard line. Dorchester advanced the ball on successive plays to our 5 yard line. Latin's line strengthened and held Dorchester for downs. Cronin then kicked a long punt to Kelley who fumbled, O'Connor recovering the ball. Latin then uncovered three forward passes in succession, with less than a minute to play Two worked successfully, putting the ball on Dorchester's 18 yard line when the whistle blew. The lineup

Dorchester High	Boston Latin
Billings, Griffin, le	re, O'Connor
Wilson, lt	rt, Stuart, Dudley
Rencewell, lg	rg, Doyle
Flaherty, c	c, Murphy
Mall, Howard, rg	lg, Atwood
McCloskey, Stevens, rt	lt, Crowley, Malley, Ryan
Chase, Burke, re	le, Parent, Connolly, Larsen
Kelley, qb	qb, Kennedy
Bullard, lhb	rhb, Goodrich
Flanagan, Rosen, rhb	lhb, Bronin
Paton, fb	fb, J. Murphy, McHale

Score—Dorchester High 7, Boston Latin 7. Touchdowns—Flanagan, Stuart. Goals from touchdowns—Paton, Kennedy. Referee—Woodcock. Umpire—Mooney. Linesman—Rooney. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

* * *

Great credit is due Grimes '18 and Hagan '18 for the excellent showing which the cheering section made under their leadership at the Brookline and Dorchester games.

H. G. S. '17.

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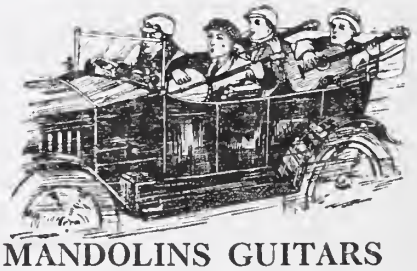
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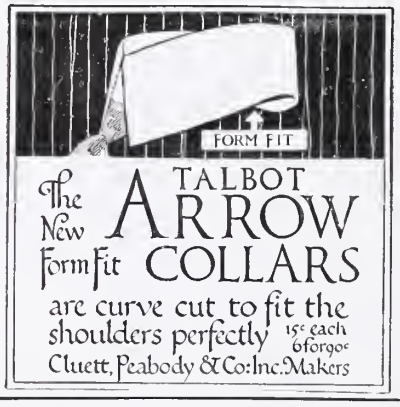
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THE YELLOW DOG

Randall Crane's big Marmon drew up, at the Tan Omega Lakeside Lodge, and tossing a cigarette into the driveway, the owner of the speediest racing car at Rutledge Academy ascended the rustic stairway of the "frat" house. He was about to enter, when a cheery "Hello, Randall!" caused him to look in the direction of the Lake Drive. He saw the boyish figure of Professor Allan, the young assistant chemistry instructor, whom he disliked cordially, standing knee-deep in the snow, clad in sweater and skating-cap. Randall stared rudely and Allan laughed, getting up a handful of soft snow.

"Catch!" he warned, in his pleasant ringing voice, and tossed the harmless ball of snow in Randall's direction; but the young man turned deliberately and entered the lodge, his lips half-curled in a sneer.

Somehow, there had grown up at Rutledge Academy a class of fellows who considered themselves better than their fellows, perhaps because they possessed fathers who were limitless sources of pecuniary replenishment. At any rate, there had existed for sometime at that fine, old school a set of young bloods whose chief delight was to jeer at fellows less fortunate than themselves, and to insult hard-working instructors who received salaries much smaller than their own fortnightly allowances.

It was to this class that Randall Crane, a Rutledge junior, belonged. He was not at heart a bad fellow, but seemed to take pleasure in snobbing men like Allan, who, by the way, was idolized by the majority of students beacuse of his winning ways and boyish personality.

It was New Year's Eve. The ice of the Lake was clear as crystal; the

frosty air keen and intensely exhilarating. From the village chapel across the hills boomed silver bell-tones, lightly echoed by tinkling sleighbells everywhere. Steel runners cut the ice, and boyish laughter rang over the whole lake,—mingled with soft laughter that was not boyish. The crowd upon the lake was made up chiefly of Rutledge students, although here and there could be seen some of the younger instructors, skating about or talking and smoking in groups. Among these last was the young Professor Allan, about whom were gathered many who found his conversation pleasant and entertaining.

As Randall Crane sped by in the direction of the boat-house, he saw Allan and bit his lip viciously. It had been largely on account of his low chemistry mark that Randall had not been able to enter the Senior Class in the fall, and he hated Professor Allan for other reasons as well.

"Allan's a sneaking yellow dog," he said under his breath, and turning, looked back toward the centre of the lake Suddenly he stopped short and stared upward at the sky. A huge black shape was outlined over the tops of the fir-trees at the lakeside, looking for all the world like an immense inflated potato. The skaters had stopped in their tracks, and all eyes were turned upon the strange visitant. Spectre-like, it hung in the sky, sagging and swaying in the wind. All at once it seemed to stagger, and dropped from view, presumably to the frozen surface of the lake, several hundred yards away.

Someone shouted, "A dirigible!"

Immediately there was a rush for the supposed air-craft, and an instant later a hundred fellows were gathered about it. It was, in truth, a small dirigible balloon of the military type, piloted by two warmly dressed aeronauts who climbed from the car, which now rested on the ice. They seemed somewhat confused at the sight of the crowd gathered about their machine, but one of them stepped forward and explained that they were testing certain new apparatus for the goverment, and had been forced to land because of engine trouble. He looked ruefully at the motionless gas-bag, and then laughed.

"I guess," he said, "we'll have to ask your hospitality for the night."

Several of the students hastened to assure the aviators they might remain at the academy for the time, and led them to Doctor Cary's office. In the meantime, everybody pressed forward to examine the strange machine.

Randall Crane happened to be standing near professor Allan, when a sudden gust of wind pushed the immense gas-bag toward him. He lost his footing upon the slippery ice, and instinctively he seized the network of rope which covered the balloon, to keep himself from falling. A fresh and more vigorous gust of wind carried the gas-bag high in the air, and feeling himself being lifted from the ice, Randall attempted to drop. He became entangled in the network of rope, and was horrified to see the surface of the lake sinking farther and farther beneath him.

As the great balloon rose in the air the crowd gasped, but they were powerless. They could now see only the shaft of light with which the searchlight of the air-craft pierced the darkness, trembling, high above their heads. Panic-stricken they raced for the headmaster's cottage.

As Randall saw the lake sinking below him, he grew cold with fear, not that he had been warm before, for the air was decidely frosty, and became increasingly so as the balloon rose higher. As he

looked down, there was no sensation of dizziness, and vaguely he wondered at it. He saw the rays of the powerful search-light, and followed them with his eyes until they dissappeared in the blackness. Then he looked down again. This time the lake had faded from view, and a curtain of darkness shut out the world below.

At length, Allan, in the car, succeeded in attracting Randall's attention. As the boy looked down and saw the figure in the chassis, a wild hope rose in him that he might still be saved, and cautiously he commenced to descend the network of rope. At length, after a tiresome climb that seemed ages long, he reached the car, and felt himself seized by strong arms. As Allan laid him gently in the chassis, Randall recognized the professor. All the insults he had heaped upon this man now came back to him, and unnerved as he was, he began to sob violently. Professor Allan had risked his own life in an attempt to save him!

An hour later the balloon was still drifting in the sky. It was still occupied by a man and a boy, but Randall Crane was a far different boy than had been the idle, snobbish fellow of Rutledge Academy. Stirred to manhood by real danger and inspired by the splendid character of Allan, Randall had resolved should he survive this strange adventure, to turn over a new leaf.

The only hope seemed to be in pulling a long cord which hung down from the gas-bag. If it led to an escape-valve, they might cause the balloon to descend by letting out gas. Pulling the cord, however, might have a quite different result. It might bring about an explosion, which would blow them to atoms in mid-air. Life and death depended upon the function of the mysterious cord.

At length Allan asked, "Well, Randall, shall we chance it?"

A ghost of a smile flickered across Randall's pale face. He looked at his watch and said, "Please, wait a minute. I want to celebrate New Year first!"

As he spoke, the distant tone of a bell, in some hamlet far below, struck twelve and proclaimed the New Year.

"1920! Let 'er rip!"

Together, they pulled the cord vigorously. They saw the gas-bag waiver, ever so slightly, and pulled again. This time the balloon began slowly to descend. A short time later Randall Crane and Professor Allan stood once more upon Mother Earth, near the town of Chester, a few miles from Rutledge. Soon they were back at the academy, and Randall was oblidged to describe his adventure hundreds of times for the benefit of his friends.

—Yes, there are many ways of celebrating New Year, but, as the immortal Caesar would say, " Oh, Boy!"

E. G. F. '18

THE SILENT OATH

(Continued)

What a heterogeneous assortment of people admit one flag and claim a common nationality! In one land we find black and white, Caucasian and Mongolian, civilized and savage, urban and barbarous, the liberty-loving and the servile. Haljuk was astonished to behold, under the standard of the Bear, men of all races and climes. There were Cossacks, Circassians, Poles, Slavs, Afghans, Tartars, and Lthuanians. The swarthy Armenian fought side by side with the pale-faced Finlander, the polished Pole, and the rude Muscovite. Every tribe, every complexion of men, from the Baltic to the Pacific, the frozen Arctic to the boiling Indian, was represented in the forces the Czar of all the Russias.

Already several months of fighting had passed, but though the snows of the Caucasian mountains were crimsoned with blood and vied with the rubescence of the declining sun, no decisive advantage has been attained by either side. The Turks, encouraged by the success of their European confreres, contested fiercely every move of the Slavonic host. The Russians, baffled again and again in their efforts to wrest the heights from them, were correspondingly disheartened. October, November, December passed, and still the Turks maintained their positions.

The least reverse to their arms was avenged on their unoffending Christian Subjects, thousands were massacred thousands imprisoned, thousands deported. Aged men were driven from their blazing homes to starve upon the roads, young children were expelled from the towns to freeze in the forests, tender women with sucking babes were hurled down mountain-steeps. The Turks are not a naturally cruel people; they are a careless, otiose race, who would be satisfied with a comfortable couch, an opium-pipe, a generous harem, and now and then a sip of the forbidden liquor. Their leaders, however, are unscrupulous, heartless, and fanatical. If their aim was to inspire the Armenians with fear, they were sadly disappointed, for the latter deserted by the thousands to the Russians, and fought with a stern determination to strangle every vestige of Moslem power. Though swelled by these desertions, the Russian forces were unable to deal a crippling blow. In fact, their statesmen were seriously considering the abandonment of the Armenian campaign. Winter passed and still nothing was accomplished.

With the advent of spring, however, fortune changed. Grand Duke, Nickolas, fresh from his victories in the west, assumed command of the Caucasian troops. Under his skilful conduct, the Turks were driven from one post after another. Meanwhile the Persians, who had assailed the Armenian corps of the army, were crushed.

In this latter engagement, Haljuk exhibited great courage and prudence. Posting his battalion in a narrow mountain pass—he had risen to the rank of major—he urged the commanders of the nearest two battalions to make a circuit through a forest on the right flank and fall upon the rear of the Persians. This operation was performed successfully.

The Persians wasted two days and a number of men in futile attacks upon the defenders of the pass. On the third day their overwhelming hosts seemed bound to prevail. They forced height after height and threatened Haljuk's centre, the tactical key of the entire position. Haljuk was in despair. He had planned this movement,—now it would fail through him. Where were the other two battalions? Could he hold out for twenty-four hours more? Defeat meant annihilation, for his artillery could not be dragged hurriedly over the rocky plateaus. Careless of life, he exposed himself recklessly at the head of his column. To stem the Persian tide, he made charge upon charge. As the sun's mellow rays were beginning to dim, he gathered his division for a last effort. Then he charged at the head of one-hundred and thirty men, his sole remaining troops. At this moment cannon boomed from a height behind the Persian lines. It was his brother-majors, at last arrived.

So had he battered the Persians lines with his incessant attacks that they broke and fled without resistance at the mere appearance of this new enemy. Two thousand were killed or captured, and an enormous number of guns and short-arms were taken. This was a terrible blow to the Persians in that quarter. Haljuk, who had been the soul of the movement, was rewarded with the cross of St. Nicholas and made lietenant-colonel.

Kirsor was delighted at the success of his nephew. He, too, had been in the vanguard, and his heroic wounds were assuaged by a majorate and a medal of honor. Soon afterwards Haljuk was sent back to the Caucasian front, while his uncle remained with the advancing corps in the Iranians.

Assad Paschâ, the murderer of Haljuk's parents, commanded one of the six Turkisk corps in the Caucasus. He was one of the most bigoted Moslem persecutors. He it was who instigated the wholesale butcheries in Erzerum and other cities which resulted in the death of half a million Armenians and Syrian Christians.

Within two months of the arrival of Grand Duke Nicholas, all the northern mountains were cleared of Turks. The drive now began in earnest. Scores of towns were liberated, the inhabitants, Mussulmans, Christians, and Jews, welcoming them as deliverers. One day, as he rode before a scouting party, Haljuk marked his mortal enemy, seated beside a great camp-fire with a few comrades. The hideous scar on the Tartar's face revealed his identity. Haljuk posted his horseman in such a position as to imperil the Kurd and his men, but before the manoeuver could be completed, a shrill whistle was heard and the plain swarmed with Arabs and Kurds. Heedless of danger, Haljuk, with arm erect, made at the Turk Had his uplifted arm ever descended, the Paschâ would quickly have breathed his last, but a bullet struck him on the shoulder, fracturing the bone. His faithful men bore him senseless from the field. For some time his life was despaired of. In fact a coffin was already prepared with his name inscribed upon it,—but in spite of fate and the prophets of ill, he recovered. The bullet, it may be explained, was one of those fiendish Machiavellian contrivances which usually end a long period of torture with agonizing death.

When Haljuk was so far recovered to health as to be able to take active service again, the Russian army had liberated all northern Armenia. The Kusmanli,— the bandits who had re-

ceived Kirsor and the boy in their time of trouble, joined the army three thousand strong. Their kind-hearted chief had recently died, so they demanded our hero as their leader. Accordingly, they were formed into a regiment, and Haljuk made its colonel. In an assault on Fort Pishaz, which commanded the route to Erzerum, these hardy horsemen fought like demons, everywhere filling the Turks with horror. At length, owing largely to their fierce courage, Pishaz fell and the road to Erzerum was no longer disputed.

To take Erzerum, however, was an almost impossible task, considering the resources in men, food, and ammunition of Assad Pachâ, now its commander. Its defences were considered impregnable , and by acting on the inner stragegic lines, the Turkish general could act much more readily than his foe, who had to disperse his troops over a much wider tract, and ignorant of the roads, could not determine where to strike his blow.

In his perplexity, the Russian general decided to send a vigilant man as spy. Haljuk offered himself for the hazardous undertaking and was finally accepted. Under the guise of a Kurdland, clad in a coat of skins, he set out with no equipment whatsoever. For hours he crept through forests, hid in miserable ditches, or concealed himself in deserted mud-huts, to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy. At length he was within their lines, and the Aberdijan river alone barred his way to the city, when a voice cried, "Halt! who goes.?" Receiving no answer, the sentinel fired, but the inexpert shot missed Haljuk, already halfway across. Reaching the other side, he lay for some time in the bushes, then made for the city. To avoid suspicion, he assumed the manner and appearance of one of those vagabonds with which Oriental cities are crowded, and hopped lamely about with a careless air. His fair knowledge of Turkish saved him from further embarassment, and he was soon in the town.

Here his impressed situation impressed itself upon himself. He was in Erzerum, true, but what was he to do now? With the ingenuity of his race, he did not long remain at a loss, but entered a Jewish tailor-shop.

"Curse these Turks," the tailor was saying to his partner, "they would rob us of our last sheckel! They,—"

In his excitement, the old man had so far forgotten prudence, as to utter the words in Turkish. He stepped back in horror, therefore, as the seeming Kurd entered his shop.

"Have no fear,' said Haljuk, with a good-natured smile. "I hate,—""Sh!" The Jew glanced around in alarm; then his gaze rested for a moment half-distrustfully upon Haljuk, but, being impressed by the honest earnestness of the later, he was reassured. "Sit down,' he said. "Do not speak too freely here where the walls have ears and the trees whisper dangerous secrets. You shall be my guest tonight and tell me your tale, for I know an Armenian even in a Turkish skin and there is something strange about you."

Accordingly, he was refreshed with food and slumber at the tailor's home, where he learned the secrets of the city and the facts about its troops and defences. He found, also, that the Paschâ was hated by his own people, that his beautiful niece, his ward, was closely confined in the palace, to secure her property, that she was believed to have imbibed some Christian teachings from her aged nurse, who had died some time

before, that Assad had sent most of his retainers to the front, so that his palace was almost empty and that, if the worst came to the worst, he had a strong castle thirty miles south of the city where he might hold out for a long time.

The kind tailor, being on friendly terms with a domestic of the Paschâ's, obtained for Haljuk a menial post in the Kurd's household. Assad was temporarily absent, but the diligence and intelligence of Haljuk soon made him the equerry of Abdul-Hamid, steward of the castle. Through this position he learned that the plans of Erzerum's fortifications were kept in the private room of the Paschâ. The key to this chamber always hung about the neck of the steward. With this knowledge, Haljuk covered him with a pistol, as he did the latter's two attendants, then bound and gagged, each separately. Taking the key, he entered the paschâ's room. It was a large, gloomy chamber, but richly decked with Oriental carpets. Where were the plans? He searched everywhere for them in vain. He tore his hair in desperation. They were not in the desk, nor under the carpets, not in the wall, not any other place. In a rage he gave the wall a kick. A sharp click followed and a secret cabinet was disclosed in the wall. There—

He glanced up, to look into the mouth of a revolver and the eyes of a beautiful girl. In a moment he leaped aside, wrenched the weapon from the maiden's hand, and threw it on the floor, after which it exploded harmlessly in the air. The girl began to weep. Haljuk could not help thinking, as he looked upon her, how much she resembled one of those angelic houris, who, Mohammed says, guide the faithful through the gardens of Paradise. Her dancing eyes, rosy lips, ruddy cheecks, and graceful figure, enchanted him. The lady smiled, as she realized that her captor was no mean scoundrel, but a worthy soldier and a frank admirer of beauty.

"Adorable Moslem," he said,—but—alas! The stern frown of his mortal foe encountered him,—in a moment he was lying senseless on the floor in fetters.

When he came to his senses, he found himself in a dark dungeon, presumably underground. A small quantity of food was at his side. He ate sparingly, trying to grasp the situation and to contrive some escape. If he had any hope of that, it was promptly dispelled when he had carefully examined the cell and found, no means of exit, but a pit filled with bones and skulls. He shuddered. This, then, must be his lot, to die thus far from home, at the hands of the most brutal of men, his parents unavenged. He thought of his uncle Kirsor, and dropped a tear.

He had composed himself to rest, when the prison-gate opened, and he beheld the charming Zudora, the maid who had so quickly taken captive his heart, in the entrance in a soldier's uniform. Another Turkish uniform was ready for him. In a moment he understood, as he kissed the hand of his preserver.

"Come," said she. "I will fly with you."

She guided him out of the palace, through the garden to a narrow roadway. There a horse was stationed. Mounting him, the lovers rode off.

They reached the city-gates. Could they pass these without discovery? Guards were stationed thick about them. "Your Excellency," said their commander, "the troops are ready. At mid-night we shall surprise the two Russian corps nearest the city and easily massacre them, as you ordered. All is prepared." "It is well," an-

swered Zudora, comprehending his error. "Your fidelity shall not be without reward."

They passed out of the city. It was eleven o'clock. Within an hour, the Russian corps would be in danger of being cut off from the main army and destroyed. At half-past eleven, they reached the troops. The General immediately ordered a retreat. Few Turkish columns had as yet occupied their line of communications so that the retreat was successfully conducted.

The next morning, the army resounded with the praises of the plucky youth and girl, who had saved them. Their tale delighted all. Then Kirsor thought of the papers and his heart sank, but another surprise was in store for him. Zudora had taken them with her in their flight. His joy was complete.

Two days later, Erzerum was beseiged. Its forts were taken with surprizing rapidity. Ten days later it surrendered. Assad, escaping from the city with a small guard, was seen by Haljuk, and hotly pursued by him. At length he was overtaken.

"Giaour!" he shrieked widely. "I slew your father, your mother, your brother, and now you shall not escape me for the third time. Die."

The blow was terrible, almost fatal. With the courage of despair and anguish, Haljuk rushed on the Turk, threw him to the ground, seized him by the throat, and clung to him until he had strangled him. Then, he fainted from loss of blood. The silent Oath was fulfilled!

Two weeks passed, and the convalescent was visited by the Grand Duke Nicholas and—the Czar!—and decorated by the imperial hands with the Cross of St. George, the highest military honor of the empire. The muderer of his parents was dead, the lands were now his. Last, but by no means least, the lovely Zudora was joined in marriage to Col. Haljuk Kuzanian, while Kirsor stood by, weeping tears of joy.

W. H. D. '18.

HIS TRIUMPH

Mr. Jarvis paused. He had just returned from town, and waiting two hours for a train had not improved his temper. It was well after midnight, and all lights were supposed to be extinguished, yet he could see a light gleaming through a crack in the door at his right. As he listened, a quavering voice floated out, singing:

"For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows—"

The song ended abruptly, followed by faint cries of "Throw him out!" and "Awful!" Mr. Jarvis was indignant. It was a regulation of the college that all lights be out after eleven o'clock, and here there was evidently taking place a celebration of the day's football victory. He advanced and rapped sharply on the door. The noise was instantly hushed, and a voice called "just a moment." There was a click as a key turned in the lock, and the door was cautiously opened about six inches. Mr. Jarvis pushed it wide open and stepped in, closing the door after him.

A single light gleamed over seven or eight young men who were staring, dismayed at the figure of the instructor. The table was strewn with fruit and bottles, and a bowl containing flowers was placed in the middle of the table. Mr. Jarvis regarded them grimly, but his appearance had sobered several of the youths, who began to stammer and offer incoherent excuses. They were cut short, however, and Mr. Jarvis addressed himself to a young man sitting on the edge of the table who did not appear to have recovered his senses as yet.

"Harper, I believe these are your rooms. This is the third time within the month that you have had these little affairs here. You were warned not to continue in your disobedience, and if I am not mistaken, this will end your career in the school. You will all, of course, report to the principal in the morning. Now go to your rooms." He opened the door and disappeared in the darkness of the corridor.

Not a word was spoken. Slowly they filed out of the room, leaving Harper sitting on the table, gazing dejectedly at the floor. He arose, turned to look at the mess on the table, and remarked ruefully, "Well, I suppose this is my finish. I wonder what Dad'll say?" He yawned, streched his arms, and retired to the bedroom after he had turned out the light.

After a short interview with the principal in the morning, he packed his belongings and left for home. After a still shorter interview with his father he left once more, this time for the railroad station. He emptied his pockets and picked about fifty dollars in small bills from a mass of cards, pencils, and other articles, useful and otherwise. His first impulse was to tender the whole amount to the ticket-seller, but on second thought he decided to withhold several dollars, for he did not wish to be hungry on his trip. As he had not decided where to go, he asked the ticket-seller how far he could go on forty-two dollars.

"Just a moment," said the man. He consulted a large and mysterious-looking book and said genially, "You can go to Nita, Utah, or—" "I'll take a ticket for Nita," interupted Harper. "One is as good as another. When does the train leave?"

"There is one leaving in half an hour," replied the ticket seller.

Harper had ample opportunity to think over his hasty actions. The long, dreary, ride discouraged him almost to the point of turning back. He had found no place whatever, and the outlook, to say the least, was gloomy. The days passed slowly, and even the picturesque bits of scenery became tiresome to him.

On the last day of his trip, a few hours before he arrived at his destination, three men boarded the train at a small station. They seated themselves near Harper, and snatches of their conversation showed him that they were talking of the question that was very important at that time, irrigation. They seemed to be in need of an engineer to build a dam in order to control the flood of water that each year ran down from the mountains. They hoped to be able to store up a supply sufficient to last them through the hot, dry, summer to irigate the farms they they hoped to establish. At present the land was practically worthless, and if the reclamation work were successful, it meant large fortunes for the owners.

Harper was not in the least sure of his ability to accomplish anything so stupendous. True, he had taken three years of engineering in college, and he had a hazy idea that with this help he could at any rate attempt the task. He had had no actual practice whatever; nevertheless he decided that he would volunteer for the wok, since there was nothing better in sight. If he succeeded, his career would have had an excellent beginning. Accordingly he stepped up to the men and said,

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but I understand you are in need of an engineer. I should be pleased if I could assist you."

The three men looked up in astonishment, and one asked,

"Who are you, and what can you do? You seem rather young for so responsible a position."

"Well, you can enploy me until you find someone whom you believe to be better suited for the work. At present you have no one as an engineer, and I can start work, at any rate."

The men subjected Harper to a sort of examination, plying him with questions until he scarcely had breath left. They decided, finally, to try him.

When the train arrived at Nita, they got off and showed him what was expected. The Nita River was a fairly large, muddy, stream, flowing slowly. In the spring, however, it became a raging, yellow, torrent, carrying everything before it. Their intention was to dam up the flow a quarter of a mile up the mountain, and by conducting pipes under the ground, to water the surrounding country when water was needed. A huge resevoir would be needed to hold the hundreds of thousands of gallons of water that came down the mountain yearly.

Harper set to work with a will. There were about two hundred men employed, for it was wished to complete the dam before spring. Harper knew that to keep his position he had to impress them very favorably. and so satisfactory was his work during the first fortnight that it was decided to allow him to remain.

Harper found many obstacles in his path, obstacles that could be overcome only by ceaseless work, but on the whole he found very little to complain of. The men below him worked as hard as he himself, and the railroads sent his materials promptly.

One day, Gately, one of the men whom he had met on the train, came to him and said seriously, "Harper, you must try to work faster. Thus far it has been better than we expected, but we are running short of funds, and our project is too great a risk for most bankers. Worse than that, there has been a syndicate formed in the East, composed of very wealthy men, who are attempting to take over the work. If we cannot complete the dam before spring, it will mean ruin for us. You must hire an extra force of laborers, while I attempt to raise money somehow."

Harper worked with double energy, and Gately found an old friend of his who was willing to invest what money was required to complete the task, even though he was rather skeptical. Then the shipments were delayed or side-tracked altogether by the influence of the Eastern capitalists. Still the work progressed.

Harper had just left the railroad station, where he had been to demand his shipments, when the telegraph operator called him back.

"Here's a telegram for you!" he shouted.

Harper returned, wondering from whom it sould be. He was astonished to find it from his father. He had not the slightest idea of how his whereabouts had been learned. The telegram was as follows:

"Give up this reclamation work and come home. I stand to lose heavily if this plan succeeds."

Harper wired in return:

"Sorry, dad, you lose money, I win success."

He returned to his work, and in spite of delays, he triumphed; but the real test was to come when the snow had melted and the heavy rains had set in, and when one morning he awoke to hear the rain driving against the windows, he realized that the test had come. He hurried out as soon as he had dressed,and ran to where a small group of men were standing, heedless of the rain, watching to see if the dam would hold. The water rushed and battered, but all to no avail. Months of hard, painstaking, labor had made a rich reward for Harper, and when the rain had ceased, and the dam could be seen clearly, a feeling of pride overwhelmed him, pride in *his* handwork.

When Gately rushed up to him and said earnestly,

"We owe everything to you, Harper, everything. Success is assured, and wholly through your efforts," and when he received a wire from his father containing not words of anger or reproach, but merely "Good for you!" he decided that, after all, he had something to be thankful for.

S. S. '18.



There once erat home tetotalus
Qui stepped on a horridus crotalus
Quum clamavit in pain
"Hic got em again!"
His abstenious home tetotalus.

* * *

Definition of a boarding-house strawberry short cake:—A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.

* * *

A teacher was giving a test on the value of foreign money in America. When it was little Harry's turn, she said:

"Harry how much is a guinea worth in this country?"

"Harry, who had not been paying full attention, smiled and answered:

"A dollar and a half a day."

* * *

Two colored men were arguing as to which did the more for man, the sun or the moon.

"Why," said one "de sun does. It gives light and heat."

"Why," said the other, "de moon does the most. Don't de sun shine all day when we don't need no light, an the moon all night when we need light?"

* * *

Evidence.

Clergyman (on his way from church, to the son of a parishoner rather addicted to hunting on Sunday): My little boy, I didn't see your father at church this morning; I am afraid he does not fear

God.

Young heathen: Oh, yes, I guess he does; he took his gun with *him this morning.*

WISER THAN WE SEEM.

MISS W. (from Boston): Why Ella, how delightful! Here is a complete set of Molière.

ELLA: Molly Eyre?

MISS W: Yes. I never supposed you cared for that sort of reading.

ELLA: Indeed I do, I just dote on her!

* * *

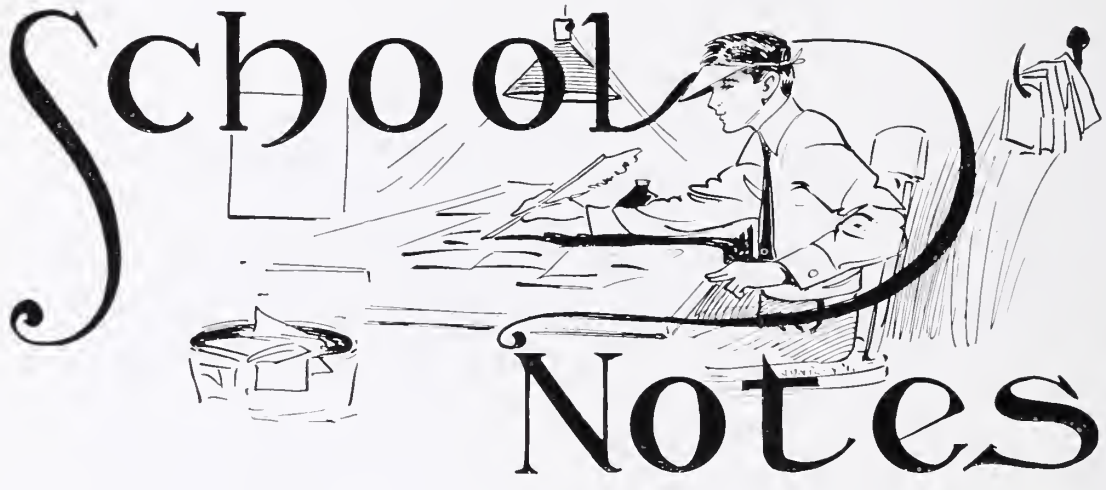
Boys, do not smoke! The average life of a locomotive is only thirty years.

* * *

"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

* * *

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to anything without good batting."



In wishing the school a happy new year, the "Register" would like to remind the boys that the few months lie ahead that count for so much in the year's work. The days as a rule are dreary and not conducive to out-door play; in fact, everything tends to indoor work. The evenings are long and the study and knowledge gained then are the things on which to rely when that fateful day in June comes, and you go somewhat fearfully, perhaps, to your examinations. Many a boy has learned to his own sorrow, that these opportune moments thrown away are all the more regretted when spring comes, and nature's blossoming things beckon him out. This is the story that never grows old, but there are always some boys who do not heed it. Will *you* be the victim this year? Make a resolution to use these evenings to good purpose—and then keep it!

A year ago at this time, much criticism was called forth when it was found that on the list of those who had entered Harvard College with highest honors, Latin School stood ninth. This year, however, the siuation is entirely changed, and Alma Mater, has just cause to be proud of her sons, for the school leads with nine names on the list. It is interesting to note that all the winners of Franklin Medals last June are on this roll.—viz;—Aaron Solomon Aronson, Sidney Meyer Bergman, William Allen Denker, William Norman Elton, Benjamin Kelson, Arthur William Marget, Joseph Bavin Nathan, Henry Sadofsky, Abraham Tumaroff.

* * *

At the Second Public Declamation on Friday, November 24, Cole and McIntyre of the First Class, accompanied by Gately, '18, at the piano, rendered two German songs which were a most delightful change in the program.

* * *

During the past month new steel lockers have been installed in the basement. These will be fire-proof and more sanitary than the old wooden ones.

* * *

The school has long offered prizes in every language which has been taught here, but since the introduction of German a few years ago, there has been no special incentive for work done in that language. Recently, however, Dr. E. B. Schallenback, '97 has instituted a prize in memory of his mother to be given annually "to that member of the First Class who shall have done the best work in the German of the graduating class."

* * *

On Wednesday, November 29, Mr. Charles Kellogg, the well known naturlist addressed the school and explained his views on things of the great outdoors, saying that his only degree was that of M. S.—master of situations. Accompanied by Mrs. Kellogg at the piano he electrified his audience by a remarkable imitation of bird song.

* * *

Many of the boys were surprised to see the introduction of a "Winter Recess" from Febuary 17 to Febuary 25, inclusive, especially in view of the fact that school began so late this year.

* * *

Louis Lombardi, '16, is manager of the Basket Ball team at Boston University.

* * *

A memorial service for Allan Gordon Bsoton, an alumnus of the school who was killed in France, was held in the Catherdral of St. Paul on Thursday November 9, 1916.

* * *

Gardner Dunton, '14 has been elected to the editorial board of the Harvard "Lampoon."

* * *

John Holmes McLeod, '10 was a visitor here on November 28. Mr. McLeod is now in the automobile business in Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

We are sure that the subscribers of the "Register" will welcome the appearance of the School Calendar in the colomns. Last year this part of the paper proved to be of great usefulness. It is the duty of all the boys to look at the Bulletin Board at some time during the day but this Calendar is to keep our readers posted on how things will happen the coming month. Most of the important dates will appear in the list below, but, please watch the Bulletin Board for the twelth hour changes which are apt to be made without notice.

JANUARY.

Tues.	2	School opens after the vacation.
Fri.	5	Third Public Declamation.
Thurs.	11	Hockey Game with Milton Academy at Milton.
Sat.	13	Hockey Game with St. Mark's at Southboro.
Tues.	16	Hockey Game with Boston College High at Franklin Field.
Fri.	19	Hockey Game with Brighton High at Chandler Field.
Thurs.	25	Hockey Game with Brookline at Brookline.
Fri.	26	Inter Class Track Meet.
Mon.	29	Hockey Game with Stone School at Franklin Field.

Upper class assembly on every Monday morning. Lower class assembly on Tuesday mornings. The Latin School Orchestra rehearses every Wednesday.

G. R. C. '18.

ATHLETICS

MECHANIC ARTS 0. BOSTON LATIN 3.

At Fenway Park, Thursday, November 16, Latin School defeated Mechanic Arts High by the small score of 3 to 0. Mechanic Arts played a stiff game, as the score of 3 to 0 clearly indicates. The team which opposed Latin School was much improved over the one which English High had previously defeated.

Mechanic Arts had one real chance to score a touchdown, but was held for downs on Latin's 15 yard line. On one occasion, in the third period, a forward pass from Coulter to Connell brought the ball to our 10 yard line. Two line plays advanced the ball to the 8–yard line. Unable to make any further gains through our line, Connell tried a field goal, but the ball went wide of its mark and it was Latin's ball on our own 20 yard line.

Latin started the fouth period with a fierce attack. The ball was rushed from Latin's 40 yard line to the Buff and Blue's 15 yard line. The Mechanic's line strengthened. With but a few minutes to play Kennedy dropped back to the 20 yard line and kicked the ball over for the only score of the game. Towards the end of the game Mechanic Arts uncovered numerous forward passes, some of which netted long gains. When it became dangerous however, the Latin line held like a stonewall.

The line up was as follows:—

MECHANIC ARTS.	BOSTON LATIN.
Madden, le.	re, O'Connor.
King, lt.	rt, Crowley.
Berghans, lg.	rg, Doyle.
Russo, c.	lg, Atwood, Bruen, Otis.
Foster, rt.	lt, Ryan, Stuart.
McVey, Ingalls, re.	le, Parent.
Hosford, qb.	qb, Kennedy.
Connell, lhb.	rhb, Goodrich.
Fullerton, Wallin, rhb.	lhb. McGrath.
Coulter, fb.	fb, Cronin, McHale.

Score—Boston Latin, 3; Mechanic Arts, 0. Goal from field—Kennedy. Referee—Dr. O'Brien. Umpire—Smith Linesman—Rooney. Time—Four 12 minute periods.

NEWTON HIGH 18. BOSTON LATIN 0.

On Friday, November 22, at Claflin Field, Newtonville, Newton High, by

making effective use of forward and lateral passes, was able to defeat the Latin School team by the score 18 to 0. On occasions our line tightened, but often our backs were tackled behind their own line. This was especially noticeable when Latin tried several end plays. Hardly three minutes of the opening period had been played before Newton scored.

Soon after the first score opened, Newton punted to Latin in midfield. Latin, unable to make any headway, punted to Newton, the ball going out of bounds on the latter's 20 yard line. Ganity made twenty yards on an end run Hughes made five more on a forward pass Another forward pass, Ganity to Hughes, advanced the ball to our 2 yard line, Ganity scoring on the next play. Newton failed to kick the goal. Newton's easy score and its open game seemd to bewilder the Latin players, for during the remainder of the game Latin displayed very little of its famous fighting spirit.

Wiley kicked off to McGrath, Latin's clever halfback, who ran the kick back from his 5—yard line to Newton's 40 yard line. It looked as though McGrath would score, but after a Newton man attempted to tackle him, he lost his balance and fell in the open field. Goodrich then made three yards through center. The period ended with the ball in Latin's possession on their opponent's 37 yard line.

Latin at the opening of the second period was forced to punt. Newton put the ball in play on their 20 yard line, as Cronin's long kick went over the line for a touchback. A double pass to Garrity netted his team eighteen yards. Garity made twelve more through tackle and on the next play scored.

In the next period, Newton carried the ball to our 2 yard line by means of forward passes and line bucks. Latin's line strenghtened and held Newton for downs. Latin kicked to midfield, and Newton once again started its march down the field. After gaining much ground by forward passes and brilliant ends runs Newton reached Latin's 3-yard line. On a delayed pass Systrom carried the pigskin over for the third and final score of the game.

In the fourth period Hughes, Newton's speedy end, recovered a fumbled punt on our 30 yard line. Latin blocked a kick and carried the ball to midfield and then lost it when a Newton player intercepted a forward pass. A lateral pass and several end runs brought Newton once more under the very shadow of our goal posts but a forward pass across our goal line was incomplete and went for a touchback. It was Latin's ball on our 18 yard line when the game ended. The summary:—

NEWTON HIGH.

Hughes, le.
McDonald, Doherty, lt.
Spalding, Henderson, Hendricks, lg.
Macomber, Stonemetz, c.
Rottler, Pierce, Gulian, rg.
R. McDonald, Champagne, rt.
Murphy, McGrath, re.
Nutting, qb.
Turner, lhb.
Systrom, rhb.
Wiley, Whalen, fb.

BOSTON LATIN.

O'Connor, re.
Crowley, Otis, rt.
Doyle, McHale, rg.
Murphy, Doherty, c.
Atwood, Bruen, Dudley, lg.
Stuart, Malley, lt.
Parent, Larsen, Woods, Connolly, le.

Kennedy, Merrill, Gioisa, qb.
Goodrich, Sweeny, Healey, rhb.
F. McGrath, J. Murphy, lhb.
Cronin, fb.

Score—Newton High, 18; Boston Latin, 0. Touchdowns—Garrity 2, Systrom. Referee—Butterfield. Umpire—Smith. Linesman—Gordon. Time—Four 10 minutes periods.

THE THANKGIVING DAY GAME.

For the first time since 1913, Latin School was forced to lower its colors to English High, Latin losing 13 to 0. The Latin team struggled hard and fought as well as any Latin team had done in the past. Long before the teams romped on the field, were the stands filled with friends, admirers, and graduates of both schools. Never was an English-Latin game played with more sportmanlike feeling. The play was fierce and hard but never once did a player lose control of himself in the excitement of the fray. It was a source of gratification to the six thousand or so spectators present to see a participant in the contest assisting his opponent to his feet. Boston played a plucky uphill game. Latin had two chances to score, but Kennedy and Goodrich, who broke through the line, were stopped by the brilliant playing Bridges, the English High captain.

Latin won the toss and chose to defend the east goal. English kicked off, Goodrich running the kickoff back twenty-five yards to the English 40 yard line. Latin tried the English line, but finally Cronin was oblidged to punt. Parent downed Ruggo in his tracks on English's 20 yard mark. A 35 yard run by Gasser, a 15 yard end run by Ruggo, and several line plunges by Bridges and Crosson advanced the ball to our 13 yard line. Three plays brought the ball to the Latin 1 yard line. English gained a half a yard on the next three plays. On the last down when English would have lost the ball for lack of distance, a Latin player was offside, giving English first down on the 1-foot line. Ruggo then went over for the score. Gasser failed to kick the goal. Later, in the same period, Ruggo got away for twenty-five yards, but the ball was called back on an offside penalty. English then failed at a drop kick from the 40 yard line.

In the second period, with the ball in Latin's possession on our own 10 yard line, a pass went over McGrath's head. He fell on it on the 2 yard line, where Cronin got off a pretty forty yard punt to Ruggo. English started another march, and after repeated first downs reached our 8 yard line, where Ruggo fumbled and Latin recovered. Latin kicked and English advanced the ball to midfield, where Bridges kicked for a touchback.

The second half started when Cronin of Latin kicked off to Galloway, who ran from his own 20 to his 45 yard mark. By a series of line plunges the ball was carried to Latin's 35 yard line. Here English fumbled and Murphy recovered it. The rest of the period saw exchanges of punts, the ball remaining in midfield.

English opened the fourth period in whirlwind style. Macchia gained twenty yards on an end play and there the English gain stopped With only a foot to go Latin held English for downs. Latin punted to Ruggo, who ran the ball back to Latin's 40 yard line Macchia made fifteen yards on an end play. Ruggo, Bridges, and Crossen alternated in plugging the line until Latin's 4 yard line was reached. It then took

four plays before English High scored, Ruggo going over. A muddy field caused the abandonment of open play. Not until the last few minutes did either team attempt the open style of play, and then Latin School attempted long forward passes. McGrath, one of Latin's players, brought the Latin rooters to their feet when he ran the kickoff back thirty yards. Latin now started to try forward passes. A fake forward pass netted McGrath fifteen yards. Latin's last chance to score was lost when Ruggo intercepted a forward pass for the final play of the game.

The lineup was as follows:—

ENGLISH HIGH.

O'Hare, le.
McCloskey, McMamara, lt.
McCaffrey, lg.
Levenson,c.
Chambers, Kroog, rg.
Galloway, rt.
Macchia, Moscow, re.
Ruggo, qb.
Crosson, Isenberg, lhb.
Gasser, rhb.
Bridges, fb.

BOSTON LATIN.

O'Connor, re.
Crowley, rt.
Doyle, rg.
Murphy, c.
Atwood, McHale, lg.
Ryan, Stuart, lt.
Parent, le.
Kennedy, Gioiosa, qb.
McGrath, rhb.
Goodrich, lhb.
Cronin, Ryan, J. Murphy, fb.

Score—English High, 13; Boston Latin, 0. Touchdowns—Ruggo 2. Goal from touchdown—Gasser. Referee—Smith. Umpire—Woodlock. Linesman—Mooney. Field judge—Redding. Time—four 15-minutes periods.

To the second football team praise is due its work as a practice team.

* * *

Murphy, Latin School's scrappy center, is unanimous choice for center on the interscholastic team.

* * *

The following members of the football teams were awarded their "L's"; Atwood, Connolly, Cronin, Crowley, Doyle, Gioiosa, Goodrich, Kennedy, Kroetzsch (Mgr.), Larsen, McGrath, McHale, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, O'Connor (capt.), Parent, Ryan, and Stuart.

* * *

Charles S. Fitzgerald, B. L. S. '14, has been elected Captain of the Boston College football team for next year. Fitzgerald, who succeeds Dullea, B. L. S. '12, as Captain played on the football teams while in Latin School.

* * *

Ryan, '18 was unanimously elected Football captain, on Wednesday, December 6.

H. G. S. '17.

THE DOG AND THE TRAMP

A tramp went up to a cottage door
To beg for a few dimes, or more.

The cottage door was opened wide;
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then over his features there spread a grin
As he saw a lonely maid within—

A lonely maid within the gloom
Of the shadiest part of a shady room.

Into the room the tramper went;
But over a dog the maiden bent.

His eyes were red and full of fire,
And viewed the tramp with evident ire.

"Run for your life!" the maiden cried;
"I have forgot to have him tied!

"Run for your life through yonder door;
I cannot hold him a minute more."

Without a word he turned his face
And leaped through the door with careless grace;

Then lightly along the road he ran,
A very much-put-out youngman.

The maiden loosed her bull-dog's neck
And gazed at the tramp,—a vanishing speck.

And peal after peal of laughter rent,
The air with the maiden's meriment.

The dog was of terra-cotta ware,—
She had won him that week at a lottery fair.

J. H. B. '20.
J. J. S. '20.

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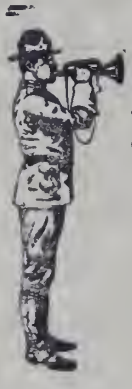
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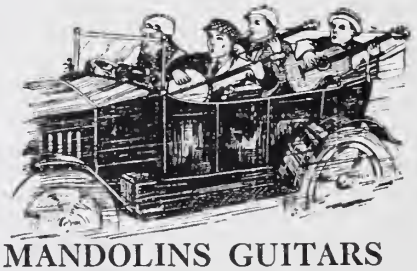
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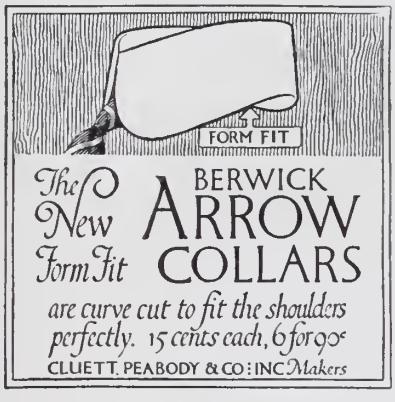
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The Latin School Register

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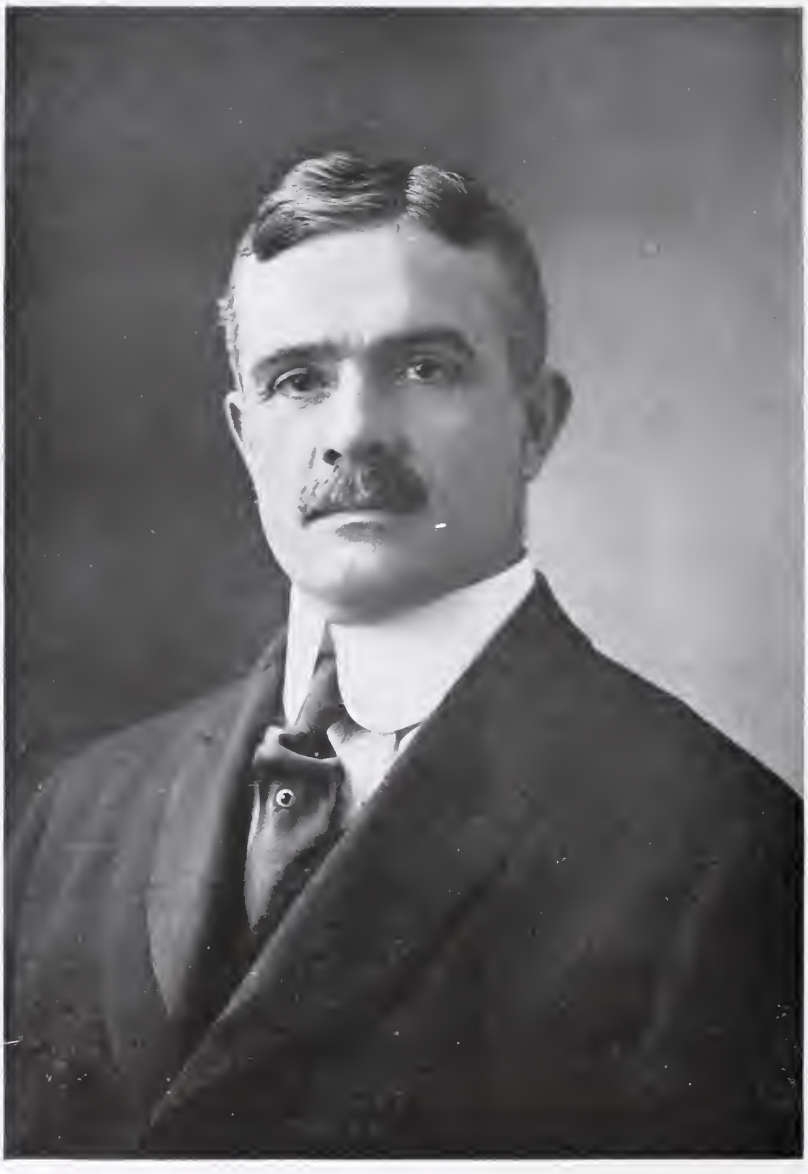
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HEADMASTER HENRY PENNYPACKER

Latin School Register

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EDITORIAL

With this issue the *Register* presents its fourth annual Alumni Number, and the present staff hope that it will meet with the approval which has greeted like numbers in the past.

In looking through the pages of the Latin School's history, the examiner is struck by the fact that its graduates are, and have been, successful men, prominent in public affairs, but never too great to pay homage to their Alma Mater

In the Revolutionary War graduates of this school did their bit, and in the War of the Rebellion graduates and even undergraduates left for the front, as is attested by the statue and memorial tablets in the lower corridor.

Latin School Alumni have taken their part in the period since the Civil War, a period of great developememt in our country, industrially, financially, and educationally. If we were to name some of these, we could mention the late Edward Everett Hale, one of Boston's famous ministers; the late Charles Francis Adams, statesman and ambassador, who, though he said in his characteristic, way "My one pleasant association with the Boston Latin School was—leaving it" was nevertheless one of our graduates. Two men of to-day are famous, Major Henry F. Higginson, financier and philanthropist, and Dr. Charles William Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard and world-known peace advocate.

So we might go on, naming man after man who has risen to the top in his particular line of endeavor, but let us pause and consider the men who have contributed to this number. If we should stop to inquire their professions, we should find that with but three exceptions, all are men who have devoted their lives to education.

First our attention is called to Mr. William Ely Boies, of the Class of 1840,

who not only has the distinction of being the oldest living alumnus of this school, but is also the oldest living graduate of Yale! Next in point of years is Dr. Charles William Eliot, of whom we have spoken before, who greatly honors us with his article. The Rev. Horace Bumstead, '59, former President of Atlanta University, but now retired, is the author of the article upon Dr. Francis Gardner.

Mr. William K. Norton, '84 was the faculty alumnus chosen to write for the number this year. His article on "Cudjo: A Retrospect", will surely be read with interest by graduates of a few years back. Professor William Fenwich Harris, '87, formerly of Harvard is the one who has written about Dr. Fiske, the headmaster whom all Latin School graduates of his time recall with fond remembrance. Dr. Robert M. Green, '98, has paid tribute to Dr. Moses Merrill, and Mr. Archibald E. Minard, '97, professor of English in the North Dakota Agricultural College has written upon his stay at Oxford. We are also very glad to have a message from Mr. John K. Richardson, for many years a teacher here, but now retired from active work.

One article which will be a source of interest and delight to all is that by Dr. David D. Scannell, '93, retiring Chairman of the School Committee; We will not say anything about it here, but leave it to the reader to discover.

Thus having introduced our contributors, somewhat briefly we hope that you will read and enjoy each and every article however long or short it may be, for each represents work and indulgence by the writer.

ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI

In previous years I have spoken of two needs of the School and have urged them upon the attention of the alumni. The first need, which remains as yet unsatisfied, is that of a new school building. This project, however, has been brought to the attention of the School Committee, has received the official sanction of the Chairman of that body, and has obtained such general approval that I have reason to believe that the matter will be taken up energetically in the near future.

The second need that of a new edition of the general catalogue of the School, is now in process of being satisfied. A committee has been appointed to take this business in hand, and money has been appropriated by the Latin School Association to meet the expense of compilation and of other preliminary work. This Committee, of which, Mr. G. G. S. Perkins '77 is Chairman earnestly invites the cööperation of alumni and friends of the School that the new catalogue may be as complete and as accurate as possible. Since the last edition of this document, prepared under the supervision of G. H. Norcross and Rev. Henry F. Jenks, contained most comprehensive and detailed lists of all who had entered the School since 1635, it was felt that the new catalogue might properly present material covering the last hundred years only. The records of the School throughout this period have been kept in a single volume by the several headmasters and contain the names of each graduating class together with much interesting and valuable information. The last catalogue presented the names of all who had ever

entered the School, set down under the year of their entrance. This of course rendered it impossible to learn from the volume in what class any given boy may have graduated or indeed whether he ever graduated at all. In the new catalogue it is proposed to list only graduates of the School and to arrange them according to the years in which they graduated. The favor and encouragement of the alumni are earnestly invited to make the work of the Committee on this publication efficient and successful.

The School has a valuable library of several thousand volumes and it is a source of regret to all friends of the School that this library can be used so little. This state of things could be remedied, the library could exert a most stimulating educational influence upon the School, and the School's efficiency be highly advanced if a librarian of experience and of inspiring personality were appointed by the School Committee to serve under the direction of the School authorities. This is a third need of the School which I now bring to the notice of the alumni, a need which the Superintendent of Schools and the members of the School Committee have long recognized as applying to all the high schools of the City, and which only lack of funds has prevented from being remedied. His hopes that this matter may be the subject of fruitful discussion among the friends of the School and that some means may be formed whereby our valuable library may be made to be of real profit both to our pupils and to our masters.

Henry Pennypacker.

CHARLES K. DILLAWAY

WILLIAM ELY BOIES, '40

When it was my privilege, as a nonagenarian alumnus surviving from B. L. S. Class of 1840, to write a letter solicited for the *Register* of February, 1914, and which was given a leading place in the order of time rather than of merit, I little dreamt of evolving this second epistle at the above date. With favorable conditions both mental and physical the present dying year found me jubilant at its birth. But soon afterward a cruel accident befell me that nearly proved fatal. Yet after some twelve weeks "shutin", thanks under a kind Providence to that care of a good surgeon and faithful nurse the life was spared on the 27th of January, 1917, A. D. will have completed 94 years.

It was the worst illness thus far in my long life, and the attending physician who fortunately was my own son and only surviving child, Dr. William A. Boies, feared that my right hand so maimed would be practically useless. Yet if pluck could save me from such sore privation, it did. And that same right hand is pushing the pen over these lines acceptably as the script of two years ago. At the present writing the distinction is accorded me of being the senior alumnus of Yale. Very likely very few if any survive me of my class in the B. L. S. 76 years ago. One fine afternoon years before, after school had closed for the day my long time sainted father then a Boston pastor, took me into the presence of C. K. Dillaway, Head Master, for that dignitary to judge personally as to my fitness for acceptance to membership of his famed school. A note from my

former principal Fox of the then Fort Hill grammar school, served as a favorable introduction, together with my father's genial personality. Yet Master Dillaway rather marred the interview by his austere manner toward my boyish self, emphasized by a significant opening of his table drawer disclosing to my startled vision a punitive "ratan" yet reposing quietly therein; some such as my former principal had but with a single blow smote my palm for some minor infraction of his rule.

I am harking back too far in recording at this late day a just estimate of the Master under whom my opening year was spent at Boston's justly famed Latin School. But in response to your request for my impressions as a pupil of Charles K. Dillaway, I frankly assure you of his unpopularity. I could recall evidences of this in the very reception given him on entering upon his duties for the day, that grew at times so openly disrespectful as to engender protest on the part of us boys who reverenced the high office of Head Master too deeply for thus insulting its duly chosen occupant. He might not have been lacking in scholarly fitness but probably lacked the "suaviter in modo" which so characterized his immediate successor Epes S. Dixwell, the charm of whose personality has lingered in my memory through all these changeful years. Dillaway of course could not be blamed for his unfortunate physique that lead to his having been nicknamed among the irreverent boys as "Humpty Dill". You hardly need be told of Dixwell's popularity by contrast physically at least, and how much his manner helped to the pupils acceptance of his imparted matter. My only grievance was his relunctantly blighting my Yale graduate dream of B. L. S. teacher, as I suspected, in favor of a Harvard applicant.

When noting the present school edifice on Warren Avenue, said to have been at the date of its erection in 1880 the largest public school building in the world, it is hard for me to realize being credited as a B. L. S. alumnus. Yet more strange to be informed that even this spacious edifice has been left behind by the growth of the school, so that it is inadequate both in size and outfit. But none the less proud am I of my Alma Mater when housed in that structure of three stories with solid granite front erected in 1812 on the south side of School street. Moreover it claimed for its crowning glory what even your boasted Warren Avenue structure lacks, a lovely cupola wherein this boy was more than once privileged to evolve from the historic bell such a ding-dong warning against even a minute's tardiness that both teacher and pupil did well to heed. Its special birth and age none of us boys ventured to ask; for it was not a" liberty bell", and we dared not question its authority for conscience sake. By the way, from my seat in the old third-story classroom there was a convenient outlook to the clock-face of the Old South Church near, which served as a wireless message for the welcome closing hour, in the absense of a school clock.

Declamation forenoon from week to week summoned to the Headmaster's third story spacious room classes with their teachers from the entire school. Verily it was an imposing position to stand on the platform at the opposite end of the room to the Master's throne, and "speak in public on the stage." I recall the kindly face of teacher Everett Hale and submaster Francis Gardner in the group about beloved Dixwell's central desk. You may wonder how the school could be gathered in one room for



CHARLES KNAPP DILLAWAY

the momentous hour. But in those days more account would seem to have been of quality than of quanity. The first division of the first class totaled nine. Hence the entire school could hardly have reached 200. Two of my class, however, grew at manhood to be an host in himself. Francis Parkman was one, born at Boston September 16, 1823, and after an eminent literary and historic career, died at Jamaica Plains, November 8, 1893.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the noted American astronomer, Boston's worthy son, born September 27, 1824, died at Cambridge November 26, 1896. Of the 51 graduates of B. L. S. who nobly gave their lives for country during the civil war, my impression is that my classmate Davis was among the most prominent. Loss of hearing disqualified my unfortunate self. Yet outliving possibly mates and teachers, here I am nearly within six years of the century mark still with God's help fighting the so-called battle of life. Wife and I have been plodding on together fifty-two years last June since I lured from her girlhood home on a hilltown in Western Massachusetts to share my pilgrimage; suggesting an impulse the psalmist expressed centuries before "I will look unto the hills whence cometh my help."

There may be dimed the luring glow
Which eyes emit when young,
And ere the crucial test of woe
Left certain chords unstrung.
Nor know we what the coming snow
May leave of songs unsung.
God knows and safe within his care
Life's winter for us shall be,
Under our dear rooftree fair
Fit home for amity,
As when the world seemed everywhere
With springtime blest to see.

EPES SARGENT DIXWELL

DR. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, '45

When I was a pupil in the Boston Latin School, Epes Sargent Dixwell was the Headmaster. Mr. Dixwell was himself a graduate of the school. His father was Dr. John Dixwell, who received the degree of M. D. from Harvard University in 1811, and practiced in Boston. His son, Epes Sargent, entered Harvard College when he was not yet sixteen years old, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1827, being fourth scholar in a class of forty-four. The third scholar in that class was William Augustus Stearns, who like Mr. Dixwell remained an ardent scholar all his life, and was President of Amherst College for twenty-two years. The second scholar was Edmund Lambert Cushing, who became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. Four places below Mr. Dixwell in class rank was Cornelius Conway Felton, Professor of Greek and Greek Literature in Harvard University for twenty-eight years, and President of the University from 1860 till his death in 1862. The class contained several other life-long scholars who attained distinction in the learned professions.

After graduating from college, Mr. Dixwell was sub-master in the Latin School for two years but then turned his attention to the study of law, was admitted to the Bar in 1833, and practised law for three years. In the autumn of 1836, he was chosen Headmaster of the Boston Latin School, being then twenty-nine years of age, which would seem to



EPES SARGENT DIXWELL

the present generation young for such a charge. He brought to the position of Headmaster accurate scholarship, gentle manners, and the proved capacity for maintaining strict dicipline without harshness.

When I first knew him as Headmaster, he was erect in carriage, alert in body and mind, and produced on boys the effect of a refined but vigorous gentleman. His speech was gentle and precise. He was near-sighted, but nevertheless seemed to see quite as much as any other master in the School—perhaps more. We boys wondered why he took his glasses off when he read; but that was his practice, and it remained so till his dying day. We sometimes marvelled at his dress, which was by no means of the ordinary black sort. He would appear at five or ten minutes before the hour of opening the School, walking briskly through the crowd of boys in the yard, in such a costume as this:—a rather light-colored overcoat, thrown back, a dark purple frock coat, a green velvet waistcoat, and black and white checked trousers. As my father always wore from morning till night a black swallow-tail coat, such as is now used for evening dress, and dark trousers, my attention was early directed to what seemed to me the peculiarities of Mr. Dixwell's costume. It was not till I was in the first class of the School, and consequently in Mr. Dixwell's room, that I ascertained the source of some of these peculiarities. Mr. Dixwell was a delightful teacher of Greek and Latin, though his real love was Latin. He always endeavored to illustrate the lesson of the day with objects of art, or with maps, or pictures; and in these ways he called his pupils' attention to the real meaning of the text, and often to its elegances and beauties. One day he was illustrating the lesson with some colored prints of the Roman Forum and its adjacent buildings. Each of these prints had on it several different colors designating districts or regions. Mr. Dixwell made no reference in his explanations to these different colors; and questions from the boys soon developed the fact that they were all alike to him. He was color-blind. For students of heredity, it is an interesting fact that none of his children inherited this physical defect, but that it has re-appeared in some of his grandchildren.

At that time, the master in each room opened the morning exercises by reading a passage from the Bible and offering prayer. As I passed up the School, I listened to these exercises as carried on by five or six different masters whose methods at these exercises were different. Mr. Dixwell read the Bible simply, reverently, and clearly, and would sometimes make a comment as he read. I have always remembered a comment he made with strong conviction on the first sentence in Genesis;—"that", said Mr. Dixwell, "is the most sublime sentence in the English language."

In 1851, the City of Boston made a regulation that the teachers in its public schools should reside in Boston. Now, Mr. Dixwell had lived for many years in Cambridge, and had brought up his family there in a very good house with a garden. Moreover, he and his family were living there among many congenial neighbors and friends. He therefore resigned his position as Headmaster of the Public Latin School, and immediately opened "The Private Latin School," which he maintained and conducted in Boylston Place for twenty-one years. The establishment of this School marks an epoch in the development of secondary education in the City of Boston. From that date private schools for boys have been

maintained in Boston which have been recognized as in all respects equal to the Boston Latin School. There were, to be sure, two private schools in Boston in 1844 when my parents had to decide to what secondary school I should be sent; but they were not generally admitted to be as good schools as the Boston Latin School, although their friends firmly believed in them. Since 1851, a series of private schools of the first class have been created in and about Boston, and have withdrawn from the Public Latin School many sons of well-to-do families. Such schools were, or are, the Hopkinson School, the Noble and Greenough School, the Volkman School, the Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge, and the Country Day School at Nonantum. The function of the Boston Latin School, however, remains of high importance. It prepares for admission to a variety of colleges, though generally to Harvard College, a large number of promising boys drawn from various classes and races, most of whom go on after graduation at college to the learned professions.

Mr. Dixwell gave up the Private Latin School in 1872, and thereafter lived the quiet life of a scholar, as a peer and companion of the many distinguished students who were then active as teachers and investigators in the University, such as Agassiz, Pierce, Gray, Felton, and Wyman. He enjoyed two trips to Europe, and summer outings in the mountains or at the seashore. He kept up the active use of Latin literature as a means of mental delight. One of his diversions was writing English verse and translating English poetry into Latin.

He lived to be ninety-two years of age. Few men enjoy so serene an old age, filled with congenial and characteristic occupation, domestic joys, and expanding interest in the past and the future of human society.

FRANCIS GARDNER

REV. HORACE BUMSTEAD, '59

Whenever I visit the Latin School, the one protrait hanging on its walls which I look at with the keenest interest and warmest affection is that of my dear old headmaster, Francis Gardner. It is a speaking likeness by that prince of artists, William Morris Hunt, and the school is most fortunate to possess it. The expression is not unkindly, yet I am prepared to see fire come into those eyes, and two forefingers thrust out together, while from the lips come the words, addressed to some boy who has rendered a lame excuse for misconduct, "Which horn of the dilemma——knave or fool?" This is probably the best remembered of an arsenal of sharp sayings, often repeated, which he was wont to discharge upon juvenile offenders. But that was only one phrase of this remarkable man.

Mr. Gardner, (he had not become Dr. Gardner in my school days) had the unique distinction of having been a pupil in the school for five years, and a graduate, and then of spending almost the entire period of his active life from his graduation at Harvard in 1831 to his death in 1876——nearly forty-five years in the service of the school, as usher, submaster and headmaster, filling the latter position for twenty-five years. It was just midway in this long career that I entered the school in 1854, in the fourth year of his headmastership. Mr. Capen,

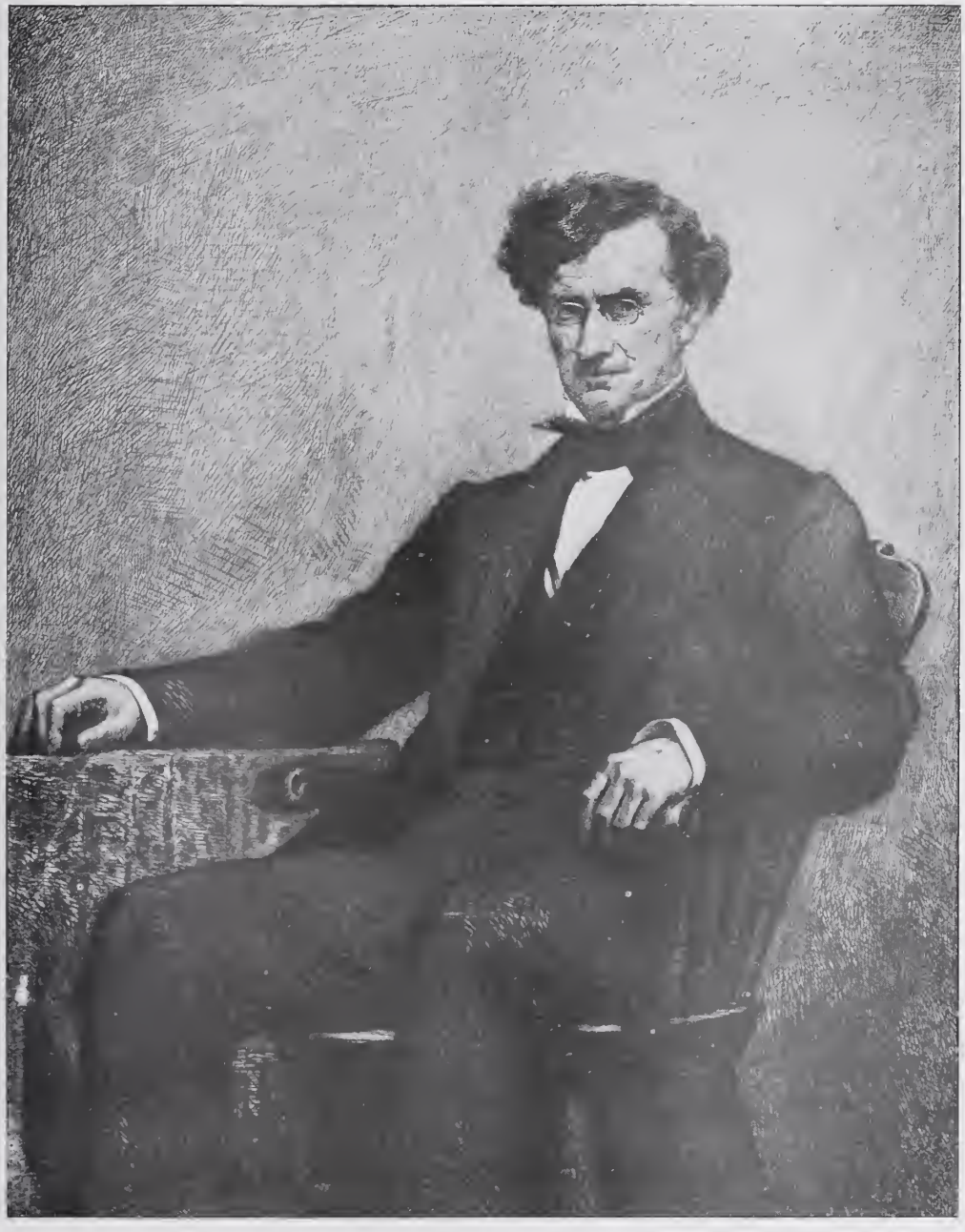
the much loved and more recently remembered "Cudjo", was then beginning the third year of his fifty-seven years of service, and he taught me my first Latin. In my second year, Phillips Brooks was my teacher during a part of that fragment of a year in which he made his disastrous failure as a pedagogue, which almost broke his heart but which, most fortunately for the world, turned him into the ministry where he became one of the greatest of preachers. Among the other teachers whom I had during the five years I was there, were William R. Dimmock (a close friend of Mr. Gardner's), James Reed, and G. W. C. Noble. Headmaster Moses Merrill, of honored memory, whose service nearly equaled Mr. Gardner's in length, came to the school as usher in my last year. Those were the palmy days of the old school house in Bedford St. This by the way, with its ample light, interesting classical pictures, statuary, and maps, was far from being the "unspeakable gloomy" place that the late Charles Francis Adams, in his autobiography would have us believe. From here we boys used to race up through West St. to the Common to play football when we had a sufficiently long recess.

Across the same Common, following the path from Spruce St. by the Frog-pond and the Great Elm (before it was blown down), how often I used to see Mr. Gardner on his way to school from his home in West Cedar St.; for I took the same path from my home on the same side of the Common. Probably I walked with him sometimes, but I have a vision of him ahead of me, striding vigorously along on a winter's day in his heavy overcoat with cape and long skirt blowing in the wind. Quite a different picture was presented when, dressed in his gymastic suit, some of us boys used to meet him in the private gymnasium which we frequented in the afternoon and where we joined with him in the various exercises. He had a tall, thin, wiry physique and was an excellent gymnast. Another fellow gymnast there was the genial and jovial Elijah Kellogg, then pastor of the Mariners' Church, a voluminous writer of boys' stories, and especially esteemed by us as the author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators", that old time favorite for declamation which had not then been worn thread-bare by too frequent use.

As a teacher, Mr. Gardner was probably the last conspicuous representative of the oldtime method of teaching the beginners in classical studies by memorizing the rules of grammar. Ah, what sufferings were ours as we thus committed our Andrews and Stoddard! But the job was well done and no mercy was shown and the result at last was good, though it might have been easier and better. Of course, I am speaking of the method of the school rather than of Mr. Gardner personally , for he did not teach beginners; though even under him in the first class, as in every class, the year was always begun with a memoriter review of the Latin Grammar.

And yet he was by no means wholly antiquated in his teaching. One day he wanted to make clear the distinction between *sanguis* and *cruor* as words for blood. "*Sanguis*", he said, "is blood circulating in your body; but this is *cruor* ——", and, taking a tumbler of water, he poured some of it on the floor saying, "blood shed, blood spilt, gore." What boy would ever forget that! Other testimony of his originality in teaching is given by Dr. Dimmock in his admirable memorial address, which, by the way, every Latin School boy should read.

He always took great interest in our



FRANCIS GARDNER

declamations on Public Saturdays (not Fridays then, as now) and in the annual exhibitions when prizes were awarded. I still cherish his commendation of my first public performance, when I spoke Edward Everett's piece in Sargent's Speaker, "What good will the monument do?" Later I took a third prize on speaking "Palfrey's Reply to McDowell"; and, whether then or another year I have forgotten, I was quite set up when Mr. Gardner told me that Wendell Phillips, who was one of the judges, and my ideal orator, had given me a high mark. We also had a lively debate every Public Saturday, when we spoke prepared parts on each side, and followed them with extempore replies to our opponents. Mr. Gardner, by the way was a Latin School and Harvard classmate of Wendell Phillip's, and one of his body guard in protecting him from threatened mob violence after some of his speeches. For those were the stirring anti-slavery days just preceeding the Civil War, and the atmosphere then was charged with a certain moral ozone that greatly stimulated our youthful oratory.

What teacher could have fitted in more harmoniously, with his character and influence, in such a period of our history, than Francis Gardner? He was preeminently a character builder, and his tough moral fibre, to which he sometimes gave pretty rough expression, inevitably generated something like it in many of his boys. The very grotesqueness and humor of his methods of reproof revealed to them quite startlingly at times their own shortcomings; and they were particularly enjoyed when some other fellow was "getting it". School life was never dull under Mr. Gardner.

And, best of all, we discovered—some of us more than others— the great kind heart that was the inspiration of his life. I shall never forget the last day of my school life under him. The graduation exercises were all over and he asked our class to linger for he had something to say to us. A contest of peculiar interest had just been decided in the award of the six Franklin medals, which was the number then allotted to the school. All the class knew beforehand that the first three would go, as they did, to Arthur M. Knapp, Frederic Brooks, and Thomas B. Peck, for they very decidely lead the class. For the other three, there were six of us who were considered so nearly equal in scholarship that none of us felt sure of winning any medal at all, while all of us were eagerly hoping for success. Thus there were sure to be three fellows much disappointed when the list was finished by reading the names of Horace Bumstead, John T. Hassam, and Henry F. Jenks. Mr. Gardner understood the situation and it was not only to congratulate the winners but even more to console the losers that he wanted to talk to us, after the audience had dispersed. I can remember nothing of what he said beyond reminding us that life was before us, and that it had many opportunities more worth while than winning Franklin medals. But what I shall never forget is the emotion, almost bringing tears to his eyes, with which he spoke to us, and which revealed to us more clearly than ever before, what some people never discovered—the *real* Francis Gardner.

HEADMASTERS

OF THE

Public Latin School

IN THE

CITY OF BOSTON

PHILEMON PORMORT	1635-1638
DANIEL MANDE	1638-1643
JOHN WOODBRIDGE	1643-1650
ROBERT WOODMANSEY	1650-1667
BENJAMIN TOMPSON	1667-1671
EZEKIEL CHEEVER	1671-1708
NATHANIEL WILLIAMS	1708-1734
JOHN LOVELL	1734-1775
SAMUEL HUNT	1776-1805
WILLIAM BIGLOW	1805-1814
BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD	1814-1828
FREDERICK PERCIVAL LEVERETT	1828-1831
CHARLES KNAPP DILLAWAY	1831-1836
EPES SARGENT DIXWELL	1836-1851
FRANCIS GARDNER	1851-1876
MOSES MERRILL	1877-1901
ARTHUR IRVING FISKE	1901-1910
HENRY PENNYPACKER	1910-



MOSES MERRILL

MOSES MERRILL

BY

DR. ROBERT M. GREEN, '98

From 1895 to 1898, when I knew Dr. Merrill as headmaster of the Boston Latin School, he was at the climax of his power and ability as a teacher and school adminstrator. Tall, commanding and vigorous in personality, he was a leader to whom boys looked with admiration and respect. His clear piercing eye and smooth, fresh complexion were expressive of a life of physical and moral health.

Dr. Merrill had inherited the traditions of a distinguished succession of head masters of the older New England type, of whom perhaps Francis Gardner was the most striking and the last exampler. It was a tradition in which rough severity not infrequently masked a genuine underlying with the shortcomings of pupils; and in which dicipline was oftener exacted by sternness than by kindliness. It was natural, therefore, that in Dr. Merrill's manner these traits of pedagogic heredity came sometimes to the surface; but at heart he was of a simple and lovable nature and his helpfulness for the boys under his charge showed itself often in pleasant words of approval, suggestion, or gentle private admonition.

Scholastically Dr. Merrill was at his best as a teacher of Latin. Like many men whose life study has been chiefly in the classic letters he acquired therefrom a certain Roman dignity and austerity of speech which enabled him in the classroom to give and to elicit translations that were more than mere literal renderings of the text. The sonorousness and rhythm of Ciceronian eloquence were in his phrase and he could teach, as he practised, the compact and orderly Latin habit of thought.

If one were to sum his qualities in a single sentence, it perhaps could not better be done than in the Latin line: *Vir justissimus, optimusque magister.*

ARTHUR IRVING FISKE

BY

DR. WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

Picture to yourself a little man with no beautiful feature about him, with a queer ambling gait, eyes generally asquint behind pale blue glasses, very bald, with long bony fingers almost always contorted into the most bizzare and individual gestures, with a speech all his own, precise and accentuated, unlike any other human being you had ever seen—can you imagine a creature more perfectly turned out for the school boy to turn into a merry Roman Holiday? Yet this was Arthur I. Fiske, many years master of Greek, and latterly Head Master of, the Latin School, the most successful and respected teacher I have ever known. In the ten years I was a student at Harvard and Oxford and Paris and Berlin I never encountered one who approached him in his unique ability; The title was true in his case—he was a Master, a genuine Head Master.

Wherein precisely consisted his wonderful power as a teacher I have no idea. Certainly it was not due to the practice of any elaborate paedogogical theories, for he had none that I could ever discover, though I gave a great deal of thought after I became a teacher myself to see if I could find out his secret. I am old fashioned enough to think that the teacher is like Horace's poet in one respect—*hascitur, non fit.* Mr. Fiske's ability lay in a wonderful personality that was the man himself; it could never have been acquired. There was in that little gnomelike figure a certain awe-inspiring quality; it is no exaggeration to compare it to the majesty that hedges about kings and potentates, in aristocratic countries. There, however, it is created and fostered by pomp and circumstance which appear somewhat ludicrous to a democratically minded person. And yet to us schoolboys of a democratic age and country, Mr. Fiske had a royal presence. In my days in the Latin school there was a tendency to "play horse" with a teacher who gave any opening for such action; one day Class I. had been particularly uproarious with a teacher who might have made a fortune as a goatherd, the poor man had such flocks! At last his hour was ended and the class was celebrating his departure with merry volleys of chalk, and such like evidence of an hour cheerfully spent. Suddenly down the corridor was heard the gentle pitter-patter of Mr. Fiske's approaching footsteps. All heard but one. As the benign face of the teacher appeared in the door, he gazed upon a roomfull of demure and innocent students—save one, alas! And he, unhappy boy, stood on his feet, arm raised aloft, and from his guilty fingers was just speeding a missile of chalk. The advancing teacher did not pause, but a troubled look passed over his eyes, which plainly indicated his thought, "Why couldn't I have been thirty seconds late?" As he sat down calmly at his desk and methodically spread out his books, he peered over his glasses and said "Alexander, one mark." It was the only time I ever saw him give a mark, the only time he ever had to use discipline, and then it was by pure accident, for poor Alexander would cheerfully have cut off his hand rather than distress Mr. Fiske. It was one of the most tensely tragic moments I have ever



ARTHUR IRVING FISKE

seen in my life. And then things went on as if nothing had happened, except that a whole class bore in its heart for weeks a sense of black guilt.

Perhaps equanimity is the one word that best describes him. He was like another of Horace's men, "Content with the present, striving for better things." He was never unjust, and never disturbed, though often his nerves were near to the breaking point. His class-room was a little Utopia where reigned sanity and kindliness, a large and generous spirit that was contagious. He so taught Greek that recitations were not a mere patter of things learned yesterday and forgotten tomorrow; the work we did with him was genuine mental exercise that became a part of us and could never be taken away.

His memory was prodigious. "We have had this form just one time," I can hear him saying, and every fellow was elated who could remember where, and every one dejected who could not. His accuracy and his observation were astounding, and they were never pedantic, for they were always used to show us the difference between a trained and an untrained mind. His humor was all embracing. And with his other qualities, he had a love for his work that made him an ideal big brother showing the way to us youngsters. He was a prince of teachers.

GREETINGS FROM A BACK NUMBER

The said back number, a veteran, and for nearly four years an emeritus, instructor from the Latin School,—what message shall he send back from his nook of retirement, through the columns of the *Register*, to his old associates who are still bearing the heat and burden of the day? to the alumni, especially those of the last forty years, who are now scattered to the four quarters of the globe? and to the thousand or so of present day lads who are pegging away over their studies at the desks where generations of school-boys have sat before?

To my former co-workers, particularly those approaching the age limit, let me remark that a friend of mine, who passed away four years ago, used to say that one of the compensations for growing old was given us in the pleasures of memory. Lucy Larcom writes,—

"Because heaven is in us to bud and unfold
We are younger for growing old."

Oliver Wendell Holmes claimed that he was eighty-odd years *young*. And surely no Latin Scholar who has pored over the pages of Cicero's "De Senectute" will ever look with regret on his own gray hairs.

From the serene height of three score years and ten plus, I can certainly say that it does not take a whit from the zest of living, to enter the septuagenarian ranks and sit in the seat of the "have-beens." Interest in seeing the wheels of the world go around is just as keen as ever, and it is no little pleasure for the ex-teacher to sit in slippered ease and read in the public prints how the pupils he has helped to hammer into shape in days gone by are taking their turn at the anvil now, and are hard at work pounding out the destinies of city, town and state, on the rostrum, in the pulpit, through the press, by making or executing the laws, or as instructors in our public and private Schools.

Again Ruskin writes:—"Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought,—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built with out hands for our souls to live in."

Where along the hurrying stream of life is the favored islet to which we can retire for such quiet meditation and fond dreaming, till the plungers and swift currents of our career have all been passed, and at the mouth of the river, just before "we put out to sea," we fine the restful spot where, with our chosen work all done, we are at leisure to sit, and think, and catch the glorious hues of the setting sun! That opportunity is now mine.

What word shall I write to my erstwhile "boys?" In my teaching days, I used to say to every class that passed from under my hand,—"Whenever and wherever I meet anyone of you hereafter, always hail me, and let's have a handshake and a passing word."

I have sometimes been deeply stirred by what is called "the courtesy of the sea." Two ships from different ports meet in mid-ocean and exchange signals, and if they come within hailing distance, I have heard them asking each other questions like these:—"Where are you from?" "Where are you bound?" "What are you loaded with?" This interplay enlivens and brightens the voyage. So it is one of the great pleasures of my life, when I and one of my former pupils meet, each of us freighted with life's cares, to stop a moment and ask after each other's welfare, past experiences, present duties, future prospects, and especially to hear, as a teacher of many year's standing often does, that some long forgotten word or deed of his has left behind a helpful impress. Let me bid any of my old time "boys" under whose eyes these lines may fall, "Don't forget the hand shake."

What helpful suggestion may I drop into the ears of to-day's Latin School boys? The sagest advice, the surest recipe for success I could possibly give, is, to do your level best with every task as it comes. The rest will take care of itself.

Twenty-five years or more ago I had a pupil in one of my classes who had dawdled along till, about the beginning of May, he discovered all at once that his promotion was very doubtful. Then he made up his mind he would buckle down to work. "You'll see", he said to me, "that I'll have my lessons tomorrow." And work he did that night. But with what results? Of course he failed next day about as badly as ever. The poor, foolish boy thought he was going to make up in one night what his industrious classmates had taken eight months to learn. His attempt was about as sensible as trying to clinb Bunker Hill Monument at one leap. He who would stand high must get there a step at a time.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And the school-boys' ladder bears the stamp of the same factory,—it must be climbed round by round.

Do each moment the duty that moment brings, or the hours and days will glide uselessly by. The Romans had a

ludicrous proverb but one which held a world of common sense wrapped up in it. "If you would catch old Time, you must seize him by the forelocks. He's bald on the back of his head." If he gets by you ever so little, you've lost him, and the failure to grasp him leaves behind crippling effects which go broadening down the years. Through the sweep of his lifetime, what John,the school-boy, has neglected, John, the man, must ever lack.

To every age, then, to every period in the scholar's life, a wise and kindly Providence has assigned its special duties advantages, and pleasures, no less to the retired campaigner of seventy-odd than to the rollicking school-boy in his teens, or the sturdy toiler in mid-career; but not one of us, no matter what stage of the race he is running, can perform its duties or reap its pleasures, without resolute purpose and assiduous care. *Nil sine Labore.*

JOHN K. RICHARDSON.

CUDJO: A RETROSPECT

WILLIAM K. NORTON, '84

It is a far cry back to July '79, but memory must brush away the cobwebs of time which have been gathering for nearly thirty eight years, to see again the old Boston Latin School as I first saw it.

My earliest recollection of this school is the day when I found myself, in company with many other grammar school graduates, presenting credentials for admission to the Latin School, and filling out various official forms. I was seated at a rear corner desk in one of the dingy old rooms in the Bedford Street building. In those days I should have described the position of my seat (from *my* view point—looking at the master's desk,) as being on the left side of the room, in the rear corner; but I have long since learned as have other school room executives, I fear, to regard any school situation as seen, not from the point of view of the boy, but from the platform. Therefore, if good old Cudjo Capen were alive, and remembered that day, he would tell you that I sat in the further *right* hand corner.

Why do I call him *good* old Cudjo? Well it's because I've changed my earliest impressions, you may be sure; still I believe that we boys came to have a pretty good understanding with him, as we got farther along in the school. But he could be terrifically severe! oh yes, and some, who had received libations from his vials of wrath, would insist that he was ugly,—but it was simply that he was acting his part as he conceived that it should be rendered.

Everybody who ever had Cudjo as a teacher knew that he was a *character*; he had lots of it. His qualities were the positive ones. His figure, to start with,-which is the basis of many qualities that enter into character—was stalwart and heavy. His head was large, even for his overflowing frame, and seemed the more huge for the abundance of a sometimes disordered and somewhat grizzly mane that surmounted it. His dense shaggy eyebrows beetled far out over his sharp clear eyes. His rotund face, clean shaven as a friar's, was a series of rolling billows, his cheeks hanging somewhat heavily by their own weight. When in a jovial mood he could have taken the part of Jack Fallstaff admirably. Cudjo, be it remembered, was constitutionally an

actor. . He beamed hearty good cheer, and gave you the impression of one whose body, well nourished by the good things of this earth, was the physical abode of a happy and contented spirit.

This was his most true and pleasing mood, but how different from the Cudjo we saw when someone's untoward act agitated that nerve cell in his brain whose duty it was to mobilize the dynamic forces of outraged dignity! Then rolled the thunderous drums of the call to arms, and every muscle and feature and member of his body leaped alertly to attention, and to a challenging pose of its own; yes, every individual picket guard of the dictator's reserves sprang instantly to duty.

Luckless the youth, if he was really very young, or not used to abrupt shocks, who at such a moment became the object of magisterial attention. Even some innocent youngster, not supposed to be staged in the impending drama, who cast but tell-tale glances at the real culprit, was likely to get a hot shot.

In the old days, the boys always recited in their home rooms; and in the upper classes, where departmental teaching was done, the teachers did the traveling from room to room.

The tense moments immediately preceeding Cudjo's arrival at class were not unfrequently accentuated by sounds of impact, provocative of pleasure to some and of pain to others. There were boots in those days,—stout cowhides at that which were not noisy in their approach, and the first thing the boys would know, there would be a sudden apparition in the doorway, and a sharp command! "Come to order!" followed by a compression of the lips, instantly released with a little pop. I can see him standing there now, choking the doorway with his opulent bulk, the pockets of his ample, long-shirted coat bulging with papers, and a big French dictionary under his arm—his favorite Littré.

Cudjo will always be remembered with great vividness by those of his boys who rehearsed declamations to him. He certainly could teach dramactic expression, and he loved to stage the part for his pupil, and to portray, with exuberance of pose and gesture, and with great discrimination in modulation and inflection, the forensic master piece that was selected. He impressed much of his personality upon the declaimers, and they unquestionably profited by his precept and example.

On Public Days, such as the celebration of Washington's birthday, Cudjo showed at his best. You noticed the change the first thing in the morning. There was a "company" atmosphere exhaled from his presence. I think he must have worn a specially fresh suit, and have been more particular with the arrangement of his hair; certainly papers did not stick out from him, nor books distend his enfolding arms. He was all gracious, for was he not to appear before the parents and visitors and the whole school once more, in his time honored role as musician, and play, for the program's introduction, a medley of national airs, as he had always done from time immemorable, and as he was destined to do as long as he stayed in the school?

And what a performance was that! Beginning with trills and marvelous runs, followed by challenging staccato notes in high register, and answered instantly by thundering bass notes, as defiant as those sent out from the other end of the key board, he finally merged his improvised vamp into the well recognized and stirring strains of the Star Spangled Banner. You lived with him the sentiment of that patriotic song, till suddenly another

capricious improvisation stirred your military enthusiasm, as instantly concluded and melted into the sweetness of some southern melody. And then those *variations*! Self taught counterpoint and harmony, on the piano and organ, had long been a favorite study and pastime with Cudjo, and to turn over the piano to his use on a public occasion meant that he was going to forcibly extract some hitherto unknown musical sensations from the instrument, whenever he felt he could be spared from the temporary need of rendering the original themes. So we had variations to the nth degree.

After you had thought, several times, that he was through playing, you came to know, at length, by watching the performer, that the last note had actually been struck, and a tumult of applause was spontaneously accorded by the delighted audience to the beaming and bowing master.

No less a character was Cudjo as seen intimately in private life. Some of us who saw much of him after our boyhood days were over, were perennially gladdened, though we pretended to be shocked, by his atrocious, incessant puns. He was a devoted gardener, and boasted the earliest strawberries and green peas. He could always tell you how low the thermometer fell in the night, or when the first frost came the year before. The good old fashioned snow-storms were, of course, ably chronicled by him

In his later life, when he was considerably beyond the age limit which has since been set for the retiring of teachers, some preliminary discussion of this age question came ominously to his ears. Again he became the living challenge, and this time, supported by the friendly voices of some of his old pupils, he pleaded his own cause with success. A characteristic remark of his, after this affair had temporarily blown over was, "Huh! they tried to shove me off the log, didn't they!"

A few final words of data in the life of this vividly impressive figure may be interestingly recalled by the alumni of the school.

Charles James Capen was born April 5, 1823. He attended the Hawes Grammar School in South Boston, where his father was the first teacher. He was a pupil in the Boston Latin School 1836 to 1840, and graduated at Harvard in 1844. He taught private school in Dedham, and later established the Dedham High School. He was called by Francis Gardner to the Latin School in 1852, and taught here continuously for 57 years, being retired, when the age limit regulation went into effect, in June 1909. He was still a marvel of vigor and undaunted spirit as long as he taught, but he survived only till the following year.

His was a remarkable and a most picturesque career. He had hosts of friends in three generations, and it will not be amiss to refer to Cudjo as the Latin School's Grand Old Man.

(Of the fourteen in the Class of '65, eight went to Harvard, one each to Yale and Dartmouth. Eight have died. Beal is president of the Second National Bank of Boston; Drake is with the Youth's Companion; Howe is a Professor in Columbia University; Welch a Boston lawyer; Wiggin is Vice-President of the North End Savings Bank. Picture published through the courtesy of Dr. Gallagher, Headmaster of Thayer Academy.—Ed.)



CLASS OF 1865

STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: GALLAGHER, DRAKE, AYER, MONTAGUE
SITTING: MOSELEY, WELCH, HUNTINGTON, TOWER, GARRISON, WIGGIN
IN FRONT: FOLTZ, BEAL, WHITNEY, HOWE.

OUR FUTURE HOME

DR. DAVID D. SCANNEL, '93

At the time this communication is written (early in December), the prospects seem bright for the selection of a new site for the Latin School. The School Committee is unanimous in its desire to see the school in a building and location worthy of its past, present, and future; in this feeling it has not needed any stimulation or inspiration from the only Latin School alumnus on the Board (though he has helped to supply it). We realize, exactly as we appreciate the marked inadequacy and inconvenience of the school administration building at Mason St., that the Latin School has too long been deprived of its just dues in the matter of a new house properly located. The School Board at the present time has in mind a site that, barring accidents, should be available by purchase by the incoming Board of 1917, a site that we feel sure will gratify every alumnus and friend of the school, and delight the under graduates who will attend this best of all "prep" schools, public or private in this country, and graduation from which, if a boy were to go no further, constitutes a liberal education.

Perhaps it is not commonly realized that one School Board cannot bind its successors to anything, much less the purchase of property for new school houses. That is our present and embarrassing difficulty. If we of the School Board of 1916 could today vote to buy the land in question with money that will not become available until after February first 1917, I should be able now to make a positive statement. However, the three remaining members of the present Board whose terms run over into next year, and the Superintendent of schools, will continue to know our needs and will not neglect them.

We loyal alumni of the Latin School have no objection, and express none, to the erection of splendid buildings in desirable sites for our newer types of school, such as the High School of Commerce, the High School of Practical Arts, the Trade School for Boys, and the like, but we have no desire to see too long deferred the building of a proper and dignified home for ourselves. We believe we have been patient long enough.

At the present time when immigration has practically stopped and as a consequence certain districts commonly overcrowded need no new school-house accomodations, the School Committee should seize the opportunity to give our school its deserts. We must be looked out for and there can be no better time than the present. I believe it would be a strong and acceptable move for the Latin School Alumni Association at its next meeting to go on record in this matter and send the School Board an expression of its feelings. It would be taken kindly and help much.

MY STAY AT OXFORD

A. E. MINARD, '97

How Oxford appears today, deserted and mourning for her sons, I find it hard to imagine. To Imagine Oxford after the war when embittered men may feel forced to drag her beyond the present conflict, is even more difficult. But Oxford, as I knew her ten years ago, was a thing of beauty, altogether lovely, if not in heaven, at least hard by, where men, young men, lived joyously and carefree in honorable struggle and high debate like the blessed gods. Young men came to her to learn how to make leisure beautiful and worthy through some employment esteemed in the community honorable.

The purple light that memory finds hanging over Oxford seems to associate itself particularly with her traditions, her architecture, and the singularly charming country in the midst of which Oxford itself of the beautiful towers is the chief gem. University College associates her founding with the name of Alfred the Great, more than a thousand years ago. The law has gravely licensed this claim but historians assure her that the license is more poetic than scientific. Other colleges like Merton make good their claims to being founded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and certainly Oxford was in Chaucer's time already an old established institution. Bold thinkers like Roger Bacon, prophetic reformers like Wiclif, conquering kings like Henry V., martyrs like Latimer and Ridley, romantic empire builders like Raleigh—the inspirer it may be of Cecil Rhodes, one succeeding the other by an interval of three hundred years as a student of Oriel—literary men like Addison, and statesmen like Gladstone—all these and many more have woven the story of their youth of their maturity into the traditions of Oxford. And to have a don as he lectures on a period of English history earlier than the discovery of America and discussed the part played by the leading figure turn casually to one of the paintings on the wall and say, "He was one of the founders of our college", is to have these historic figures stand up suddenly out of the mists of history and live. The Oxford student, hurrying as he may be to a conference with his tutor, to an afternoon on the Isis, or to a debate the at union, can never be entirely deaf to these traditional voices. The crumbling gray stones of Oxford are not silent. They call on him to be worthy of the noble fellowship to which he has been admitted.

And the stones of Oxford are alive not only with the voices of the heroic past; they are alive with beauty. Some what inauspiciously built on level ground in the midst of the city, hard upon the very streets of the city, with their meagre open spaces enclosed by wall and buildings, the more than twenty colleges of Oxford have achieved many extraordinarily beautiful curving effects. The High Street with St. Mary's Church, a half dozen colleges and the supreme gem of Oxford architecture, Magdalen Tower, in a brief space affords endless delight. Magdalen Tower (all Oxford men pronounce *Magdalen* as the spelled Maudain) was building when Columbus was on his way to America. The University of Chicago has paid it the homage of copying it almost exactly in her tower group. To see Magdalen Tower in the setting that four centuries have helped

to give it, to see it now against one group of buildings now against another, to see it from the street, from the bridge from the river, to see it from afar shining out over the whole city is to discover that great architecture can be as throbbingly beautiful as great music, yes, beautiful with a beauty more subtle and spiritual even than music.

And the country surrounding Oxford is worthy of her. The campus at Oxford does not have four points, it has twenty, yes, fifty, each one unique. The Thames called here the Isis, flows through the city. The Cherwell enters the Isis passing at the foot of Magdalen Tower. Innumerable roads and lanes convene at Oxford, some lying along the rivers, others leading over the hills that flank the valley. Every road is an invitation. To accept the invitation is to pass by picturesque hedges and green meadows to find an old mill, a Norman church a thatch roofed village, Cumnor of Kenilworth fame, the remains of a Roman fort, or a new vision of Oxford.

In the organized life of the institution the interests of individuality are carefully guarded. The university itself is little more than an organization of twenty small colleges, none of them having over three hundred students. Each student's work is under the direct personal supervision of his college tutor. Lectures given in all the colleges are open to all men of all Oxford colleges but are compulsory to none. No record of attendance is kept. Aside from the stimulus of his tutor and three examinations, one at entrance, one midway of his course, and one at the end, there is little to keep a student at his scholastic tasks during the three short terms of eight weeks each that make up the year of residence. Indeed many Oxford men frankly spend term time living, incidentally learning what will be necessary to do in vacation to pass the examinations. These examinations for the pass men are rather limited in rangesome Greek and Latin authors, logic, mathmatics, and Bible—but are exacting. Real ability is kept alive and free by the voluntary work for honors.

Social and athletic life are lovingly cherished at Oxford. The university lays down as the fundamental prerequisite for obtaining its degree that the candidate shall have lived for not less than two years within a mile and a half of Carfax, the center of the city. The university life is important as well as university books. Breakfast and five o'clock teas, always served in the student's room, are regular occasions for bringing together little groups of students from any part of the university. Hall dinner at seven brings together all the members of a single college, both students and tutors. Afternoons from two to five are sacred to athletics. Every student is a member of one or more teams. A constant succession of match games between the colleges is in progress during afternoons of term time on the numerous athletic fields that lie on the outskirts of the city. Rowing culminates in three contests, one at the end of each term, the most important in the spring term. Often thirty different crews are in a single contest. I am now sitting in a chair made from the eight in which I rowed in 1907. Students pay for and coach their own athletics. There are no gate receipts and ordinarily no spectators. Oxford men find the game itself too well worth while to waste much time simply watching and cheering.

Will Oxford resume the old work when the war closes—the work of making English gentlemen by steeping their

minds in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew literature? Preachers, teachers, public officials have been her output. Will an effort to meet the needs of Britian such satify her? Ten years ago she was uneasy. An agitation was on to cease making Greek compulsory. A small building with a long Latin title was being erected devoted to scientific agriculture. The newly installed Chancellor, Lord Curzon, was making a plea for half a million pounds with which to extend greatly the scientific work of the university. Before the war Oxford men called chemistry *stinks*. I do not know what they call it now. Many must be harshly convinced of its importance. Will the demand for scientific experts, technical experts, social experts, turn Oxford from her rather exclusive devotion to the classic past to the problems of production and social organization? With all of the radical transformations being wrought in English institutions. Oxford can hardly escape profound change. Yet it is to be hoped that, what ever alterrations may prove necessary for Oxford, to play a worthy part in the world that is coming to be, it may not be necessary to rob her entirely of that charm of life and being for which she is justly famous.

BOB AND DICK.

Bob's a grinder, fellows say,
'Cause he studies 'most all day,
I just hate a chap like Bob.
Anyway!

Dick is handsome, gay, and strong,
He's good fun the whole day long,
Dick never studies, but he knows
The latest song.

When I'm a man, and feel like play,
I'll send for Dick across the way,
And go to sea!

But when a business pirate bold,
Hoarding up vast sums of gold,—
Bob for me!

E. G. F. '18.

School Notes



In the upper class assembly on January 8, Mr. Pennypacker announced that, beginning with the first week of February, the upper classes would assemble on Tuesdays, and the lower classes on Mondays.

* * *

At the third public declamation on Friday, January 5, there were two musical numbers, the first a violin solo by Epstein accompanied by Bensinger at the piano, and the second a vocal duet by McIntyre and Cole with Gately, '18 at the piano. This variation in the musical part of the program is interesting and pleasing to all.

* * *

Major Frederick S. Bogan of the School Committee addressed the members of the Third Battalion on January 5, speaking especially on Camp Sanitation and Personal Hygiene. He began by telling of the preventive care taken along the Mexican Border and the inspections and examinations that each man had to undergo, and showed by his words that "a soldier is no better than his feet."

Guns were issued to the companies during the second week of January, an unusually late date. We prophesy that the captains will have to do some hard work to get their companies into shape for The Prize Drill.

* * *

Speaking of Prize Drill, we think that there is one thing that should be ended, and that is the buying of tickets for lower class boys by members of the upper classes. While it does not affect the First Class so much, it does hurt especially the non-commissioned officers in the Second Class. We claim that it would be only fair and sportsmanlike for each one to buy tickets for himself and his friends outside the school, and let the other fellow take his turn in getting tickets, a thing which would be more satisfactory to everyone.

* * *

ALUMNI.

Francis J. Garrison, '65, youngest son of the late William Lloyd Garrison, died at his home in Newtonville, Massachusetts, on Monday, December 11. After graduating here, Mr. Garrison

entered the publishing business and during his career was connected with the Riverside Press, and its allied concern, Houghton Mifflin Company. He was also the author of several books on divers subjects.

* * *

Again does the training received in the Latin School prove its worth. When Harvard College gave out its list of scholarship awards and standing early in December this school had three names in the first group, nine in the second and, one in the third. An enviable record indeed! The names are as follows,-

GROUP I.

John J. Brooks, '14, Warren H. Endworth

Harold T. Tisdale, '15, Bowditch.

Saul Yesner, '15, Bowditch.

GROUP II.

Richard M. Baker, '14, Harvard College.

Horace M. Chadsey, '14, Bowditch.

Stillman R. Dunham, '15, Burr.

Myer Israel, '14, C. L. Jones.

Frederick T. Leland, '13, Harvard College.

Henry N. Mac Intyre, '14, James A Rumrill.

Paul M. Murdough, '13, Bowditch.

Harry Rose, '13, Shimin Fund.

Henry Wise, '14, Sales.

GROUP III.

Sidney M. Bergman, '16, Harvard Club of Boston.

* * *

John Noyes Colby, '12, died very suddenly at the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, Hanover, N. H., on Thursday, December 7. While in the Latin School, he was a leader in athletics, and at Dartmouth shone in football. He graduated there last June, having been the most prominent man in his class.

* * *

Francis J. W. Ford, '00, was elected to the Boston City Council for a three year term on December 19.

* * *

Grover J. Shoholm '11 is the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Boston Social Survey: an Inquiry into the Relation between Financial and Political Affairs in Boston."

* * *

The death of Herbert Jaques of the Class of 1874 occurred on December 20. Mr. Jaques was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Allied Bazaar, and it was doubtless to overwork in this connection that his death was due.

* * *

Guy C. Emerson, '04 was recently elected Vice President of the National Bank of Commerce of New York. He is the youngest vice-president of a New York bank, and his rise in financial affairs has been rapid.

* * *

Joseph Brown Hamblen, '68, died at his home in Winchester on January 6. After graduating here, he entered Wesleyan University and was ordained for the ministry, but never accepted a pastorate. He had been in the employ of the Youth's Companion for over twenty five years, having retired from active work three years ago.

* * *

The death of James S. English, '63, occurred at his home in Jamaica Plain on January 3. He graduated from Harvard with the Class of 1867, and three years later began the practise of law which he followed until his retirement a few years ago.

OUR BUILDING

forsan et haec olim meminiser iuoabit.

It would be hard indeed, to find an alumnus of our school who was unaware of the historical fact that his alma mater was the oldest public school in this country. I take it for granted that there is none but who would loudly champion his school as the foremost educational institution. Yet with all these certain attributes there is no gain saying the fact that the school as a building—I speak in the physical sense—has not kept up in improvements and refinements with schools that have scarcely commenced to make their own history.

However, what matters all this to the alumnus of Boston Latin School? I speak of it merely to emphasize the intensity of the love the children bear the old structure.

The present structure has housed the personnel of the Latin School for about thirty-five years and, although there has been many a change in the matter of improvements and accessories in the school during the time that the building has held its present location, nevertheless, the latest embellishments appear to the present tenants as improvements.

Let us take the alumnus of four years or more ago by the hand, as it were, for a stroll through the corridors of our beloved building. Upon entering at the central door he will see that the walls upon which are depended the portaits, pictures and broadsides, are unusually noticeable having undergone a thorough cleaning and repainting. The wainscoting, he perceives, has had a new coat of paint, too.

Going upstairs our companion will see "a sight for sore eyes"—the rooms devoted to Physics. He tells us of the old laboratory or room as the Physics department then occupied but one room, wherein lectures, experiments, and class room work were all performed. Having entered the central door, our friend did not notice the new position on Dartmouth street that was appended to our school three years ago. This serves for two purposes—first, it is the home of the city's school supplies, and, secondly, it affords us four additional rooms. Returning to the subject of the Physics accommodations, we bring our friend through the Physics rooms. He is amazed at the ample space and pleasant location that the Physics department now holds. This certainly is one of the best liked improvements in the whole school.

Glancing around he notices that the class room doors open on the corridors, not as formerly, when they swung on hinges situated within the different rooms. I understand this improvement was brought about to reduce the fire hazard and as a matter of accommodation.

Now we ascend the third flight of stairs on the way to the top floor, drawing our companion's attention to the fact that there have been placed new treads on the stairs. Then we lead him to the immense study halls, two large rooms, one that holds about one hundred and seventy pupils, and another that seats about one hundred and ten. It is interesting to consider that at this time of the school's life these rooms are regarded as almost indespensable. It is hard to realize what we did a few years ago without these rooms. We informed our companion that these rooms are used for various purposes connected

with the school's activities. Most important of all, of course, is their use as study halls where the respective divisions assemble at their appointed time with their quota of pupils. Now two instructors are in charge. These rooms are used to great advantage for departmental examinations. Again, on account of the size of these rooms they vie in popularity with the large exhibition hall for meetings, assemblies, rehearsals, and the like.

Now we meander along the third floor to the great exhibition hall—the place of great things. The first thing that catches our companion's eye is the dust besmired walls of the room. A new coat of paint would in his mind, rejuvenate the whole aspect of the room, so to speak. Really this is an over-sight on the part of the betterment committee. It is the parlor of our school. At least let it be bright and cheerful looking! With his scrutinizing gaze he notices our new grand piano, a beautiful ornament to our platform.

We descend next, to the basement. He wonders where the lunch room has dissappeared to. We inform him that the growth of the attendance has necessitated a different location for the counter, as the space that it formerly occupied was needed for more locker blocks. The counter, we notice, is very conveniently situated for everyone, and at the same time much smaller than the old one. Ah! our companion espies the new lockers This is our latest improvement. Instead of the old wooden lockers—lockers they were termed, but in reality they were merely cages wherein were placed many valuble articles which many light-fingered individuals made use of as they saw fit—we have the latest patented steel lockers, the doors of which are minus that delicate lattice work that was wont to be seen sometimes on the old ones. A safety lock arrangement assures protection for the clothing and what not within. Alas, where are the drip pans? We certainly need those receptacles for our umbrellas. However, we will wait. These lockers are not so deep as the old ones but their capacity will fulfil the requirements of the pupil's no doubt. They are sanitary, too, having been coated with an olive green enamel that makes a pleasing contrast with the newly whitened brick walls. Our friend the alumnus is very much pleased with the improvements and refinements of our dear old school, and departs leaving us face to face for a while with our inmost thoughts.

"Why have we not a new building"' is a logical question Yes. it is indeed, but there is something endeavoring, something homely about old things, especially when they are appreciated fervently—even reverently by their users. It is also interesting that in spite of the fact that the total number of pupils each consecutive year outnumbers the quota of the preceding years, yet the attendance has not assumed such great proportions as to warrant the addition of any new rooms, save as the case of the Physics department.

The school house is filled to its capacity every September, to be sure, but at the end of the year the unfortunate, as well as the undesirable, ones that have severed their connections with the school make vacancies that spell the stringent methods and rules of our institution. However, the time is coming when we shall reach the limit in the matter of accommodation and, expansion being impossible this will necessitate a new

building. Then we shall undoubtledy journey out to the academic centre of our city the Fenway.

Until the next change, however, each pupil will wait patiently and take delight in the present simple, modest yet impressive old structure.

M. T. R. '17

THE POET OF PASADENA

A tiny rustic lodge nestled at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in California. It was owned by Jack Billings, self-styled, "The Poet of Pasadena. The little bungalow was beautifully situated in full view of the blue bay of Santa Monica, and must have afforded an abundance of "local color" for Jack Billings or any other poet.

It was a wonderful day, one of the days which make the climate of Southern California so irresistible. The sky was blue and a warm breeze blew straight from Japan. Straight from Japan came the little breeze, and in through the window of Mr. Billings' study in the charming little lodge; but the poet was apparently oblivous to the refreshing qualities of the breeze, and swore under his breath, because some of the leaves of his manuscript were disarranged, and sailed merrily about the room on the wings of the little breeze. When he had arranged his manuscript again, Mr. Billings tried to continue writing, but for some reason inspiration failed him, and he got up and looked out of his study window.

Mr. Jack Billings was an exceptionally fine young man. He was twenty-seven years old, and until recently had "done" the theatrical review for a small city daily in the East. He had been quite sure that he was a poet of promise, a really very good poet, you know, and had come way out to California to broaden the field of his inspiration, being fortunately enabled to do so by a private income which made him very nearly independent. To complete this description, he was quite tall and handsome, and did not look a bit like a poet. He was unmarried and said he enjoyed living alone at his lodge in the Sierra Madres, at least in winter. The experience of a summer in the mountains was still before him. All this explains why Mr. Billings had to go and look out at the window when his inspiration so cruelly failed him, leaving even his resourceful mind bare alike of plot, characters, epithets, synonyms, and troches.

It happened that Mr. Billings looked out at just the right time to see in the roadway before his lodge a rather unusual spectacle. A large, gray racing-car had come to a stop in front of his gate Its two occupants, one a young man of about twenty-five, and the other a girl of apparently the same age, had disembarked, and seemed to be examining some part of the car's anatomy. As Mr. Billings received very few visitors indeed, and most of the machines which passed his lodge traveled at a speed like that of Santa Monica races, we do not wonder that the poet was surprised. To him, the strangest part of the incident was, that the young lady who had stepped from the car was attired, not in conventional skirts, but in greasy overalls of a mechanic. Here indeed was a motif! A girl in trousers! Lelah!— And Mr. Jack Billings dashed back to his Circassian Walnut desk to put his new found plot on paper.

In the meantime, Tom and "Trudie"

May, whose car lay disabled upon the roadway, were exchanging glances of deepest consternation. Brother Tom had just made the startling discovery that the gas-tank was empty. Becoming aware of this fact Tom made several inflammable but highly justifiable remarks to himself. His sister Gertrude expressed her feelings with equal brevity, though in a more personal way.

"You big fish!" said she.

"Trudie", said Tom, with mock severity. "I positively forbid you to anger me. As you know, this is a serious proposition. We must find someone who can either sell us gasoline or direct us to some place where it's sold."

Trudie sat upon the steering wheel and comically scanned the horizon, shading her blue eyes with a very grimy and oil-stained hand.

"Well, Tom", she said finally, "who lives in that lodge among the palm trees?"

"I don't know", said Tom, looking at Mr. Billing's bungalow,"—Unless—well, it might belong to Jack Billings, the poet of Pasadena, you know."

"Is he really a poet?" asked Trudie, her eyes shining.

"Oh, yes,—or at least, he thinks he is. He's a capital fellow, though, one of the best ever. He was in my class at college. Gone dippy over this Idealist stuff, that's all."

Trudie inspected her soiled overalls ruefully; then she said, "Well, let's go and ask him. Perhaps a poet wouldn't mind my costume so much, anyway."

Mr. Billings had begun joyously to dash off the first page of his new novel, with a girl in pantaloons as his heroine, when his attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps outside. There was a knock at the door of his study—which opened directly upon the veranda—, and he was obliged to break off in the very middle of a divine sentence and lay aside his pen.

Mr. Tom May was tickled to death to see his old college chum, and he had run out of gasoline, and this was his little sister Trudie. Whereupon, formalities having been concluded, Miss Gertrude asked shyly.

"Are you really a poet Mr. Billings?"

"Well, Miss May, opinions differ," confessed the poet. "I try to be one, anyway; but if you and Tom will come in, I think I can let you have a little 'gas'. I keep a runabout, myself."

When Mr. Billings had departed for the tiny toy garage in the rear of his bungalow, Trudie's eyes strayed to some of the poet's handiwork upon the Circassian walnut desk. She saw the first page of Mr. Billings's new novel, which unknown to her, was to be entitled, "The Pantaloon Girl." The poet's diary lay open upon the desk and Trudie could not resist the temptation to read the first line, then the second, and the third, until she had quite finished the page. It was very interesting:

"Jan.3: My Brain is Seared with Emotion. I write with Divine Inspiration. The Surf is crashing Below me, Infusing my soul with Red Passion.

"Jan. 6: The breezes blow Warm from Hawaii. I toss in my bed without Slumber. I Rush half dressed into the Garden. The words I write cause me to Tremble.

"Jan. 9: I played on the Rocks with the Children. Their hearts are like Angel's in Heaven. They have animal eyes and I fear them. Deep pools fraught with infinite Silence."

Miss Gertrude snickered. Brother Tom looked at her inquiringly, and at this moment, Mr. Billings reappeared with an immense can of gasoline.

Tom thanked his friend warmly for the gasoline, and in parting, invited himto come and spend a day at Santa Monica sometime in the near future. He assurred the poet that the bathing was ideal, at which Trudie snickered inwardly. She was sure Mr. Billings would look positively ridiculous in a bathing suit. However, he promised to come. Tom and Gertrude drove away in the big car, and Mr. Jack went back to his novel.

A week later, Mr. Billings was a guest of the May's at the fashionable Santa Monica resort. He didn't appear in the least ridiculous in his bathing suit, which displayed to advantage his broad shoulders and muscular build. He frolicked and raced upon the Long Pier like any school boy, and was greatly admired by all the young people with whom he became acquainted. Miss Gertrude began to enjoy his society tremendously, but could not help recalling his silly diary, and wished he had been anything but a poet; even the driver of a racing car at Santa Monica. She wondered if he had always been a poet. Tom May informed his sister that Jack Billings had *not* always been a poet, and that until very recently he had been a successful newspaper man in the East.

The weeks passed rapidly, and Jack Billings's friendship with Trudie was warmed by the wonderful sun of Southern California.

One day as the two were strolling upon the golden sands of Santa Monica Beach, he said,

"Trudie, I'm a rotten poet."

Trudie laughed. Then she looked at him and said,

"Jack!"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you didn't want to be a poet any more."

"Yes?" He looked at her inquiringly.

"And suppose you went back East and asked for your newspaper job again."

"Yes, well?"

"Well, could you get it back?"

"Of course I could, Trudie."

"And could we—I mean could you be happy there, and would folks say you were a successful newspaper man?"

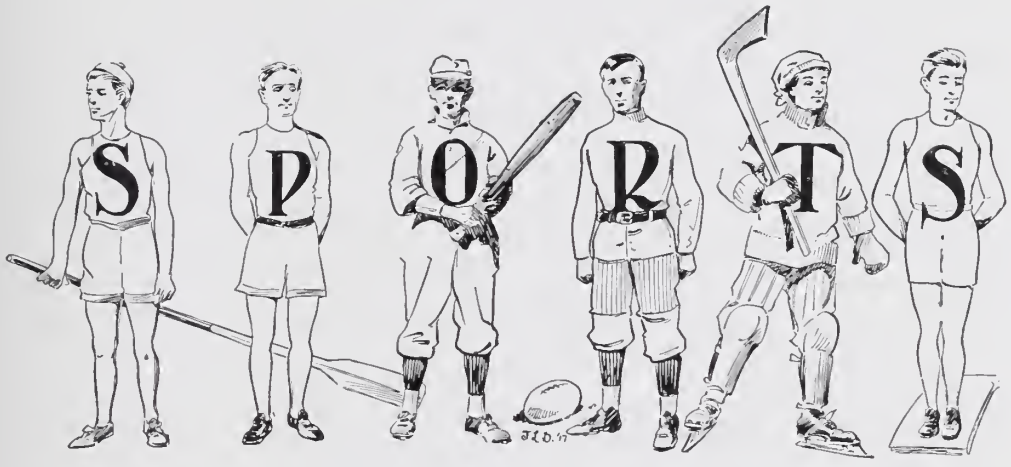
The light of understanding began to appear in Mr. Billings' eyes.

"Yes, Trudie," he said.

"Well, then. . . . ."

E. G. F. '18.

(NOTE—It is believed the author was led to cease at this point in deference to "What every readers knows.")



TRACK.

Now that the football season has come to a close, we find the schoolboy once more turning his attention to the winter sports, track and hockey. Of these two sports track is the more important and consequently receives the greater support. The football player might say that football is the best sport of all because it receives the greatest support from the members and friends of the school. Let us consider what relation track has to a few of the other sports. The speed, which a halfback finds a great asset, is derived from track athletics, while the lineman finds that running strengthens the leg muscles, from which he gets his power in line charging. The baseball player gets his speed in base running from previous track practice, and the oarsman develops his chest and arm muscles by shot-putting and his leg muscles by running. There is one great benefit, if we may call it that, which is an important factor in a game, even in the great game of life. This factor is the earnestly sought thing called Endurance, as taught to the track athlete by our coach, Mr. O'Brien.

On Thursday, December 7, a meeting of track candidates was held in Room 21, about one hundred candidates reporting. The prospects for a successful season were not very bright at the outset but it was later learned that according to a ruling of the hygeine department members of the football team would not be allowed to report for practice until after the Christmas recess.

There is a noticeable lack of material

in the senior division, especially among the high-jumpers and shot-putters. The senior division has been hard hit by the loss of Hamlin, Bolster, Curley, and Gillis, who were consistent point-winners. Among the promising candidates in the senior division are: Larsen, Hart, and Doherty in the 300-yd; Webster and Fitzgerald in the 600-yd; Dudley and Casey in the 1000-yd. Wing, Kennedy, and McGrath in the dash and hurdles. The material in the intermediate division does not measure up to that of previous years. Bond in the 220-yd, Clough, and E. Fox seem to be the most promising. In the junior division Creed, Tamer Rogers, and Mittell look like good performers. The inter-class meet, Jan. 26 will give Coach O'Brien an opportunity to see the real worth of the candidates in competition. Let every member of the school be present at the meet Jan. 26, as it is the only meet scheduled to be held in the drill hall. Manager James E. Donahue has arranged the following schedule:—

Jan. 26. Inter-Class Meet. (Drill Hall.

Feb. 16. Mechanic Arts. (East Armory)

Feb. 24. B. A. A. Schoolboy Games (Mechanics Building.)

March 9. Dorchester High (East Armory.)

March 15. English High (East Armory.)

March 22-25. Regimental Meet (East Armory.)

HOCKEY.

The Boston Latin School is to be represented by a hockey team this winter. In the past few years hockey has not been looked upon by the school authorities with a great deal of satisfaction. However, through the untiring efforts of Mr. Campbell it was finally agreed to allow a hockey team to represent the school. On Friday, December 15, a hockey meeting which was attended by thirty candidates, was held. Ralph C. Crowley of Class I, was unanimously elected Captain of the seven. Capt. Crowley has a team composed mostly of fellows prominent in other branches of school athletics. With Crowley, a clever dribbler, playing rover, Maguire and Quinn on the wings and Cronin at center, Latin School ought, with a little practice to present a foward line capable of producing results. Maguire and Cronin are two speedy skaters and experienced players while Quinn makes up for his light weight by his speed. Ryan at coverpoint displays that same fight which has made him famous in football, and his sterling qualities of leadership have resulted in his being elected next year's football captain. Tetlow and McGrath are also two very steady players. Through the loss of Pond because of scholastic standing the team is in need of a reliable goal tender. This was shown when St. Mark's was able to defeat us by an overwhelming score. It was generally conceded that St. Mark's would defeat us, for seven individual players cannot expect to win a game against a coached team. This was the first time that our seven as a team had been on the ice. Rather than call the game off, our players showed the right spirit and agreed to play the game unprepared as they were. Certainly a team which must pay its own expenses deserves credit and yet when the city hires a coach for fellows interested in track and other major sports, the fellows do not avail themselves of the opportunity. Among the other promising candidates whose names we previously failed to mention

are, Coffey, Duff, Hanson, and Hurwitz. Manager Harold G. Stuart announces the following schedule:—

Jan. 11. Milton Academy at Milton.

Jan. 13. St. Mark's at Southboro.

Jan. 16. Boston College at Franklin Field.

Jan. 19. Brighton High at Chandler's Pond.

Jan. 25. Brookline High at Brookline.

Jan. 29. Stone School at Franklin Field.

Feb. 1. Newton High at Newton.

Feb. 3. St. John's Prep at Danvers

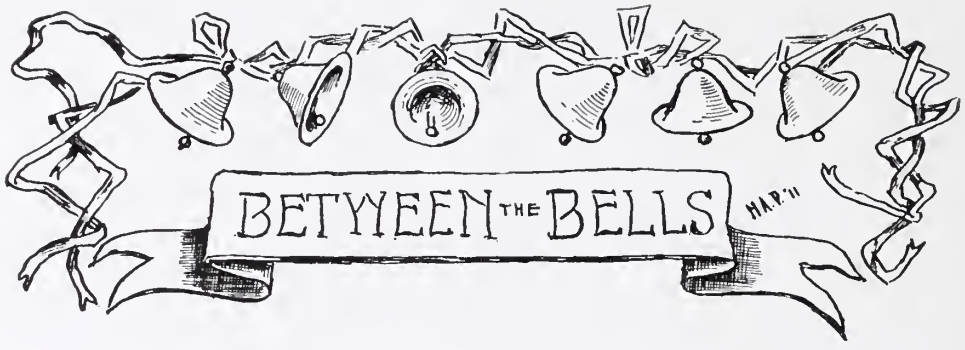
Feb. 9. English High at Arena.

Feb. 17. Country Day at West Newton.

Feb. 22. Cambridge Latin at Russells Field (A. M.)

C. E. Hart of Class II, has been chosen assistant track manager.

Owing to the lack of ice, the hockey game scheduled with Milton Academy for January 11, has been indefinitely postponed.



A little miss wanted some ice-cream the other evening. She wouldn't accept her mother's refusal, and as a last resort, she was sent to her father. The question was put to him, who answered, "Not much." She went back to her mother and told her that her papa said "she could have a little."

* * *

Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel): Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?

Porter: Yis, mum; he has the place inshoored for twice wot it's worth.

* * *

A good place to loaf—the baker shop.

* * *

"Don't be so stuck up", as the feather bed said to the wall-paper.

"You are down enough for both of us" replied the paper.

* * *

WANTED: A boneless salt-fish packer.

* * *

TEACHER: Why do you dodge when I draw my hand back to slap your cheek?

FRIT : Because I don't want you to injure your hand.

An Englishman calling at the White House was descanting to President Lincoln—who had never been abroad—about the differences between Englishmen and Americans. "Great difference in some respects" he said; "great difference! You Americans do things that an English gentleman would never think of doing. Now, for instance, an English gentleman would never think of blacking his own boots". "Ah, indeed!" said President Lincoln, "whose would he black?"

* * *

An after dinner speech—"Check, sir."

* * *

The Chinese way of removing dandruff with sandpaper is rather effectual; but the common North American Indian has a plan which though quite abrupt, is said to be absolutely sure.

* * *

HE: Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano?

SHE: No, sir: I can't play a single note.

HE: Elsa, I love you.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

(The following is the exact reproduction of a manuscript found in the old records of the Latin School, said to have been written by Pomperoy Julius Archibald Withersby, the Great, when he was a student in this school.)

This was the universal purport of the Roman papers: the Populares Gazette said, "War With Mithradates," and the Senatores News, "Mithradates Declares War." Since the ultimatum had appeared in the "World News Despatch", it was not to be doubted. The senators rushed in hastily hailed taxis to the Senate-house for a hurried consultation.

Lucullus was finally chosen and sent in his twin-six motor-car at the head of an enormous army to subdue the hostile king. Pompey was dissappointed, for he had had his eye on the job, but he sent a telegram to his wife that he would be home for supper at six, and tried to forget all about it.

Lucullus made fine progress. His famous .45's drove the enemy far out of his own country; forced them to take refuge in hurricane cellars, for his aeroplanes, fleets, and suffocating gasses made opposition impossible. Then he sat down on the Roman money-lenders. Rome was furious. She sent Lucullus a wireless which read somewhat as follows:

"Don't you know we need money? Our wives' hat bills come due these next Ides, and we must pillage enough to pay up. Sir, we invite you to come back to Rome."

So Lucullus went back, in disgrace (and in a Ford) for having tried to help some poor, down-trodden people.

Next, the Senate appointed Glabrio. Poor man! All he lacked was—courage! After he had made about half the journey he suddenly remembered he might have left the gas burning in the kitchen stove, and took the quickest submarine home to his smoking jacket and slippers!

Then, at last, Pompey, with his aeroplanes, machine-guns, and red-cross nurses—chiefly red-cross nurses—was called upon to finish the matter. The papers gave him a fine write-up before he left for the front. Unfortunately the reporters found him sprinkling his garden when they went to call, and did not fail to mention this fact in their stories (as anyone of our dear readers who has in his possession copies of the said papers can duly testify.) They compared him to Lincoln, to Washington, and Napoleon, and with this fine send off he set off to Asia by the quickest subway.

With such ambition he could but succeed. He kept sending wirelesses home of his victories. Finally, having vanquished Mithradates, he made a non-stop flight home by aeroplane. (A record flight!) He came home full of the hope that he would be honored and respected like Washington, but when he asked for a triumph, the Senate exclaimed, "What! give you a triumph! You've served our cause well, but you neglected one thing, you forgot the price of gasoline when you were driving that 'little-ole' eighty cylinder car of yours around Asia, leaping the Hellespont etc. You used so much that the state is in debt to the oil trusts!"

—And Pompey, like a naughty boy, went off to the country to do some duck shooting, and incidentally to forget that there ever was a Roman Senate.

H. B. B. '18.

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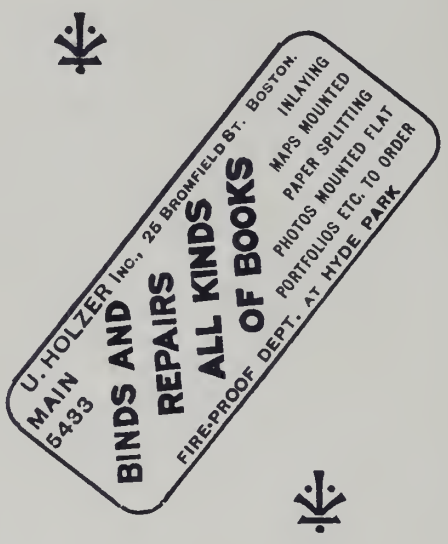
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VOL. XXXVI No. 6



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THE TEST

Mr. Hadley, an American millionaire, entered the smoking room of his London hotel and, picking up a newspaper, settled himself with an expensive cigar in a heavy leather morris-chair. Glancing down one of the advertising columns, his eye caught an advertisement that ran to this effect: An English lady of title would be willing for a consideration to chaperon and introduce into the best English society a young American lady.

"Just my case exactly," exclaimed Hadley, proceeding with great care to tear out the slip of paper, which he carefully placed in his pocketbook. With a decided air he got to his feet, shook the ashes from his cigar, and picking up his hat, left the lobby, determined to lose no time on his errand.

Lady Winkle smiled charmingly. "My dear Mr. Hadley, I assure you that I am very used to young people. I am the mother of a son and if I can manage Bert, and I have had to— "

Lord Winkle had died when Bert was but a little boy, so that Lady Winkle had had the sole care and upbringing of her boy.

"My Jo." the American broke the silence, 'is as game as she can be, but she's not any simple girl. To tell the truth, she has got a "little" temper, and when she gets the bit between her teeth, she goes. She is American from the word "go", and long titles make her tired. She is neat, and stylish, and pretty, but if you take her, she'll like as not drive you crazy. It's best you should know right from the start."

At the end of the interview it had been decided that Mr. Hadley would sail the following week, and that Jo should be invited by a personal letter from Lady Winkle to spend a few months longer in England. They had thought that a

personal letter, seeming to come from an interested friend, would make the parting between father and daughter easier, although as Mr. Hadley said, "Jo doesn't know how to cry. She laughs." Having given directions to her butler, Lady Winkle pursued her way to her son's study, a large, well-furnished room on the first floor.

It was Tuesday evening of the next week. Bert Winkle sat in his study chair, tilted back to a dangerous angle and swung round so that his feet might the more easily be within reach of the waste basket on which at this moment they were most dexterously placed to help him keep his equilibrium. He was clad in the latest London fashion, His clothes perfectly fitted his tall slight figure. His elbows rested on the arms of his chair while his hands were daintily folded under his chin. His head was bent slightly forward and his blue eyes gazed absently at the dark shadowy wall before him. On the desk by his side lay several opened but now discarded books. A pile of manuscripts lay half curled up in a roll beside a gold-banded fountain pen, carelessly lying where the student had tossed it. Bert Winkle was what the picture portrayed him, a novelist.

"What is it, mother?" he asked frowning, but not looking up, as his mother entered.

"I don't understand where that girl can be," burst out Lady Winkle, "It is now ten, and she was to dine with us at eight sharp."

"I know mother but please don't bother me; I'm terribly busy." His sweet feminine voice would have been almost laughable to anyone unaccustomed to him.

Lady Winkle nervously walked the floor for fully ten minutes before she came to a decision, and leaving the study, ordered her car, determined to find Miss Josephine Hadley and fetch her by force if necessary.

Bert impatiently snatched his feet from the basket and jumped up, jerked his ruffled attire into shape, and set out for the drawing room As usual, his mother had broken the spell of the most thrilling plot he had ever hit upon, which he would surely have worked into a masterpiece.

In an "I should worry" state of mind he beat a hasty retreat from the study to the drawing room. Half reclining on a couch in the dim light, he was soon in a sleepy dreaming mood. He wondered what the "new" American girl would be like. Would she be pretty? He tried to picture her. In his mother's eyes he was a failure. He had proposed to all the American heiresses that his mother had met. He had taken no interest in them, for they had all been the same to him: only he did hope that the new one would be better looking than Miss Evans. Something must be the matter with the wording of his proposals. He would change next time and perhaps would have better luck. Reaching up, he switched on more light, then went to the piano and began to sing "The Rosary" in a sort of modified soprano. He was completing the end of the second verse, "I tell each bead unto the end, and there—A cross is hung!"—

A suppressed giggle, and Bert Winkle turned to find that he was not alone. A girl stood in the doorway. She was in evening dress and delightfully charming, with a laughing cheerful face.

"You don't look as if you had a rosary, Mr—."

"Lord Winkle", said Bert with an air of importance, "but do you mind telling me who you are?"

"I'm just Jo," said the girl drawing up a rocking chair. "Why do you sing like a woman?"

"I don't know; guess that's my key. Anyway I rather like doing things out of the common."

"Do you? I do, too, but if I were a man, I wouldn't like to do anything like a woman."

"I'm afraid you'll find me awfully dull then."

"Oh no I won't. Nobody makes me dull, and besides, if you like doing things out of common, we may have some fine times. I love Adventure, real hair-raising Adventure, I mean."

Bert Winkle was so shocked that he lost his voice. When he did find it, he thought it best to change the subject. They talked about his mother, and their own likes and dislikes until Lady Winkle returned greatly relieved to find her ward safe.

Miss Hadley soon retired, for she said she was very tired, and Bert went back to the study. An hour had passed, but Bert was so intent on his work that he did not hear his mother shut her bedroom door. The clock in the corner slowly beating out the minutes when he was startled by a step on the stairs, but his annoyance was unwarranted, for Jo's figure in the doorway was explanation enough. "Oh, I am so glad you haven't retired," she said, "I want you to lend me your latchkey."

"What for," gasped Bert.

"To open the door with, of course, foolish, I'm going out." she answered as ordinarily, as if it wasn't an unaccustomed thing for a girl to go out at midnight unaccompanied.

"But it isn't safe," weakly offered Bert.

"You don't understand. I'm not a sissy, and besides, I have an appointment."

"The door is locked and—"

You can open it."

There was something in her voice he could not resist. Whether it was a command, or an entreaty, or her authoritative manner that made him open the door, he could not say, but he did open the door and give her the key. Immediately Jo dissappeared as if the heavy mantle of the night had fallen over her.

As Bert turned from the door a feeling of shame swept over him. Why had he let that foolish girl go? Was she foolish? He wasn't sure whether she was mad, or bad, or both, but she was a girl and pretty, and his sense of duty told him she ought to be followed. For only a moment did he hesitate before seizing his hat and diving after her. He caught the flash of a white cloak in the light of a dim street lamp and hastened on.

In his confused mind he thought he must have covered miles in this fashion, before he came to a sudden stop finding himself alone. A glance told him that he was in the poorer section of the city. There wasn't a light in sight. He seemed to have been led into a blind alley. There were no sidewalks and the straight stiff sides of the old brick buildings rose like walls before his blured vision. In terror he shrunk back against the building by which he was standing, trying to get his breath and courage enough to proceed. The faint sound of a closing door reached his ear and with new determination he began to feel his way along the rough brick. Presently his hand was arrested by a small knob. He opened a door and entered.

Bert found himself in a dimly lighted passage that led to a flight of descending stairs. At the foot of these he found himself again in an empty passage or tunnel, which in turn led to a winding

stairway. The slumbering quiet of the place and the heavy walls on either side of him seemed to give him a feeling of security and he cursed softly to himself because there were no elevators. He might have saved his good name however, for he soon found himself on a bare landing, followed it, and then in the dark groped his way on by sense of touch. His hand soon fell upon a heavy curtain and, drawing it softly aside, he stepped out onto a narrow balcony from behind whose draperies he stared seeing but unseen, upon the strange sight that met his astonished eyes.

A brilliantly lighted hall lay beneath him, lavishly decorated. In the center a curious assemblage of men and women were clustered about a gambling table. Bert's face fell when he saw Jo in the midst of that hellish group.

"A gambling den! The gambling fever! Jo!" He was on the point of leaping from the balcony and snatching Jo from the surely destructive scene below him. when the seriousness of his position flashed upon him. If he were discovered? He dared not think of the possible outcome; so he patiently settled himself to watch the thrilling scene before him.

Some fifteen minutes passed—perhaps more—an hour might have quickly sped by—and the atmosphere of the hall seemed to grow more intense. They were playing for larger stakes. All keenly watched the revolving wheel that spelled their fortune or their ruin. A muffled oath floated up to the balcony. Some one had lost. The chips were laid out again, the ball started on its flight around the wheel. It slowed. Which pocket would it take? All eyes were breathlessly looking for the result. Crash!

If Bert Winkle had been thinking of an empty bed at home and nothing gained by a sleepless night, he now awoke to his position. No longer was there need of concealment. He rushed out to the edge of the balcony.

What had been a quiet hall of peaceful gamblers became a stage of wild confusion. A door at one end of the hall had been broken in and a squad of policemen came through with a rush. The table was upset and chairs were sent flying by the escaping gamblers who fled in every direction.

Bert had but one thought, to get Jo out and escape alive with his own skin. Rushing madly down the stairs, he ran into a policeman guarding the door on the landing. Both went down, a flutter of white flew by him. Mechanically he jumped to his feet and pursued.

Lord Winkle didn't get down until very late the next morning. He tried to recall what had happened after his impact with that policeman but he couldn't recall a single thing. He ached all over. This unusual exercise of the night before had completely exhausted him. Other than a cup of coffee he refused all nourishment.

It was four oclock in the afternoon when Jo entered the drawing room where Bert lay resting on the couch. He hadn't yet got over the effects of the previous night. Jo was lighthearted and siniging.

"You were splendid!" she declared enthusiastically. "I only wish you had been more in the picture."

"Thanks," he returned dryly ,"I don't."

"Great fun, wasn't it?" she beamed, undoing a parcel she had under her arm,

"and it is all here. What will mother think?" She exposed a length of moving picture film. "I wanted to test your character and courage so I rigged this up. It has panned out all right, though, and so have you."

Bert Winkle nearly fainted. "Heavens and for all I know I have killed a fake policeman." G. R. C. '18.

JAMES BROWER

The Heroic Age produced Homer; the Augustan Era claims Virgil; the age of the Renaissance boasts of Dante; period of the Reformation is proud of its Milton: each of these great divides of history is marked by a past of supreme excellence; each is adorned with a mighty literary epic.

Who is to be the poet of the present era? James Brower was certain that we are living in a momentous time—in a period when greater issues are involved and existing institutions tottering more violently than in any other period of history. He felt certain that this era must produce a poet who will undeniably take his place beside Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton. He had resolved that he would be that man.

James Brower was seventeen, and opinions of young men of such mature age must be taken in all seriousness. He was clerk in an office at six dollars a week. When work was done, he would return to his room in an upper story of a tenement building in the most crowded district of a large metropolis, to dream of greater things in life than addressing envelopes without end in elegant script. He rebelled in silence against his solitary monotonous existence. Within him burned a fire of ambition inextinguishable, indomitable. His ambition was no less than to become the greatest poet of the present age. He realized he was too young and inexperienced to write a masterful epic, but this was the goal of his efforts, and he resolved to fit himself for the task.

One evening, having come home from work, not only did the ambition of James Brower receive a frightful shock, but the very existence of James Brower in the balance. The incident was small, trivial, enough to cause a smile of superiority upon your lips as the details reach your prurient ears. This incident was not really itself the cause of that dreadful shock, only the culmination of a long series of successive jars to James's spirit interspread nowhere by any ray of pleasure or delight.

James, in a mood of fiery imagination, had composed a little story. He was quite satisfied with it and felt it to be a result of his best effort. He made several copies of it and mailed it to several magazine houses for publication. At first he was optimistic enough, in weighing the possibilities of its acceptance or refusal, to expect the latter; but as time passed and he heard nothing concerning them, the possibility of acceptance gradually gained the ascendency in his mind, until he took it for a surety that his manuscript would be favorably received. He glowed over it. It was a glimmer of gladness and hope to which he was a stranger. The acceptance of his manuscript would enable him to afford a better lodging house, where, perhaps, his room might be heated in the cold of winter. The acceptance of his manuscript would enable him, in his

spasms of loneliness, to go to better places of amusement than the moving picture house "round the corner," of which he was heartily tired. The accept ance of his manuscript would raise him to the first rung of his ambition. The acceptance of his manuscrpt——

It was not accepted. Wearied with the day's work, and irritated by the taunts of the office force and by several rebukings from the manager for being so dreamy and not enogh wide-awake for his job, James, having made a few purchases for supper, wretchedly plowed his way through the throngs of workmen towards his room. When he had entered it and desposited his bundles, the first thing that met his gaze after he lit the lamp, was a manuscript. It slowly dawned upon him that it had been refused.

It was too much. This last drop filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing. Without a change in the expression of his face, without the quiver of an eye-lash, without the twitching of a muscle, James sank into the chair beside the table upon which rested the lamp.

The lamp-shade directed the light into a single circle about the table. James sat near enough to the table for the lamp to shine upon the lower part of his face; the upper part, from the eyes up, was enveloped in darkness. His whole manner was meditative and serene. His eye, listless yet thoughtful, gazed absently, yet pensively into the obscurity of his chamber.

His silent eye pierced the darkness and beyond appeared the scenes of his past. Seven years were enrolled, and James slowly and bitterly reviewed his life from the time he was ten years old.

It was a poor but happy little home. There was but three rooms in it. In the kitchen by the table, stands Mrs. Brower, the mother of James Brower. Her round face is ruddy and glowing from the heat of the iron she is wielding over some neighbor's clothes, the income of which enables her to keep her darling Hope and little Jim beside her. By the stove which cackled with a glowing fire sat James himself. On his knee was a plate with his supper on it, which he was handling dexterously with a knife and fork. As the only table in the room was occupied with his mother's ironing, his knees answered the purpose just as well. As he was eating, the process of speech and mastication were vying with each other in their rapidly, and frequently in her extensive range of travels from the table to the stove to change her iron, and back to the table again, his mother would stop to embrace him quickly as he told some unusually singular event that he witnessed or experienced in the course of wending his way through the streets selling his newspapers. In a corner,absorbed in a novel "all about love" which was lent her by Mag, a girl she worked with, sat his sister Hope, scarce seventeen, just budding into womanhood.

Little Jim's supper done, he rose and asking "Watcha readin 'bout," knocked the novel out of her hands just as she was "getting to the most interestin part;" whereupon she would make a dash for him to punish the "awful fresh thing." Here the mother would interfere, asking in complaining tones nobody in general or somebody in particular if sombody happened to be present, if ever there were such naughty children who treated their poor mother so. Then followed a period of accusation consisting almost entirely of "Twas her fault," "Twant," "Twas," "'Twas his fault," each seeking to pronounce his charge louder than his opponent. Invariably the mother wouldn't care whose fault it was or wasn't but ordered them both to bed. Though they

were "mad" at each other, through habit James' would kiss his sister's ruby lips; then having kissed their mother, they marched off to bed,—Hope, to dream of that love scene between Lady la Montmorency and Count Von Vandergouldingshamster; he, James, to dream of the deeds mighty and noble he was going to do when he became a man.

Oh, those dreams of his childhood! Oft, as he lay in bed, e'er the gentle fingers of slumber closed his lids in sleep, to what loftly heights his imagination would soar. He was to be a mighty, soldier and inspire his followers by heroic deeds of personal bravery and courage. Another time, he was the most eminent figure of an assemblage of thousands whom he moved to tears or laughter by his wonderful gifts of oratory. After he would be a mighty rich man relieving the sufferings of the poor, hailed by them, and receiving their fervent blessings. On whatever theme his imagination led him to wonder, he himself was always the hero of his dreams. Dream on, dear child, it is peculiar to your age. Life has not yet displayed herself before you in all her guises. Little of your span of life has been unrolled, and very natural it is at your age to suppose so in extreme childhood before one had lived long enough to realize one's incapabilities, incapacities, lack of faculties and talents, to become what one's ambitions spur one on to be; to attain safely to that on which one's hopes are mooved. Dream on thy sweet dreams, dear child. Time enough yet to see them fall in view before thee; time enough for thy little heart to grow chilled as you see thy long cherished hopes droop before they have begun to sprout or blossom. Oh, I am not a prophet of evil; nor am I a weeping philosopher. Look deep down into your own hearts and souls and seek to find if this be not so before ye judge me, all ye who know.

Whatever James' musings or dreams for his future greatness might be, it was his fixed resolve that first of all his mother and sister would be supplied with all the comforts and luxuries money would be able to buy. He was impatient for the time when no longer would there be need for his mother to take in washings. He was impatient for the time when no longer would his sister need to wear out her life in a shop for a mere existence and a wretched one at that. He would remove his sister from the dusty shop. He would buy her fine clothes and dresses. He would buy her automibiles and surround her with all luxuries. He would see to it that she had a large income part of which would be consecrated for the helping girls who work as she had done. He would provide her with——idle, oh, idle dreams.

His sister Hope worked in the tenth story of a rickety and dilapidated structure. The building had been condemned to be torn down, but its owner, influential with some of the city officials, deemed it more economical to win their favor than to raze the building; especially, since the building was occupied from cellar to garret by shops of various sizes that paid him well. Here Hope spent six days a week, nine hours each day, cutting off the threads, sewing on the buttons and hooks and eyes on ladies silk shirt-waists, the article the shop manufactured. She was called a "finisher", and her work was, in general, to trim the practically completed product.

The finishing room was a little board partition without a single window in it, and separated from the rest of the shop. Here were manufactured other products

besides ladies' shirt-waists. Here the silent and steady and sure forces of dust, dirt, filth, stale air, noise, hunger, fatigue and polite oppression were manufactoring disease, sickness, consumption. Here lives were shortened; here buxom, happy, red-cheeked, innocent children entered; hence they went forth elderly men and women in their youth, their faces haggard and pinched, their cheeks wan, their growth thwarted, their eyes drooping; weak, exhausted, irritated, they went forth not to a home of comfort and pleasure, not to a home of warmth and happiness, not to a home of pictures and music; but to germs, unadorned poverty, to a place where a flickering fire in the hearth is luxury; 'twas hither they twined their weary footsteps to partake of enough food to keep the spark of life smouldering within them, and, that done, to lie down in a bed of icy coldness to rise in the morning to begin the never ending morrow's ordeal that offered them this existence.

It was in such a place whose uninscribed watch word is "Forget yourselves, all ye who enter hear," that Hope Brower entered at the age of sixteen. Her soft light brown hair formed a halo of golden light round her head as the sun shed its gentle and glaring rays upon it. In her large, dark, dreamy eye, protected by long black silky lashes, shone the glorious romance Her clear skin, her round face, her smile, her dimples, her teeth,—oh, it was the face of a smiling babe, the face of an angel in heaven.

An angel in heaven she was destined to be. Long before her place of refinement and environment could despoil her, the hand of destiny assumed a role in her life—nay, in her death.

One day, in the busy season, as the entire shop was busily engaged in its work, and the machinery roared with a deafening din, Leah Pinauski suddenly raised her head from her machine and remarked, "Gee, the air is rotten here; I smell smoke," You're always smelling something," retorted Julia McNamara, without even lifting her eyes from her work. (Julia worked by the piece.) "Ever since you ate that piece of limburger, you imagine yourself a finer lady than us with your dainty smellings." This silenced Leah temporarily. She did, however, sense a smouldering odor, and with some determination rose and remarked in staccato tones: "Julia Mc Namara, I do smell something burning. I bet the building's afire". Margaret Foley who worked on the other side of Leah, upon hearing the word "fire," rose in a frenzy, shrieking above the roar of the machinery, "Fire! Fire!" All the girls rose in a flash with their mouths agape and their hands on their breasts staring for a solitary instant in bewilderment about them. For an imperceptible instant only, for immediately the shop was filled with shrieks and confusion as dark ominous coils of smoke were seen creeping along the walls on all sides. The shrieking and the rushing became horrible, unearthly. A rush was made for the door. Suddenly before any could escape, the "boss" rushed from his sunlit office into the dark shop, and seizing the handle of the door to prevent any escaping, bellowed out, "What are you girls crazy about! The girl who first cried 'Fire!' may be sure that fired she'll get. Now go back to your machines; you know how rushed I am for that order." Suddenly, as he had grown accustomed to the darkness and he perceived the black ominous smoke mounting the wall, in an altered tone that was heard

above the somewhat silenced shrieks he screamed, "Careful, girls, walk out slowly one by one through this door. There is no danger if you will be quiet." Had he thundered at the tempestuous ocean to roll its raging billows in gentle ripples, his bidding would produce the same effect upon it as it did upon the frantic girls. They made a mad rush for the door. The stairway was consumed in leaping flames! They rush back, but are opposed by the oncoming girls. They push against each other with opposing strength. Shrieks, screams, rend the stifling air. They tear at each others hair, they scratch at each other's eyes; they trample on the bodies of some. Meanwhile the flames are mounting higher and lighter.

At the entrance to the fire-escape there is another gathering. The door to the fire-escape is locked, and the girls are pushing against each other towards the door. Their eyes are bloodshot and glowing, their hair dishevelled, their clothes torn and their skin scratched and bleeding. They yell; they scream; uplifted hands clutch convulsively; fists knock in vain against the door. Now the boss, failing to find the key, plows his way through their midst, with a chair in his upraised hand. He strikes it against the door; the chair is broken into smithereens and the door is obdurate. The flames throw their licking tongues nearer and nearer. The girls fall on all sides from exhaustion and smoke. The boss now hurls his powerful frame against the door, indifferent to the damage he is inflicting upon the compact mass of surging humanity at his back. The door is battered down; the girls leap over the dead bodies of their sisters and climb upon the landing of the fire-escape. They begin to rush down; the fire-escape creaks; it cannot uphold their weight; it gives way; now the girls and the iron fragments fall with a crash to earth ten stories below. A yell rises to the heavens from the upturned faces of those below.

The windows remain the only hope. The girls left in the shop rush to them. Behind, in all directions, their is a sheet of living fire; before, the granite-lined streets on eternity below. They have little choice; they hurl themselves down and strike the ground with a thud.

The remains of Hope Brower were never found. Not a tear escaped Mrs. Brower's eye—the catastrophe was too enormous. From that day on, Mrs. Brower worked as never before. She was as one dazed, and her sole object in life seemed to be to put all her vitality into —Oh, if she could but weep. Weep, however, she could not, and finally, there being no outlet for her grief, her big heart burst, six months after her child's disaster.

A neighboring family by the name of Resim took James to live with them. Mr. Resim, however, made certain that he would not be the loser by keeping James. He had oft heard James sing both at home and in church. As James newspaper earnings were quite small, this most generous neighbor formed a project whereby James' earnings would be vastly increased.

In the cheapest moving picture houses, one evening a week was set aside for aspiring arists, and it was called "Amateur Night." On this night anybody who could dance, sing, or whistle was allowed to perform before the audience. For this each received fifty cents. In addition, to him whom the audience judged by acclamation to be the most masterful of them all, a substantial monetary prize was given. As the different houses had their "Amateur

Night" on different evenings, James was able to perform almost every evening. His tender age, his wistful mien, his sweet childish voice almost invariably made him the favorite everywhere. Mr. Resim (spell the name backward and you have Mr. "Miser"—quite approiate) turned it to good advantages: One evening as James had finished his little song, Mr Resim, sitting in a front orchestra seat, knowing what would follow, threw a dime upon the stage for James; Mrs. Resim threw a nickel; hereupon, others in the audience, not to be outdone followed their example, and a shower of coins flowed toward the stage from all directions, which James picked up amidst a burst of applause from the audience. Many were the evenings that little Jim's earnings in this way amount to more than twelve dollars. Of this Mr. Resim generously relieved him to "help meet the expenses of keeping James."

James lived in a dream. Misfortune had hurled her blows upon him with such might and rapidity that he could not yet grasp the enormity of his losses. He knew he had lost his mother and sister forever, but he could not believe it. He felt that he was experiencing a frightful night mare, and that when he awoke, he would find them well and happy again. He disliked Mr. and Mrs. Resim and feared them in his heart. He disliked the work they compelled him to do, but his spirit was so broken that he would have obeyed anybody; he was as easily lead as a lamb. He spoke little, and was very reserved and retiring.

Whenever no demands were made upon him and he was left to himself, he would always retire to his room. Every evening, stealthily, as if in fear that this too would be deprived him. he would draw out from a secret hiding place the picture of his mother and sister. Upon these he would gaze long and hard, often for hours at a time. Before going to bed, he would pray and pour out his pent-up grief before them as before a crucifix. How eloquently his mother inspired him through her calm silence! With what noble emotions she thrilled him with her silent eye. How heavenly her care-worn face seemed to say, "Dear child, all, will yet be well again"! And as he tumbled wearily into bed, his answer was, "Dear mother, I shall try and be good."

For four years, until he was fourteen, he lived thus with Mr. and Mrs. Resim: going to school regularly (Mr. and Mrs. Resim knew that the law required it), selling newspapers after school hours, and performing several evenings a week in the moving picture houses.

One day in his fourteenth year, James's throat became sore from cold, and he was unable to sing. Mr. Resim hoped it would be only temporarily; but in addition to the contracted cold, James's voice was beginning to change, he could no longer appear before the public. Mr. Resim took ill. He being deprived of this lucrative source of income, and he made his feelings manifest to James. James, realizing that Mr. Resim desired to rid himself of him as there was now no longer anything to be gained by keeping him, and being of age to leave school, requested Mr. Resim, as his guardian, to give his consent for him to do so. Mr. Resim joyfully did so, and having left the company of the Resims, James went forth into the world at the age of fourteen without a penny, without a friend.

He got a job addressing envelopes for which he received four dollars a week. At the end of almost three years in the business world he found himself where he started. James had no business in-

stincts; he was too much of a dreamer to rise in the business world; and sympathy, in the rapid and accurate movement of business life, is found in the dictionary only.

Fortunately for him, even while he had been with the Resims, he had the power of enjoying good literature, and all his spare time was devoted to reading. Not only did good books conteract the evil influences with which his way of life with the Resims brought him in contact, but it inspired him with a burning desire to emulate the greatest and most heroic deeds of the most heroic characters and of their authors who created them. His solitary existence forced upon him the trait of thoughtful meditation, and his turn of mind became philosophical. He had no other ambition in the world than to become a great author. He went to night high school regularly and zealously devoured all they offered that pertained to literature. He treated with indifference the fact that in three long years he had made such little headway in the business world. His ambition lay in a nobler direction; not in the direction of debased monetary dross. His goal was to commune with the Muses. He was to be an author and a poet. At what height should he limit his ambitions? His ambition would know no limit. He would excel in his chosen art. He was to stand the sole and supreme monarch of literature of the present era. His name would be sung in the same breath with Homer's, Virgil's, Dante's, and Milton's. He cared not for contemporary fame alone; immortality of renown was his ambition. Thus was James Brower that memorable evening when he came home weary from the office, and found his manuscript, a manuscript of the greatest author to have been, rejected, refused.

These were the scenes of his past. For three hours, without the slightest movement, without a change in expression, James sat fixed in his chair like a carved image, as the former scenes of life were unrolled before him. As his mind's eye dismissed from its sight the very latest event in his life, James very slowly rose from his chair. With his hands locked behind his back and his head drooping upon his breast, he leisurely walked several times around the room. Once, as he passed near the table and his eyes rested upon the manuscript, his body shook with a groan that came from the depth of, his soul. This was the only sound that had escaped him since he entered the room that evening. He picked up the manuscript and feverishly read it through. It disgusted him, The story seemed silly to him, the characters grostesque and unnatural his figures artless, his style too scholarly and too pedantic, his vocabulary too stilted; and he had been obliged to confess that this was a result of his best effort.

He rose once more and again began walking round the room in his meditative manner. God save us all from such thoughts as James mused with such a calm outward appearance. Externally he was cool, indifferent, and methodical; internally a fire of conflicting emotions and passions consumed him. May we never experience the emotions of one when he arrives at the conclusion that life has naught for him, nor he anything in life worth living for.

It was such channels that James' reflections and emotions turned. His only hope in life—his sole ambition—to become a successful writer, lay blasted before him. He had sacrificed everything else in life for this. Every-

thing else in life he had made subsidiary to this; and this proved a failure. He thought of other affairs; possibly among these he would find something in which he excelled. All his other affairs, however, centered about his clerical work in the office. Grimly his lips parted as his thoughts turned thither. Plainly, thus far, he thought, his life had been a failure. Surely 'twere better to end all here than continue such an existence, which afforded nobody any good and brought to himself nothing but misery, wretchedness, and poverty, ceaslessly aggravated by the luxury and opulence that surrounded him.

What brighter prospects could he look forward to for the future? Brighter! They were for darker. Till then he at least had nothing to strive for—a great literary career; with that gone, there was nothing else in life that held his interest. In the future as in the past he saw himself without a friend in the world; without a being who had the least interest in him; without a soul in the entire creation to whom he could confide his yearnings; no one to whom he could pour out his grief; no one to give him a word of encouragement in his despondency. In the future as in the past he saw himself a lone, solitary being, craving companionship in vain in the midst of a jam of humanity of hundreds of thousands.

His arguments proved to him conclusively that the best course for him to pursue was to end his wretched existence once for all; in the common vernacular, to commit suicide.

He had heard suicide denounced as the act of a coward.

With the same methodical precision he now began to seek a solution to this new problem. Still calmly pacing the floors he prepared to answer impartially every question that this problem caused to arise in his mind; and then, from the evidence produced pro and con, to judge impartially in so-far as the problem related to his own call.

Would it be cowardly for him to commit suicide? Were he a man upon whom depended a wife and babe for their daily bread, the answer would be "Yes," Were he a person anybody at all in any way depended upon, the answer would be "Yes." In the lives of these people others had a share, and no matter how embittered their own lives might be, it would be cowardly for them to deprive their dependents of the claims they held upon their lives. In his own case, nobody in the world cared whether he lived or died; he had, nobody's feelings to consult but his own, and his own feelings embraced suicide with a pleasure of suffering exhilaration. The only thing he had to glow over in life was death.

Having resolved upon this course, his determination lent him new vigor. Soon he would be with his mother and sister once again. A strange fire now gleamed in his eye, and snatching his cap, coatless he rushed out into the street as the clocks were striking the midnight hour.

It was November, and the air was crisp and chill. The sky was without a single cloud. Provided they approached her not too closely, the queen of the evening sky designed to allow the subjects of her kingdom to shine in all their splendor, and together they suffused the streets of the city with their soft rays of gentle light.

Under the canopy of the starry heavens, hurried James, almost happy in his decision, with a firm and brisk walk toward the city's waterfront. There was the place where James had determined to—to end all.

Gradually he slackened his speed as he approached the church where years ago he attended regularly with his mother and sister. There it stood in the soft moonlight clear, sharp, and distinct. It filled his mind with new memories of his mother and sister, and his thoughts became more tender. He laid his hand upon the iron fence with which the church was surrounded. He felt a holy thrill in the touch, and for the first time in almost seven years, since his mother died, he knelt in prayer. He prayed fervently.

He had hardly finished his prayer, when a sound of sweet heavenly music began to radiate from the church. It grew louder till it seemed that the heavens were bursting open with harmony; it calmed down again in gentle modulations like the ripple on the surface of a lake, until it sounded like a suppliant's voice.

James' frozen heart began to thaw, and he sank to the ground dissolved in tears. What right had he even to think of such a cowardly, ungodlike action? The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Man has no right to interfere with God's action. Suicide justifiable in his case! How much more cowardly he was than the man, who, having a wife and children crying for bread, has no bread to give them, yet, in such anguish as this, lives on uncomplaining, patient; how much more cowardly than this man was he—he who was spared the misery of seeing his little ones in a piteous moan for food, stretch out their little hands toward him as he enters the door, bringing no food to place in them! Such were James' self-reproaches in the repentance as he moaned, weeping bitterly.

That music went to the soul of another being besides James. A young but bearded man, in evening dress, tall, stalwart, refined, coming from some social affair, stopped, as he passed, to listen. To him also it recalled memories of the past. Before him rose the fair face of his wife who died at her first child's birth, and a wave of sadness filled his soul as he once again seemed to gaze into her gray dreamy eyes. It was seventeen years ago that he lost her—and his little child. He thought with loathing of the nightly revels at the club-house. In the midst of all his friends(?)and riches, he was lonesome at heart. He craved for sincere affection he craved for one worthy of his sincere affection in return.

As he musing thus, a moan reached his ears. He turned his head, and a few yards beyond him lay a huddled mass. He approached it. It was James. The man regarded him for a moment and then gently laying a finger on James' shoulder, asked, "May I take you to your home!"

"Yes, please," was the low answer.

The man removed from himself the black broad-cloth cape and folded it round James. Then he gently supported James to his room.

All night the stranger sat by the boy's bedside, occasionally feeling his pulse and forehead. At last the cold gray dawn displaced the darkness; then the glowing sun displaced the dawn. Occasional steps were heard upon the pavement below. Gradually they grew more frequent, and soon all was noise and bustle.

About eight o'clock, Mrs. Mulligatawney, the landlady, opening the door just wide enough to slip her arm in, thrust a letter into James' room.

"What is it?" he feverishly asked.

The stranger handed it to him. He opened it and a cheque slipped out. one magazine had accepted James' manuscript.

M. S. C.'17.

FOR THE SCHOOL

Two young men were walking along one of the shady streets that led to the dormitory of Barton Academy. The larger of the two, a pleasant-faced youth, was asking the other.

"Well, Laney, what are you going out for *this* season?"

Jack Laney, a slender young chap, flushed a dull red. His lips closed firmly, while he cast a rather angry glance at his friend.

"Don't take it like that, Jack, " his companion laughed. You're sure of getting a place on the baseball team, at least."

This was Laney's last year at Barton, and his great ambition was to gain a position on some team. Not heavy enough for football, he had nevertheless striven to play, but in vain. Despite the cheerful words of his friend. none knew better than himself how futile were his efforts for a place on the nine. He was not fast enough to compete with most of the Barton men in tracks, and his only hope remained in the crew. Although rowing was a new sport at Barton yet a very creditable crew had represented the school. Here his lack of weight would not be a handicap, and he had decided to devote his time to that one sport.

Thus when the coach called for volunteers for the crew, he was among the first to answer. The coach noticed him and said pleasantly.

"I wish you luck this time, Jack."

The coach addressed the boys, telling them what was to be expected and what their duties would be.

"And, of course," he concluded, every boy who goes out for the crew must be able to swim well. Let no boy think of trying to make the crew until he can do so. That will be all. Every one will report for practice tomorrow.

Long after the rest of the boys had departed Laney remained, the coach's last word ringing in his ears. "Every boy must be able to swim!" And Jack could not swim a stroke! He argued with himself whether or not he should report for practice. He knew he had no right to, but, on the other hand, as he said to himself, it was very seldom that one had to swim.

However, when a person attempts to make himself believe that he is right in doing something or other, he usually succeeds, and Jack was no exception. So it was that he reported daily for practice.

He tried several times to master the art of swimming, but always the fear of detection prevented him from being very successful. In rowing he was rapid becoming one of the mainstays of the crew, and he believed that at last his ambition was to be realized. His work was good in the contests in which he had taken part, and he hoped to be one of the crew picked to oppose their greatest rival, Crafton.

Finally the day arrived on which the race was to take place. It was rather warm for that season, and the great interest which the contest was arousing brought forth a large crowd that lived the sides of the lake As Jack heard his name called out as a contestant, his face radiated joy and happiness.

The two crews engaged in a little preliminary work-out but finally they lined up at the starting-point, awaiting the signal to be off.

The race was to be two miles. They were to go almost to the end of the lake, where there was a small island, then turn and race for the finish.

The boys of both shells were sitting with oars uplifted, and, as the revolver barked its signal, they were lowered with scarce a splash into the water, and the race had begun. For the first mile the race was fairly even, but when once the island had been rounded, the Barton shell gained steadily.

Jack heard nothing but the coxswain's orders, and saw only the straining back of the man before him, glistening with perspiration. They were almost a boat length ahead of their opponents, when Jack, his hands fairly reeking with perspiration, felt his oar slipping, and, as he tried frantically to grasp it firmly, saw it go over the side of the boat. Even then he could have reached it, had not the other oar pushed it far out of his reach.

His mind was made up at once. Already the loss of his stroke and his additional weight was slowing the shell and there was a perceptible gain for the rival boat. With another quarter of a mile to go the Barton crew would be defeated unless he acted quickly. He jumped clear of the shell, but lightly, so that he scarcely disturbed the rowers. He went below the surface, and came up struggling, fighting for breath, thrashing the water wildly with his arms. One of the many small boats came chugging out to his rescue down for the second time, he was grasped under the arms and dragged into the boat, where he promptly fainted away.

There was a cheer from the Barton men as their crew crossed the line half a length in advance of their rival, and there was a cheer from all when Jack was brought on shore, for almost every person who had seen him in the water, had realized that he was not able to swim.

When Jack regained consciousness, he saw the coach sitting by his bed, gazing at him thoughtfully.

"Yes, we won," said the coach, answering the question that Jack's eyes seemed to ask. "But why did you do it?"

Jack's face reddened, and his eyes glistened, as he replied softly. "It was all for the school, coach, not for myself."

S. S. '18.

HEART OF DIXIE.

Bob-white sittin' on de hickory tree,
Sunshine chasin' on de deep-blue sea,
Br'er Rabbit floppin' roun' as happy
as can be.

Hawk-bird sailin' in de summer sky,
Houn'-dawg follerin' de wild-duck's cry,
Kitty-gull sobbin' on de rocks up high.

South-wind sighin' in de hickory tree,
Banjo cryin' on de sunset sea;
Call of the Southland, mockin' me;

E. G. F. '18.

BETWEEN THE BELLS

Under Medical Orders.

Two men, staying in a boarding-house, were, on their first night, disturbed by a great noise in a room above them. It was as if some-one were running about with hob-nailed boots on.

They did not interfere, thinking it would not occur again. However, on the second night it was quite as bad. On the third night it was varied, being a series of heavy bumps.

In terror of their lives they went upstairs and asked the inmate of the room what was the reason of the row.

"It's only medicine," he said. "And it's a deal harder on me than on you."

"Your medicine! But surely it's not so bad to take as that?"

"Yes. The doctor ordered me to take it two nights running, and to skip the third night, and that's what *I'm trying to do.*

* * *

ENGLISHMAN: See here, fire crackers were made by the Chinese to chase the devil away, but you Yanks use them to raise the devil.

YANKEE: Oh, no! we use them because we feel so happy to have gotten rid of the devil.

* * *

THE END OF THE YARN.

We had used up all our shot an' the inimy was abearin' down upon us with every sail up. Death was astaring us all in the face, for in thim days no quarter was given or taken; our decks was covered with dead, an' we all felt as though our last moment was come. Suddenly the order came for to cut off the heads of the corpses on deck an' use them for cannon balls; an we done it, an' in less time a'most than it took for me to tell you, we sunk the inimy's intire fleet, an' come home with colors all aflying.

* * *

LOVE OF ANCESTRY.

INQUISITIVE: "Do you take an interest in your ancestors?"

HE: "Why certainly. Say, do you know I paid a dollar and a half to have them looked up!"

INQUISITIVE: "Um! Well?"

HE: "Oh, nothing, only now I'm paying 'hush' money!"

* * *

There is a little town in Ohio by the name of Eurelia. There is a difference in the way of pronouncing it. Passengers on the train are startled when the brakeman yells out, "You're a liar!" and then they are again taken ablack when the other brakeman shouts "You really are!"

* * *

HER FIRST THIS SEASON.

"Tell me," he whispered with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered as if he feared the murmering surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?'

She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered

"Not this summer."

* * *

THAT WAS THE QUESTION.

MUDDLED GENT: Shay, officer (hic), do you know where John Williams lives?

OFFICER: Why, you're John Williams yourself!

MUDDLED GENT: Yes, I know (hic), but where does John Williams live?

A TRIP TO THE MOON

One evening in November, Dick McHale was on his way home from work. He was very tired, so he took a short cut through a large field, where blasting was going on. He was unnoticed until he reached the centre of the field. Then, attracted by the shouts of the men, he turned to run. However, it was too late, the blast struck him.

In a dazed manner, he felt himself going up continually. Finally he found that he was landed on a gigantic ball, of a pale green color. The ball was very slippery, so he was forced to sit down. As he sat there, he was approached by an odd looking fellow, dressed in a sort of loose cape, which was ornamented with glass beads as large as silver dollars. On his head he wore a cone shaped hat, which cast a light similiar to that of the ball. His shoes were spiked to prevent his sliding oft the place, which as I have said, was very slippery. in his hand he carried a moonbeam dart. This odd individual now spoke in an angry voice,

"Why did you come here?" he asked.

Dick, confused and bewildered as he was, replied in a piqued tone,

"Go and ask the Man in the Moon, but don't bother me."

"Ah!" exclaimed the odd fellow, "you at least pay deference to the great knowledge of our King, His Majesty, The Man in the Moon. 'Tis well and your life may yet be spared!"

With these words he called loudly, and a group of men similarly dressed, and armed, appeared. They spoke a few words with the first man, and then approached Dick. Supported by a man on each side, to keep him from sliding, he was brought to the King, The Man in the Moon. His story having been told, the king spoke.

"Your timely words, concerning my knowledge, have saved your life. You are free, so long as you do no harm."

Then Dick somewhat recovered by this time, made bold to ask the King where he was.

"You are on the Moon, of course," said the King.

As I have before mentioned the month was November, the air was chilly, and there was no heat on the Moon, so Dick said foolishly,

"I wish I were on the Sun instead, there at least, I would be warm."

Now, the Sun happened to be the Moon's worst enemy, so immediately cries of,

"Traitor!" "Kill him!" "Spy!" arose.

Dick, not knowing what else to do, began to run. Almost immediatelly, he began to slip, and while he was sliding many moonbeam darts, were hurled at him. One struck him in the face, a few in the shoulders, and one hit his left foot. Suddenly he left the ball, and began to fall. While he fell the places where the darts had struck, pained him badly. Just as he was about to strike Earth,————he awoke in a hospital.

"Poor fellow," a nurse was saying, "he was struck by a discharge, his face was bruised, his chest almost crushed, and his left foot broken."

Dick despite his pain, could scarcely help grinning, at his odd dream, and how the awakening pain, had seemed to be wounds from moonbeans darts.

M. T. '19.

SCHOOL NOTES

March is here, and but three more full months of school remain. Examinations will soon loom up on the horizon. Are you ready for them?

* * *

The seventh period, is it good or bad? Is it worth the time spent? These are two questions which often come up, and we propose to give our views on the subject.

This period which, as everybody knows extends from two to two-thirty, is the last period of the day. Those who have failed in one or more subjects the previous month are compelled to stay, the object being to give them the extra time which they need. It must be confessed that the seventh period bug-a-boo boosts many marks of the rare offenders, but the regulars, who stay throughout the year, 'do' their extra time philosophically, and shrug their shoulders at any attempt made to help them. Undoubtedly the seventh period is of the greatest benefit when it is used correctly, and we shall explain just what we mean by correctly. Every-one knows that by the time two o'clock comes around, a boy is feeling rather drowsy and sluggish, and finds it very hard indeed to pay strict attention. To ask him to keep this up another half hour is, perhaps, the last straw; he balks. We think that the final period should be spent in an informal way, the master and pupils getting together and discussing the difficulties as one boy would with another.

Some may object to this, but we believe that a seventh period in this fashion does much more good than one spent in a stiff formal recitation where the pupil leans upon his elbow, yawns, day-dreams, and wakes up with a start when called upon.

* * *

In spite of the shortened school year, some of the "powers that be" seem inclined to slow up our work. Inspection has been introduced in Drill, which, while it may be a very pretty ceremony, seems like a simple waste of time to most of the officers. Recently a pianola was introduced and the boys were supposed to march by it. The first day it was almost impossible to keep any kind of martial step, but since then new records have been obtained which are slightly better.

* * *

We observe with pleasure the formation of a Rifle Club in the school. Such a body was started last year but was not a great success. This year, however, the movement is in new hands and things bid fair for success. Rifle shooting is a sport which has an appeal for every red-blooded, wide-awake boy, and benefits every-one who takes it up under competent supervision. A further and more detailed notice may be found elsewhere in our columns.

* * *

H. Winslow Warren, '59, for over thirty years Headmaster of the Henry L. Pierce School in Dorchester, died at his home in Milton on February 3. He graduated from Harvard and spent practically his whole life in teaching in the schools of Boston.

* * *

Two of those who were recently awarded *Deturs* at Harvard were Latin School boys. Saul Yesner, '15 and Harold I. Fisdale, '15 were among the members which received this prize,

awarded only to those of the highest scholastic standing.

* * *

On the one hundred and fifth anniversity of the birth of Abraham Lincolm, Dr. Henry Orlando Marcy spoke to the members of the school about this great American. He emphasized Lincoln's love of story telling and gave several anecdotes which he thought had not been generally known. When Dr. Marcy had finished, Mr. Pennypacker reminded the boys of the birth of Frederick Douglas, the orator who did so much good for the negro race in the South.

* * *

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

The exercises most throughly enjoyed by members of the school and their friends—those on Washington's Birthday—were held on Wednesday, February 21.

The boys entered the hall shortly after ten o'clock to the strains of music played by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Henderson. When everybody had been seated, the orchestra rendered a medley of airs, and then Mr. Pennypacker introduced R. C. Crowley, '17 who read extracts from Washington's Farewell address. Next followed a quartet composed of Grady, '18 Webster, '18, J. S. Doherty, '17, and Lambert, '17. When these had finished, the Mandolin Club under the guidance of R. B. Miner, '17 played several selections.

Saxton of the Second Class and McCann of the First Class read original compositions on Washington; the former treating of his youth, and the latter of his work as President.

After a short intermission, Fahey, '18 spoke "Robert of Sicily", which he made most forceful and interesting. Another musical number consisted of a violin duet by Epstein and Fox with Bensinger at the piano. The closing number was, as usual, the salute to the colors. Contrary to custom, only one 'soldier of by-gone days' made his appearance. He was the Colonial soldier but nevertheless bore a remarkable resemblance to a certain former military officer of the school The guard with the colors under command of Quartermaster Saxton left nothing to be desired in the way of neatness and appearance.

This was the last of the exercises in the hall, and most of the visitors adjourned to the Drill Hall to see an exhibition by the first battalion.

* * *

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Club has started this year with renewed vigor, and we hope to equal, if not surpass, last year's club. The fellows who have come out for rehearsals up to the present time, are doing their best, but they are not able to make enough noise. There are several fellows in the school who can play as well as, and better than the present members but are backward about putting their ability to good advantage. Why don't some of you fellows who have this peculiar trait try to master it? Come out and show the school what you *can* do, even if it is not very much in your own opinion! Come, and bring your instrument to the next meeting! Help along the social spirit of the school!

R. B. M. '17.

* * *

THE RIFLE CLUB

The Boston Latin School Rifle Club was organized February 2d., for the purpose of encouraging markmanship in the school. The annual meeting was held in Room 28. Twenty-five fellows joined at once, and became charter members.

H. G. Chase was elected President, E. G. Fay, Secretary, H. C. Armitage, Treasurer, and E. W. Feeley, Captain.

The list of members increased rapidly, so that within two weeks nearly forty fellows, from all classes in the school, had been enrolled. Wednesday was selected as being the best for general practice, and work was soon under way at the Rifle Range on Gainsboro Street.

All members of the Club are very enthusiastic over the sport, which promises to become extremely popular. Old marksmen enjoy the admirable facilities of the excellent range provided, and the "rookies" take keen interest in the facinating target-practice. Most of them are unanimous in voting it almost the best fun ever invented.

The Latin School Rifle Club is to be affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America, and will be regulated in accordance with the rules as set down by that institution. Competitions are to be held, and a team will be picked to represent the school. Mr. W. E. Robinson, who has supervision of the affairs of the Club, will select fellows who are in his judgment deserving of letters for work in connection with the Rifle Team.

Any boy under eighteen years of age may become a member of the Club upon vote of the Executive Committee, after having applied to the Secretary. *No previous experience in marksmanship is required.* One-half the purpose of the Club is to teach fellows the use of firearms. The cost is remarkably small in proportion to the immense benefits derived from this wholesome sport.

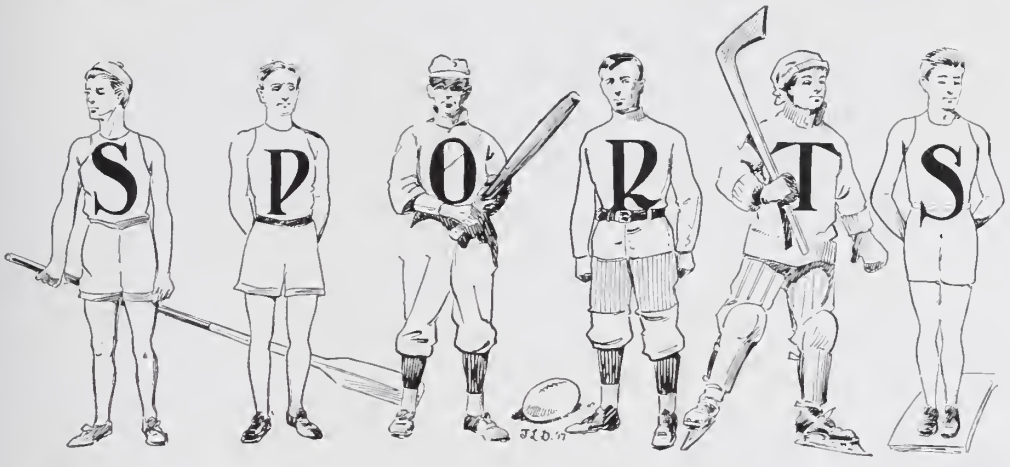
Several fellows are doing fine work at the Ranges, though practice is hardly in full swing as yet. R. C. Codman has been shooting noticeably well.

Information regarding membership, dues, expense, etc., may be had from the Secretary, Room 14. E. G. F. '18.

* * *

The "Register" begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Argonaut, Mansfield High School.
Artisan, Mechanics Arts High School.
Beacon, Boston University.
Blue and Gold, Marist College.
Botolphian, Boston College High.
Brunonian, Brown University.
Columbia Alumni News, Columbia College.
Cornell Era, Cornell University.
Dragon, Edward Lee McLane High School.
Exponent, Greenfield High School.
Forum, Edward Lee McLane High School
Grotonian, Groton School.
Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School.
Journal, Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Lawrence High School Bulletin.
Megaphne, Dean Academy.
Owl, Oklahoma City High School.
Pinkerton Critic, Pinkerton High School.
Radiator, Somerville High School.
Record, English High School.
Recorder, Winchester High School.
Shield, Haddonfield High School.
Shuttle, Girls' High School.
The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School.
Tradesman, High School of Commerce.
Vexillum, Volkmen School.
Willham's Record, Willham's College.
Yale Alumni Weekly, Yale College.



THE CLASS MEET.

By winning first place in four of the eight senior events, the Second Class emerged a victor by fifteen points over the First Class in the Annual Interclass Meet held in the Drill Hall January 26. The feature of the meet was the performance of Andres in the broad jump. By jumping a distance of 8ft. 11¾ inches, Anderson broke his record of 8 ft. 8½ inches made in 1915. Dudley '18 and Kennedy '19 were the stars of the meet, each winning two first places. Larsen did the best work for the First Class, for the Second Class, Cronin and Dudley, and for the Third Class, Kennedy. The Summary.

30-yd. dash—Won by Kennedy, '19; Larsen, '17, second; Hurwitz, '18, third; McGrath, '17, fourth. Time—4 1-5.s

35-yd hurdles—Won by Wing, '18; Pond, 19, second; Cronin, '18, third; Rice, '19. fourth. Time—4 1-5 s.

300-yd. run—Won by Kennedy, '19; Larsen, '17, second; Kyle, '19, third; Donlon, '22, fourth. Time—44 4-5 s.

600-yd run—Won by Fitzgerald, '17; Bon, '18, second; Webster, '20, third; Finnegan, '17, fourth. Time—1 m. 48 s.

1000-yd run—Won by Dudley, '18, Maguire, '18, second; Healy ,'19, third; Doyle, '18, fourth. Time—3 m. 3 1-5 s.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Anderson, '17; distance 8 ft. 11 3-4 in., Hurwitz, '18, second; Larsen, '17, third Otis, '18, fourth.

(Breaks the record made in 1915 by Anderson, '17.)

Running High Jump—Won by Dudley, '18; Morrison, '18, second; tie for third between Merrill, '19, and Kennedy, '19. Height 4 ft. 11 in.

Shot Put—Won by Goodrich, '17; Cronin, '18, second; Ryan, '18, third; Kyle, '19, fourth. Distance—32 ft. 9 1-2 in.

Relay Race, '17 vs. '18, vs '19.—Won by '18 (Cronin, Doyle, Dudley, Wing); '17 (E. T. Doherty, Kroetzsch, Goodrich, Larsen), second; '19 (Healy, Kennedy, Doherty; Merrill), third. Time—50 s.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS.

30-yd. dash—Won by Lomasney; Kroetzsch, second; Weiner, third Murphy, fourth. Time—4 2-5 s.

600-yd run—Won by Doherty; Bond, Second; Hayes, third; Kicham, fourth. Time—1 m. 48 3- 5 s.

220-yd run—Won by Quinn; Lomasney, second; Kroetzsch, third; Chase, fourth. Time 29 4-5 s.

JUNIOR EVENTS.

30-yd. dash—Won by Mittel; Taymor, second; Tarplin, third; Simonian, fourth. Time—4 3-5 s.

Team Race—Team A vs. team B—Won by team B. (Connolly, Hamel, Kennedy, Harkins).

The Summary:—

	'17	'18	'19	'20	'21	'22
30-yd dash	4	2	5	–	–	–
35-yd hurdles	–	7	4	–	–	–
300yd run	3	–	7	–	–	1
600-yd run	6	3	–	2	–	–
1000-yd run	–	9	2	–	–	–
Broad Jump	7	4	–	–	–	–
High Jump	–	8	3	–	–	–
Shot Put	5	5	1	–	–	–
Relay Race	3	5	1	–	–	–
Total	28	43	23	2	0	1

* * *

HOCKEY.

Boston Latin was able, by displaying remarkable team-work, to hold Boston College High to the small score of 2 to 1 in a hard fought game played at Franklin Field Tuesday, January 16. Boston College High, although the favorite, found Boston Latin a stiff proposition. Latin was greatly reinforced by Murphy, whose brilliant work at goal shut off what seemed certain scores.

Boston College High started with a rush, Duffy taking the disc the entire lenght of the rink for the first score of the game. Boston Latin soon tied the score for Cronin by clever individual playing succeeded in driving the disc into the cage.

Boston Latin had slightly the better of the argument in the second period. The play during the final session being confined almost entirely to our opponents' territory. The brilliant defensive work of the opposing fowards staved off several brilliant dashes down the ice by the Latin School forwards. Duffy's shot, with but a minute and a half to play, brought a well-earned victory to his team. Healy, coming down the ice fast, scooped the puck from srimmage and made a clever pass to Duffy, who scored. Duffy's playing was the feature of the game, while Ryan, Maguire, and McGrath excelled for Latin.

The Summary:

Boston College High	Boston Latin
Tobin, r w	l w. Quinn
Nyhan, c.	c, McGrath
Healy, r.	r, Maguire
Duffey, l. w.	r. w. Tetlow, Hurwitz
Murnane. c. p.	c. p. Ryan
Gildea, p.	p. Cronin
O'Brien, g.	g. Murphy

Score—B. C. H. 2. B. L. S. 1. Goals—Duffy 2, Cronin.

Referee—O'Hare. Goal Umpires—McKeon and Stuart.

Timer—Ruggo. Time—20-min. halves.

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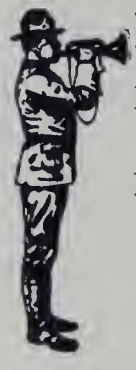
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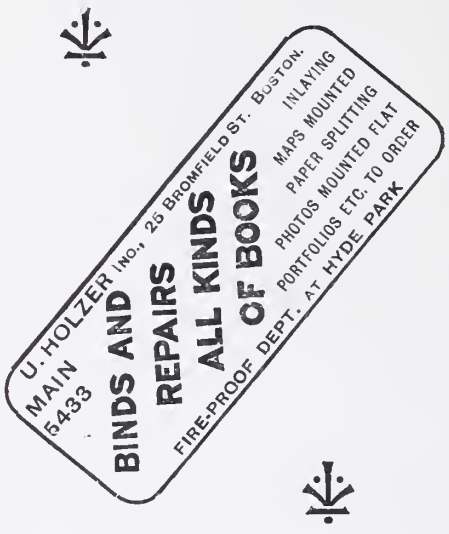
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The Latin School Register

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NOT WITHOUT HONOR

As Bob Walters turned around the corner from the tailor's and started across the campus, one would have noticed that his usual cheery expression was gone, and in its place there was a look of seriousness closely approaching worry. For two months past Bob had failed in mathematics and was bending every effort preparing for the mid-year exams., now almost due. A chap as industrious as Bob could not be blamed for neglect—he simply couldn't seem to see through the new kind of work—and there you are! The worst part, however, was in writing home to his invalid father, formerly a very active man, who placed all confidence in his son, and in return expected great things of him. Being a graduate of Wayland Academy himself, he knew its stiff course and wished Bob to have the same stern training that had already made so many famous men.

A short time after Bob had turned the corner, the wind, which had been blowing in fitful gusts all the afternoon, sprang up again, and he was forced to hold his bundle tightly with one hand and his hat with the other. He had almost reached one of the dormatories when he noticed a paper fluttering down, tossing this way and that, and finally blown against the side of Edgeworth Hall, where it clung, held by the wind. Bob ran up and caught it before it was dislodged. It was getting rather dark, but by holding it under the arc light he recognized it by its date as containing the questions for the mid-year exams. It seemed rather careless of Professor Swift to have lost so valuable a paper, thought Bob, and he placed it carefully in a notebook intending to go to the professor's with it at once.

With this intention he started up towards the Swift's house, but as his

bundle became more cumbersome every moment, he decided that first he would leave that at his room. He was just hurrying past Professor Farnsworth's as the professor himself was going in.

"Good afternoon, Walters," he greeted, "Why, this is fortunate! If you can come in now, I'll show you that Latin you spoke to me about."

Bob accepted, forgetting the examination paper in his eagerness to get the professor's help; but in the course of the talk, he pulled out his Latin notebook—and down fell the paper! Professor Farnsworth picked it up. As he saw the date, immediately his friendly air turned to suspicion.

"That's the date of the Math. exam. Where did you get this paper, Walters?"

Bob had noticed the change in tone and realized that he was open to suspicion.

"I found it blowing around in front of Edgeworth, sir," he explained. "I was on my way to take it to Professor Swift's when I met you."

"Professor Swift doesn't live on Ridge Street."

"I was going to leave a package at home first."

Professor Farnsworth looked at Walters shrewdly.

"I'm afraid that won't do," he said. "We had better—both of us—go to see Dean Ross at once!"

Bob hotly resented the way Professor Farnsworth talked. He seemed to Bob suddenly to have decided on the course of "guilty until proven innocent." But he went along as the professor had suggested; shortly they were in the Dean's office, and Professor Swift had been summoned.

When the case had been stated, Dr. Ross looked kindly over his spectacles at Bob. The old Doctor had known his father and he had good reason to believe that his son would not show any streak of yellow.

"Why didn't you take the paper at once to Professor Swift or bring it to me?" he asked.

"I started to; but was going to leave my package at my room first. On the way I met Professor Farnsworth."

Dr. Ross shook his head sadly. "Have you been passing in Math. lately?—any reason why you might fail in the coming exam?"

"I failed the last two months," admitted Bob, "but I've been working extra time for mid-years."

Every time he was questioned, Bob seemed to be getting in deeper; so Dr. Ross turned to Professor Swift.

"Are you sure those numbers compare exactly with the ones on your paper, Professor?"

"Absolutely. Only this paper is all written out, whereas mine contained only the references and numbers of examples."

"Did you pass Edgeworth Hall this afternoon?"

"I haven't had occasion to go by there today!"

"Hum—m—m—," mused the Dean. "Well, all this evidence seems to be circumstantial...I guess that's all for the present, gentlemen. We'll have to wait for something more to turn up. Walters, I should like to speak to you alone, please."

When the others had left, Dr. Ross said,

"Walters, I taught your father, and now his son is at the same school. I had every reason to trust your father absolutely—there is no reason why I should not place as much confidence in his son. Tell me, Walters, did you copy that paper?"

"No sir, I did not!"

"I believe you, Walters, and I'm glad of it! Now how about this evidence? Though I have confidence in you, the masters must be convinced or they will always look on you with suspicion. I'm sorry you're down in math., it looks bad, but we'll wait for more evidence—*Someone must have copied that paper!*..... Come in to see me in a day or two, and tell me if you learn anything more."

When Bob reached home, he told the whole story to his room-mate. Dick listened attentively until Bob was through then he said,

"Let's get down to business. You were here all the afternoon, 'preping' until you went to the tailor's, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Of course, since I was in the gym, I can't bear testimony to that effect, but it settles the question so far as I'm concerned.—And where was Professor Swift"?

"I don't know," replied Bob surprised. "He only said he had not been near Edgeworth Hall today."

"Well, if that's the case some one in Edgeworth must have had the paper—it probably didn't blow all the way across the campus. Now you know that there are only two fellows there that might have done it—Jimmy Hartmann and Rodney Phillips. Hartmann has been laid up in the hospital since that 'party' of theirs a week ago—and that leaves Phillips." Suddenly Dick Newman sprang up. "Go and get some supper if you want to, Bob; I'm going to find out about this case!"

With coat and hat on, he opened the door. "Behold!" he called back cheerily, "Sherlock Holmes, Jr., P. D. Q." and the door closed leaving Bob alone.

Bob was not hungry; nothing could have been farther from his mind, but slumped deep down in the Morris chair, he stared into the fire, trying vainly to solve the mystery of the extra math. paper. How could such a bit of paper, unsigned, and blowing around aimlessly in the wind, be traced to anybody? It meant nothing to him if Phillips had written the paper; there was no evidence to connect him with it. The mere fact that it had been found in front of Edgeworth Hall did not necessarily incriminate anybody in the building, much less narrowed down to the one boy, Phillips. He wished now that he had not let Dick go out on such a mad search; he might possibly accuse someone without evidence—and no one must be involved without substantial proof...

When Dick left the room, he went down past Edgeworth Hall and there began his investigation. As he approached the building, he looked up toward Phillips' room. There was no light there—he must have gone out to supper—but the window, Dick could see, was partly open. Suppose he had taken the paper to his room and it had blown out of the window? It might, or might not, have blown farther up the street—at any rate here was a starting point! Surely the paper must have been copied some time that afternoon, and Dick remembered now that Phillips had not been down to the gym. Still looking up at the top floor of the building, Dick heard a voice which he immediately recognized as "fat" Jason's.

"Hello, Dick! Turned star-gazer?"

"Hello, J. C." he greeted, and, ignoring the question, "Did your prophecy about the English come true?"

The fat boy was about to answer, when a gust of wind took off his hat, and, though he made a frantic grab, it sailed gracefully along until it struck the side of the dormitory. He was soon back again, however, panting.

"Prophecy!" he echoed. "Prophecy! All of us put together never *dreamed* he would give us so many! The list of references was as long as that—" and he stretched out his arms at full length. "Most everybody in the class was over at the library this afternoon, lookin' 'em up. Why, you never saw—" But Dick had started down the street on a run without taking Jason's leave. The fat boy turned around in amazement to look after him a moment, clapped his hat on tight against the wind, and muttered,

"Well,—I'll be hanged!"

Dick had remembered that Phillips was in "J. C.'s" class, and consequently must have been at the library that afternoon. It was about supper-time and few were there as he rushed up to Johnson, the librarian.

"Was Phillips here this afternoon, Mr. Johnson?" he asked between breaths.

"Yes, he was. I noticed him because he sat just across the table from Professor Swift who was having me look up some algebras."

"Professor Swift here?"

"Yes; what's the matter?"

"Oh—nothing. Thank you." Dick was afraid Johnson might be too curious.

The next thing would be to see Professor Swift. He knew very well how absent minded the mathematician was, and that his near-sightedness did not tend to make him a close observer.

When he reached the house, he found the professor making out a second examination, and when Dick asked him, a little testily he repeated that he had placed only the initials of the books indicated and the numbers of the examples selected on the paper; that he had gotten up but once and didn't remember whether he had taken the slip with him or not; that he had not noticed who was across the table from him, and, he said, growing impatient, he didn't care!—only some one had gotten hold of the paper and so had caused him more work.

Dick went back, then, to his room where he found Bob still staring disconsolately into the fire.

"Look here," he began, "I've got some facts. If we can piece them together, they may be worth something!"

Bob looked up hopefully. Where Dick had gathered his information he could not guess, but he was anxious to find out. "Shoot!" he said.

So Dick went through his story, ending up with, "Now what do you make of that?"

"Why, Phillips copied the paper!"

"The trouble is, you can't prove it!"

Both boys thought a moment. "I know what we'll do!" Dick exclaimed. "What time is it?"

"About seven."

"Phillips must be back from supper. Suppose we go over and pay him a visit!"

"But," Bob objected, "what if he didn't really do it?"

"Trust me!" Dick replied.

It was not long before the two boys were hurrying down the street toward Edgeworth Hall. There was a light in Phillips' room, now, and as they passed under it, the window came down with a bang. As the boys went up the stairs they heard sounds of overturning books and the rustling of papers. At their knock, Phillips opened the door, and on entering the room, they noticed that everything that contained any books or papers had been overturned and rummaged through. Phillips looked a little nervous, and apologized for the appearance of his room by saying he

had been hunting for an important paper—couldn't seem to find it.

At this, the visitors' eyes met, and Dick asked what it was.

"It was—ah—it was a letter from father—had a check in it."

Both boys were well aware that Phillips was not the kind to be seriously worried about money. So lame an excuse did it seem that Dick decided on the instant to try his bold plan.

"Phillips, *that paper was not a letter from your father*!" he declared.

"How do you know?" Phillips asked, looking suspiciously from one to the other. "Perhaps you found it!" he sneered.

"*Because of these*!" and Dick laid his hands on two algebras on the table. Phillips turned pale, and Dick felt sure of his man.

"Phillips, you went to the library to-day. Professor Swift sat directly across the table from you—and he had those same books! You saw the numbers and wanted them, so when he left his place for a moment you put them down on a piece of paper. Then you got the books out afterwards and copied out the examples when you got home. You laid the paper carelessly on the table near the window—and it blew away. That's what you're looking for! But you don't need to look for it any further, for Bob found it. Phillips—you know it—and we know it—*you copied that paper*!"

When Dick had begun to speak, Phillips seemed indignant, but later, as he knew Dick had found out, he fixed his eyes on the floor. After he had finished speaking, Phillips said, his face flushed with shame,

"Fellows, I'm not altogether bad; but since mother died, I've been running too wild. I always felt I'd have to pull up sometime, but I didn't think it would come so soon. I had no idea of copying those numbers when I went into the library, but they lay there so plain on the table, and I suspected it was the exam., I just couldn't help it, Oh! I did it; I admit it! Dr. Ross said that if I didn't pass this month I'd have to leave—I've got to leave anyway now!

"Fellows, I've no reason to be sore—you've brought me to my senses. You're *men*! *I* hope to be one some day, and," his voice choked a little, "if you can think of me later as a little less a crook than you must do now,—I shall be—mighty grateful!"

As Phillips finished speaking, he looked both boys in the eye—a new Phillips to them—and his voice had a ring of sincerity that could not be doubted.

"Phillips," said Bob, "you *will* be a man;—I *know* it!"

* * *

Bob's father never heard of this affair, but he was gratified to learn that his son had passed the mid-year mathematics and gave promise of making fair standing in the subject.

H. B. B. '18.

DEUTCHLAND UBER ALLES

"Well, liebe Mutter, Franz has at last reached his goal. Ever since he was transferred to the submarine service he has been studying and working in the hope that some day he might become the commander of a U-boat. Today he has received a telegram saying that he has passed his examinations and on the fourth of the month shall take command of the U-39. He is very happy and may now marry Hilda who has been in America for the last year. She expects to return to the Fatherland soon."

Frau Holstorff shook her head sadly. Her son would have to leave home now, for he would surely be ordered to leave the naval base and join the ships that were blockading England.

The fourth came and with it the orders that Franz had expected.

Accordingly he bade adieu to his dear ones, and at 6.30 P. M., under cover of darkness, the U-39 stole stealthily out of Kiel and pointed her nose—and what an ominous, threatening nose it was—towards Southampton, England. Within twenty miles of Southampton the course was changed to a more southerly direction, and as the sun began to show signs of readiness for the day's work, the U-39, steaming along with all but her periscope submerged, assumed her terrible duties.

Below decks the torpedo-tube was being loaded, and the shining metal fish that meant death to all Franz's hopes was slid carefully into the tube, the breech closed, and the air-tanks that propelled the death-dealing machine filled by the air pumps.

On the third day of the so far uneventful course, the lookout at the periscope saw a smudge of smoke on the horizon and immediately reported it to Franz.

Within ten minutes a huge hull had appeared and at Franz's command the submarine was directed towards its approaching victim.

The boats drew closer and closer together, and the great liner was recognized as the "Laconia."

"Prepare for action!"

Quickly the distance decreased. A mile! Fifteen hundred yards! Twelve hundred! A thousand! "Fire!"

A swirl at the bow, a geyser of air-bubbles as the explosive laden weapon slipped from the U-boat and sped unerringly towards the "Laconia."

There was a tremendous upheaval at the bow of the liner, a deafening crash, and as bits of metal shot into the air, the great ship began to list to port. All was confusion aboard her. An heroic attempt was made to lower the life-boats, but the terrible list made it impossible on the starboard side and the high waves swamped them on the port, drowning and crushing their occupants.

The submarine had disappeared by this time and as the sun dipped into the sea, the great ship slowly nosed her bow below water and, with her flag flying, slid silently to her grave.

At home all was quiet. The Frau and her family were sitting on the porch enjoying the glorious evening. Steps broke the silence, the postman came up the walk and gravely handed the good woman a letter and a newspaper.

Great black head-lines stared up at her from the paper. At last! Franz had been given the chance to aid the Fatherland and had done it nobly. The huge

"Laconia" had been sunk by the diminutive U-39.

But the letter! It was postmarked America and addressed to Frau Holstorff. She tore open the envelope and started to read the letter. Her face grew pale, her hands shook, and as she read, she gave a gasp and slipped unconscious to the floor.

Edel ran to her mother, but Hans picked up the letter, and slowly smoothed it out on his knee.

"Dear 'Mutter';

I have wonderful news for you and Franz. An opportunity has been offered me to return home and I sail tomorrow on the "Laconia". Give my love to Franz and the dear children.

Hilda."

H. G. O. C. '18.

A WELL-EARNED VICTORY

It was Carnival Day at Hillton Academy, and all manner of contests were being held. Walter Dewey had entered the long distance swim of two miles. He used a powerful overhead stroke, a stroke taught him by his brother Jerry, who had come to Hillton to see Walter race. Walter's keenest rival was "Bud" Goodnow, the school bully, and the best swimmer at the Academy.

The events had been run off and it was now time for the final race on the program, namely: the two mile swim. At the pistol shot the four entrants dived overboard, and Walter took the lead; but "Bud" soon showed a remarkable burst of speed and shot ahead and at the three-quarter mark, he was about eighty yards in the lead. Walter was his only rival now as the others had dropped out. About two hundred yards from the goal, Walter heard "Bud" shouting, "Help!" "Help!" Immediately Walter began his fast overhead stroke.

When he arrived at the place where "Bud" had gone below the surface, he filled his lungs with air, and dived to the depths of the river. He kept going down until finally his hand touched something. He grabbed at it. Alas! it was a water soaked branch. Arriving at the top he took another breath and dived again, but he neither saw nor felt any "Bud". Poor "Bud"; he was gone, a victim of cramps probably; but hold! what was that that brushed against his foot. He stretched out his hand and snatched at it; it was "Bud's" hair! It seemed minutes before he reached the top but when he did, he filled his lungs with air. Then he set out for the shore, swimming on his back and pulling "Bud" after him. On arriving at the shore he pulled "Bud" up on the grass and began to work his arms and legs up and down. Suddenly Walter saw some webbed gloves on "Bud's" hands and he began to wonder what they were for, when suddenly it dawned on him that they were to aid him in swimming fast. Now he knew why "Bud" had showed such wonderful speed. After much exertion on the part of Walter "Bud" finally recovered. A little later he got up on his feet and stared at Walter. Then he took off the gloves, threw them away, and held out his hand to Walter. They both shook without saying a word, but their eyes read each other's thoughts. Just then some of the fellows came in sight and after being told of the accident, and

congratulating Walter, they helped "Bud" down to the boathouse where the story was told again to the eager listeners. When they had heard all, they looked around for Walter but he was nowhere to be found.

There was to be a large banquet that evening to close the festivities of the day, and then the prizes were to be given out. At the time for commencing a large crowd had assembled at the hall. After the dinner was over, and practically all of the prizes had been distributed amidst much applause, the Headmaster of the Academy made a short address concerning the final race. "And, he continued, "after discussing the matter with the judges of the race, it was decided that the probable winner, before the accident occurred, should be given the prize; but lately, this fellow came to me and said that he preferred not to accept the prize and desired that I should give it to his only other opponent. Therefore I take great pleasure in awarding this handsome watch to Walter Dewey for winning the two-mile swim, and this medal for his heroic efforts in saving the life of his fellow competitor." One can easily imagine the applause that greeted Walter as he walked up to the platform and received the watch and medal.

No one ever knew why "Bud" had refused the prize, except Bud, Walter and the Headmaster. Needless to say, Walter and "Bud" were the best of friends from that time onward.

A. M. D. '17.

TIGER-LILY

Tiger-lily, tell me true:
Here beneath the skies so blue,
Down among the wildwood flowers,
Half concealed by tangled bowers,
Are there tiny elves at play
Charming golden hours away?
Tiger-lily, tell me.

'Neath the twinkling stars of night,
When the silver moon is bright,
Do the pixies masquerade
In each dell and woodland glade,
And fill the air with laughter light?
Tell me, Tiger-lily.

Are the Autumn reds and yellows
Really painted Pulcinellos
Dancing gaily on the trees,
Harlequins in striped fleshings
Madly whirling in the breeze?
Tiger-lily, tell me.

E. G. F. '18.

ITEMS OF INTEREST AT CAMP WASHINGTON

In order to explain for the uninitiated, Camp Washington was last summer's military training camp for boys, at Fort Terry on Plum Island. The name could not have been better chosen because the camp was held for maintaining the very principles of liberty and patriotism established by the "Father of His Country." All the officers in charge were men, in every fine sense of the word, a fact which every boy present realized before camp broke up.

There were many things about the camp which would not seem of much account to an onlooker but without which the camp would have been a cheerless place indeed. They were important items of interest, excitement, and enjoyment in the experience of the cadets.

One part of the camp which many fellows seemed to enjoy was the shower baths. They were situated on a high sandy bluff overlooking Long Island Sound and were plain affairs; a row of overhead sprinklers enclosed by two rough board walls with a door at each end, and no roof. Each company had its own set of ten, or twelve showers. Only cold water was possible and therefore a favorite scheme was to turn on every fixture and then run the length of the line. This means rather lessened the shock to the warm, delicate skin of the bather. Some cadets used these baths to wake them thoroughly in the morning; others rushed for them when they returned from drill, hot, dusty, and covered with sweat, enjoying to the full the cool water; still others took a shower regularly before taps. These showers were very essential to the happiness and health of the camp.

Another important item of the camp was the Y. M. C. A. At the Hill Camp, which was near the regular soldiers' barracks, there was a permanent Y. M. C. A. building, but at the East Camp on the further end of the island a shack had been erected, with open screened sides and a rough dirt floor. At either camp the Y. M. C. A. building was the center of activity. Here were rough deal tables and benches, writing materials upon them furnished free, so that the boys might be encouraged to write home. Stamps, and stationary embossed with the arms of the Fort Terry were sold here; dominoes, checker boards, and books were loaned; a graphophone with a good supply of records was available; a piano, too. Here talks were given by officers of the camp, minstrel shows were held, and moving pictures were shown. By the co-operation of the Y. M. C. A. a camp paper called "The Rangefinder" was published with stories and cartoons by the boys. Everything was done to keep the boys from getting homesick or from finding mischief to do.

Next to the Y. M. C. A. came the "Canteen" or camp store where cadets might buy ice cream, candy, uniforms, toilet articles, necessities of camp life,

(This article, written by one who was at Fort Terry last summer should be read especially by those who intend to go there this summer. It is a sort of a supplement to the article published in our November and December numbers—Ed.

and numerous small luxuries. All these articles were priced very reasonably. The ice cream counter was rushed every afternoon and evening by a crowd of boys and many bets were made concerning the amount which could be consumed by one boy at one time, usually accompanied by internal pains on the part of the winner.

Many fellows were naturally interested in sports of different kinds. For their satisfaction, track meets were held in which each company strove to carry off the highest honors. There were also baseball games between company teams, officers' teams, and teams of the regular garrison. These caused almost as much interest as the big league games. Then there was swimming. During the first part of the camp the water was cold and rather dirty, but in about two or three weeks it became warmer and much better. A float with a spring board was built which almost every one tried at one time or another.

If any boy had a desire for exploration he could enjoy himself to the full. There were hidden batteries of ten and six-inch disappearing guns, twelve-inch mortars, and three-inch rapid fire guns, scattered about the island. Also searchlights, and power-plants equipped with gasoline engines which in turn operated dynamos furnishing lights for the guns pits, powder and shell storerooms, and fire commanders' stations. A narrow gauge railway for transporting ammunition connected the batteries at one end of the island. Then there were the mine storehouse, the dock specially equipped for loading mines aboard the mine layer, and the mine control station from which every mine is controlled by electricity. A mine can be exploded from this station or so fixed that it will explode upon being hit. There were also many underground storerooms, hidden stairways, batteries, and tunnels, which caused many exciting explorations.

There was much excitement over the target shooting, both with the .22 calibre rifle and on the regulation range with the Springfield ".30." On the latter range the boys got an idea of how it sounds on the firing line in battle.

Another interesting part of the training was the sham battle. There were several of these. One company would assume the offensive while another took the defensive. The former with a handkerchief tied about each man's hat, the latter with one about each man's arm. The tactical problem was explained beforehand by the captain of each company, scouts were sent out, captures were made, and then the two companies came together to talk it over and the decision of the judge was given concerning the winning company.

In all sorts of interesting ways the boys were taught to be obedient, to have initiative, and to do their part for the good of the company. This is a training which every boy in the United States ought to have, both for the sake of his country and for his own personal benefit.

R. B. M.'17.

ON THE REEF

James Curtis sat at his desk in the keeper's room of the new life-saving station on Pratt's Island, which, together with the lighthouse and life-saving station, was known to the mariners frequenting this section as Pratt's Island Light. He had just finished making out his report and, tired out with the day's work, was about to "turn in", when the door opened in response to his cheery "Come in!" and a man entered the room. He was clad in a heavy overcoat, the collar of which settled tightly about his neck and partly hid his face. Curtis knew well all the men who came to the island for any business purpose, but this man was a perfect stranger to him; yet there seemed to be something about him that made Curtis turn over in his mind the question "Where have I seen this man before?"

"Is this Mr. James Curtis?" the man asked.

"This is the man," replied Curtis pleasantly.

"Well, you don't happen to remember —a fellow by the name of William Sigsby, do you?" the other went on hesitatingly.

"Bill Sigsby? Why—yes, I used to know him", answered Curtis in a matter of-fact way.

"I guess I'm the owner of that name, then", said the other as he extended his hand.

"You?—Bill Sigsby?" exclaimed Curtis, giving the hand of his friend a mighty shake. "I'd never have known it if you hadn't said so yourself!—Sit down, now, and tell me what you've been doing with yourself since I left New York."

"Well", said Sigsby, "to begin with, I left the city about a month after you did and went out West to try my luck on a ranch in Kansas and for the first few months I thoroughly enjoyed the work; but later the life out there began to get pretty dull and I decided that it wasn't the place for me. Then I went to Northern Michigan, where I got a fine job on a ship of one of the large grain concerns there. I worked my way up until I became the commander of the vessel and then after, a year's service in that position, they shifted me down here to take charge of a new ship which is now nearly completed. So here I am—now let's hear your side of it."

"Mine? Oh, I haven't got much to say," replied Curtis, "but here goes: From New York I came down here and, after passing a very stiff examination, entered the service of the life-saving corps; but how I got this position may be interesting to you."

This is the incident of which he spoke:

One bitterly cold night in March when the wind howled around the lighthouse (then used as a life-saving station)—as if to fling that structure and its occupants into the raging sea, and the treacherous reef was visible in the trough of each gigantic wave, which, rolling and tumbling like an angry monster, flung itself upon the beach with a terrific roar, the brave crew of six men lay on the floor of the mess room next to the fire to keep warm and to snatch as much sleep as possible; for on such a night as this they felt confident that sooner or later their services would be needed; and they were. Along toward midnight the watchman on top of the lighthouse came running down to arouse them.

"Come on boys," he called, "there

won't be any more sleep for you tonight. There's a big ship sending up rockets about a half-mile off the reef!"

"Everybody up!" shouted the keeper. We've got work ahead! Grey and Curtis, you get the boat out. Small, you and Baxter get the breeches-buoy. Jones, you get the gun. Hurry! No time to waste!"

When the ship's signals had been answered by sending up rockets and when the keeper's orders had been carried out, the crew assembled on the beach ready for any emergency. The boat had been taken off from its wheeled platform, which made transportation decidedly easier so that two men could easily handle it, and had been placed at the water's edge, ready for immediate use. The gun and the breeches-buoy had been stationed to the right of the lighthouse on a cliff and were ready for use, also.

"She doesn't seem to be coming any nearer," said Jones to Curtis, "maybe she'll clear the reef after all. I hope she isn't the ship the keeper's kid is coming on."

"Same here", replied Curtis.

The storm had steadily increased in fury and all stood breathlessly watching the magnificent ship struggle against wind and waves; but slowly and surely the straining vessel was nearing the treacherous reef. Then—

"Look!" cried Jones. "There she goes!"

And sure enough a ripping and tearing of timbers told them that the ship had struck the reef!

"To the boat!" ordered the keeper, and each man jumped to his place, realizing that only his best efforts would save the people on board the ship before it was ground to pieces. With a mighty shove the boat was sent crashing against the oncoming waves, and, leaping into it the seamen applied their strength to the oars. Again and again was the sturdy little boat on the point of capsizing only to be saved from disaster by the skilful seamanship of the keeper at the helm.

In the meantime the ship was being lifted and hurled forward by the force of the huge waves, until, with a final lunge, she keeled over and lay pounding upon the rocks. Her rigging had long since been torn away by the storm; of her masts only the stubs remained; and what there was left on deck was now swept away by the waves as they broke over her in a cloud of foam.

Slowly the gap between the ship and boat lessened. The rowers pulled as they never had before, sending the boat flying over the crest of one wave only to pounce upon the next one like a leopard upon its prey. In this manner the little boat continued its course until within thirty yards of the ship when, fearing that if he should go any nearer under such conditions, the boat would be crushed to pieces against the vessel's side, the keeper ordered the rowers to stop.

"Ship ahoy, there!" he shouted, but could just barely make himself heard above the roaring billows and the pounding ship.

"Row a little nearer, boys!" he commanded, and when twenty yards from the ship he tried again.

"Ship ahoy, there!" he shouted.

No answer.

"Ship ahoy, there!" louder than before.

Still no answer.

"Well, boys, we'll have to do it. When I tell you to row, ROW! Curtis, you stand up in the bow and when I tell you to leap, LEAP!"

Waiting until the opportunity came—

when there was a slight lull in the storm —he yelled

"Row, boys, ROW!"

And they did. Down into the trough of one wave and up the side of the next one they went, until they were only five yards from the wreck. Down into the trough again they went and just before they reached the top of the next wave the keeper shouted,

"LEAP!"

Curtis leaped and landing on the deck secured his rope to the side of the ship and set out in search of anyone who might be on board. The ship was so far over on its side that walking was impossible, but by means of the sprung boards he had nearly reached the other side when a mighty wave broke over the ship, knocked him off his balance, and swept him down the deck and into the sea! He floundered about at the mercy of the waves until he finally managed to get hold of a rope which was thrown to him by his comrades in the life-boat and was drawn on board. Not in the least discouraged he again landed safely on the ship's deck and, knowing that if anybody was on board at all they would be in the cabin, he started for it. He had gone but a few feet when another mighty wave broke over the ship and he would have again been swept overboard had not the stub of a mast intercepted. Stunned by the blow, he had a vague recollection of what his duty was and started up again. With the greatest difficulty he made his way to the cabin but found the door inmovable, on account of the ship's position. On his hands and knees he crawled to a window and, with the help of the wind and another wave, climbed in. There in a heap lay a boy of about twelve years. His eyes were closed but on feeling of his pulse Curtis found that there was still a faint hope of life. After applying "artifical respiration" for about ten minutes he was rewarded by the flickering of an eyelid. Confident now that the boy had not been in this condition a very long time, Curtis renewed his efforts with determination. At the end of another ten minutes the boy's eyes opened and he muttered something that ended with the name "Jackson." Curtis was startled at this and, realizing that the boy might be the keeper's son, kept on more vigorously than before. After another ten minutes had elapsed, Curtis's reward was complete. The boy opened his eyes again and muttered

"Everybody—swept overboard—but me."

After the boy closed his eyes again, Curtis carried him to the window and climbing through, pulled the boy after him. Carefully he carried him down the deck, avoiding as best he could the possibility of being swept overboard again, and at last reached the lower side. Here he found Jones and Baxter vainly trying to force their way into the hold. They looked up and the former gave an exclamation of surprise—

"That's the keeper's kid, Curtis, I saw him last winter!" he said.

"What?" Curtis suddenly felt dazed, his knees failed him, he tottered—and fell!

When Curtis regained consciousness, he was lying on a comfortable cot in the lighthouse. Beside him sat the keeper with his son on his knee and when Curtis opened his eyes and muttered "Is —the kid—allright?" he said.

"Thank God!—Yes, Curtis, Jones said my boy fell on top of you. OH!" he exclaimed "how can I express my gratitude for what you have done?" But Curtis had closed his eyes again.

A few weeks later the keeper of the

life-saving corps, being well advanced in years and showing the effects of constant exposure, resigned his position and upon strong recommendation James Curtis was appointed his successor.

"How long ago was this?" Sigsby asked.

"Let me see now—just six years ago to-day," replied Curtis.

"Well, that was certainly fine," said the other as he got up to leave. "I'll be over some time when you're not so busy."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Curtis, I've just finished my report and all I've got to do is—"

Br–r–ring!

"There's the bell!" he continued, "So long, Bill. Excuse me but I've—"

The last words were muffled as he closed the door and ran to guide his men against Old Neptune. R. B. '19.

THE SHARK

"He's a "shark"—so the fellows all say.
"We doubt if he studies ten minutes a day.
His lessons are perfect; but to us it's not plain,
For the bag he takes home scarce one book does contain."
But does he rush out with the fellows to play,
When he reaches his home after school every day?
Nay,—
He sits and he studies ten hours and more,
In a duplicate set of school books does he pore.

So let no boy think too quickly to judge
Someone who may be the veriest drudge.

S. S. '18.



Birthday Message from the Kaiser to King George: "May you rest in peace, surrounded by beautiful flowers."

HEARD AT THE RANGES.

ROOKIE: "I can't see the target at all A little speck keeps getting in the way."

CAPT. FEELEY: "That's the target, you rube."

* * *

THIS FROM ROOM 7.

—Sir Launcelot was struck in the head with a lance, and the lance broke.

* * *

"Why don't you look for work?"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid! What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid I'll find it."

* * *

PARKER: I would join the church if it wasn't full of hypocrites.

TUCKER: Oh, you are mistaken about that. There is always room for one more.

* * *

YOUNG TOURIST, (to his friend): What shall we try?

HONEST WAITER (in whisper): Try another restaurant, sir."

* * *

ASK DAD, HE KNOWS.

MOTHER: Willie, why don't you sit down at the table to eat your supper?

WILLIE: I spilled the ink on pa's desk an' he—he told me not to do it again.

A Detroit gentleman was invited to a hunting party in Kentucky. In some perplexity as to the outfit he should take, he telegraphed:

"What shall I bring?"

He received this answer:

"Corkscrews; we have the rest."

* * *

SHE: I'm afraid you married me because I had money.

HE: No, indeed. I married you because I thought I might be able to spend some of it.

* * *

"O, doctor, I wish I were dead."

"I'm doing my best to help you."

* * *

ONLY ONE MORE.

"Dad", said little Johnny, "may I ask one more question before I go to bed?"

"Yes, son; what is it?"

"If I had been your brother, would I have been my own uncle?"

* * *

"Don't you know yet how to drive a nail without smashing your finger?"

"No, and neither do you."

"Yes, I do; hold the hammer in both hands."

* * *

When the Volunteers were ordered to give up their arms, an Irishman who was determined to put his rifle out of commission before passing it in, bent the barrel by beating the rifle against a

lamp-post. When questioned by the officer in charge as to the condition of the gun the replied,

"Sure, that's a gun I had for shooting around corners."

* * *

A DIALOGUE IN MUSICAL COMEDY.

"Hello, Broadway!"

"Hello, April! You will be fair and warmer, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, Broadway. Let me introduce Miss Springtime. Step this way, Eileen."

"Charmed, I'm sure, Miss Springtime. You're just like an Angel from Blue Paradise. I know. You're in Love."

"Have a Heart, Broadway."

"Ha, ha! Boys will be Boys. Let's climb a Ladder of Roses and have a Ziegfeld Frolic, April."

"Very good, Eddie. But here's Robinson Crusoe, Jr., the Tailor Made Man, and Friday, too. Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

"Oh, April! What do they walk like that for?"

VICTOR HERBERT.

* * *

"Look Jimmy! I weigh four pounds more than you do."

"Aw, 'g'wan, You've got your hands in your pockets!"

* * *

THAT EXPLAINS IT.

A butcher, asked how he came to choose his occupation, replied, "Well, I don't know. I was always fond of animals."

* * *

"Is that man a criminal lawyer?"

"Very."

CONSOLATION

My report-card is disgusting.
And I fear my brains are rusting,
I guess I must be sliding down the hill;
But with all my tribulation,
Yet there is one consolation.—
I passed in study-period and drill.

A. L. '18.

THE DETECTIVE

That George Leonard had more than the average amount of intelligence, his admiring parents knew. That George Leonard was a born detective, he himself knew. Had he not received a diploma from Burkett's Detective Agency, whose head had personally written to congratulate him upon the vast amount of knowledge he had absorbed from the series of ten lessons, price seventeen dollars and fifty cents, so vast, indeed, that he had passed a test-paper sent to him with a percentage of ninety-nine out of one hundred? No one, Mr. Burkett assured him, had ever received so high a mark and no one probably would ever equal it. So said Mr. Burkett.

George did not confide in his classmates at the Bailey University his hopes and ambitions for a long time. Finally, in a very confidential mood, he was unable to resist the temptation of telling his room-mate, Chase, of his ability. True, he had had no occasion to test it as yet.

"But," as he said to his friend, "I will demonstrate beyond a doubt some day my superiority over the old, blundering detectives." Chase looked at him with a twinkle in his eye, and said admiringly, "and to think that we had a genius like you in our midst! Well, the world will recognize you some day in the near future."

"Oh, yes," remarked Leonard in a condescending tone, "Genius cannot remain hidden. I rather dread the notoriety, though, that must accompany fame. I suppose I shall have to put up with it, however."

Chase was troubled greatly by a severe cough for the next few minutes; so he was forced to leave the room ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining a mug of water. Within a few moments, however, he managed to gather a few companions in the room opposite his own, and there he treacherously revealed his secret. This was a chance too fine to lose, and plot after plot was discussed, rejected, or accepted. They meant to give George ample opportunity to display his skill in the detection of crime.

A few nights after, on the eve of the masquerade given annually by the Senior Class, Porter, one of the assembly of conspirators that had convened not long before, approached Chase and asked eagerly:

"Say, Chase, let's take your scarf-pin, will you?"

"I'm sorry, Porter, I need it for to-night. I'll let you have it tomorrow, though if you want it then."

"If I wanted it then, I wouldn't ask you for it now," he replied rather angrily. You haven't an extra one, have you, Leonard?" He turned around hopefully.

"Sorry, Jack, but I have only one, and I intend to use it to-night."

"I must get one somehow," muttered, Porter in a rather loud tone. "I must, I must. Oh what shall I do!" he exclaimed despairingly.

Leonard was on the point of offering his own, for the case seemed to be very urgent. Porter, however, left the room before George had time to offer it. Chase had another coughing spell, a fact that made George remark that he should be more careful about sitting near an open window.

The masquerade that night was a great success. Leonard was arrayed as an Arab,

and played his part well. He noticed Porter several times. His face flushed whenever he met Leonard's gaze, and he seemed to be trying to avoid him, but Leonard thought nothing of the matter, until Chase breathlessly informed him next morning a scarf-pin had been stolen from Mackim's room.

"Here", said Chase, is an excellent chance to prove that you are a detective of more than ordinary ability."

"Why, yes," said Leonard excitedly, "I believe you are right. I shall investigate immediately." Accompanied by Chase, he walked down the corridor to Mackim's room. The latter was sitting on the bed, and arose to greet them. He proceeded to tell them the details of the case.

"I left my pin on the dresser by mistake, and as I returned home late. I was too tired to notice if it were there or not. When I awoke, it was gone, I room alone, as you know, and I am positive that I left the pin on the dresser."

Leonard meditated deeply. In Book III, Section 46a, there was a statement to the effect that if one could find the motive of a crime, nine times out of ten he could also find the perpetrator of the deed. Had not Jack Porter seemed very anxious to have a scarf-pin on the preceeding night? There at least was a suspect. Leonard advanced to the dresser, and stepped upon what proved to be a note-book of small size. Chase and Mackim had their backs turned upon him when he glanced around to see if they had noticed him. A few feet farther a cuff-link gleamed, and as Leonard picked it up he noticed the initials "J. P." engraved on it. He put it in his pocket together with the note-book, and, when further investigation failed to reveal another clue, he left the two young men alone in the room, conversing earnestly. In the seclusion of his own room he examined the articles and found that both belonged to Porter.

Returning to Chase and Mackim, he asked of the latter, quite casually,

"Has Porter been in your room lately?"

"Porter? Why, no, he hasn't been here for almost a week," replied Mackim.

Leonard decided to have an interview with Porter, and luckily, found him in his room. Jack started to his feet when he saw his visitor, and asked, in a shaky voice,

"Anything I can do for you, Leonard?"

George regarded him gravely, and said seriously,

"I know all about it, Jack, you may as well confess."

Porter started in a seeming panic, cast a frightened glance about the room, and exclaimed,

"I didn't do it, Leonard! I'm telling you the truth! I—"

"Leonard interrupted him saying, "Don't be afraid to confess, Jack. It is impossible to deceive me. Of course, I shall not prosecute," he added patronizingly. "I shall let the matter rest as it is. I shall send Mackim in here, and you may arrange everything with him."

"You're too good to me, George!" burst out Porter. "I'm grateful to you for this, and you may be sure it won't happen again." Thereupon he hid his face in his hands while his shoulders shook, presumably with grief. When Leonard returned with Mackim, they were still shaking. Leonard left the room and closed the door softly. At last he had solved a mystery! It was small to be sure, but it was good enough for a start. As he stood before the door, thinking of the glorious future in store for him, a sound as of laughter smote upon his ears. It could not be that the sorrow-

ful pair he had just left were laughing And yet, the sound could come from no other place. He opened the door to find before him, not a repentant sinner, but two ordinarily sane young men transformed into two roaring, howling idiots.

His appearance failed to sober them for some time, but finally there dawned upon him what had transpired. His aspirations had been mercilessly exposed by Chase, and he in company with Mackim and Porter, had plotted to humiliate him.

The affair passed over without any serious results or any appreciable diminuation of Leonard's ardor. He still had hopes of becoming a detective, and no amount of derision could squelch him.

He was returning late one night to the college when he saw a struggling figure being borne along the deserted street by four or five men. Immediately he saw a chance to win fame and glory. In his pocket were his badge and papers sent by the detective agency together with his diploma. He stopped in the shadow of a huge elm and watched the party go into an old, ramshackle building. As soon as the last man had disappeared, he crossed the street quickly and stepped into the doorway. He heard the party returning; so he flattened himself against the wall. His hand came in contact with a door-knob, which he turned softly. He stepped within the room quickly, and shut the door after him. He struck a match, and saw several large packing-cases near the wall. A hand rattled the knob, and Leonard hid behind one of the cases while the procession filed slowly into the room. When the door had been closed, a candle was lit, by the light of which he could see that there were five people there, besides the prisoner, all of whom were masked. Without a word they proceeded to place the prisoner on the only chair in the room. The chair was tilted so that it stood on the two rear legs, while the front was bolstered up by blocks of wood. When the prisoner was placed on the chair, a string which was hanging from the ceiling was tied to the back. For the first time Leonard noticed a huge bucket that was suspended from the ceiling to which the other end of the string was attached. Also for the first time Leonard saw that the prisoner was none other than Chase!

The voice of one of the masked men broke the silence of the room. In a deep voice he said to the prisoner.

"If you move in your chair, you will pour down upon yourself an acid that will disfigure you for life. The slightest movement will cause the string to open the cover of the container.

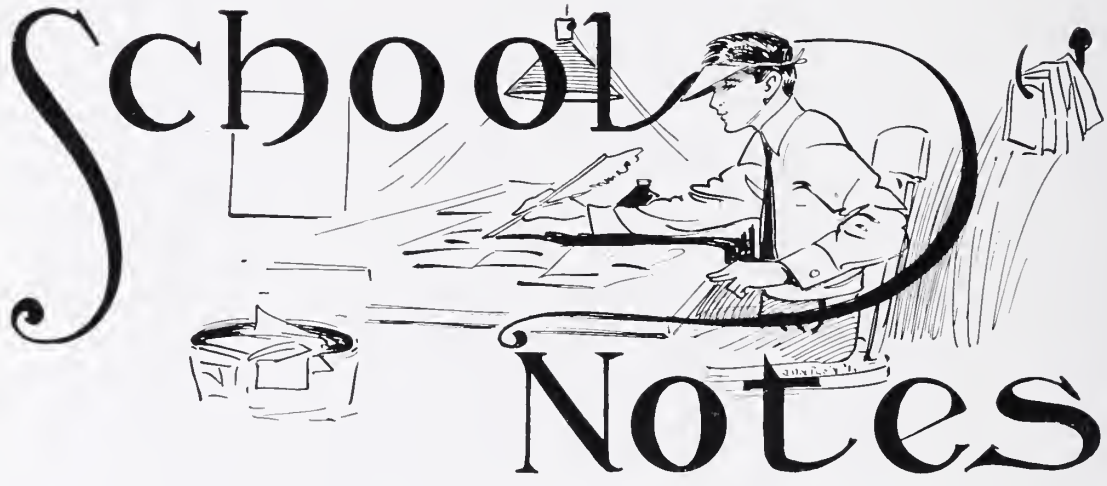
Silently they filed out and closed the door. Leonard could feel his heart pounding against his ribs; the perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was possessed by a strange feeling of weakness, while his hands grew cold. What could he do? These masked men might belong to a black hand society, and if it were true that there were an acid in the pail on the ceiling, he would inevitably cause ts contents to be released if he should startle Chase. The minutes dragged on like hours, and finally it happened. Unable to keep perfectly still for long, Chase's chair began to slip as his body relaxed. Leonard saw the chair slipping and ran forward with a cry. It was too late to save Chase from falling and a deluge, not of acid, but of *water*, completely drenched both. Then Leonard was pounced upon and his arms pinned behind him, and as he gazed into the wrathful face of an upper classman, he heard, dimly, a voice exclaiming, "You fool! What do you mean by inter-

rupting an initiation by the 'Socet Tuum' society?

It was the last straw.———.

"Say Jimmy, look at this detective's badge I found in an ash-barrel, will you?"

S. S. '18.



Yes, fellows, it is over. The long hard, grinding mid-winter term is over,—finished. Maybe some of us feel about that way, too,—finished, we mean; but we shouldn't, really, fellows. Did you ever see a business man who got fagged, and threw up his hands, and quit, and handed over his stock to the Junior Partner, just because he had been hard pushed for a couple of months? Why, that man wouldn't be a regular business man at all. We believe a successful business man keeps himself fit so he can work up to the last minute and always FINISH STRONG!

In all seriousness, fellows, the finish is what counts most, and we must be game to the last.—Because when the fatal hour comes, and we can gaze upon the rosy apple of promotion through the verdant foliage of—ah, what's the use!—but remember, fellows, the race is won at the tape. SO—FINISH STRONG!

* * *

In the Harvard Alumni Bulletin are recorded the names of members of the Harvard Twenty-five Year Class, many of whom are to-day leaders in professional and commercial affairs of this country. A large number of them graduated from the Boston Latin School in the class of '88. Many of their names will be very familiar to our readers.

Arthur H. Woods is now Police Commissioner of New York City.

William F. Jones is a lawyer, and Justice of the Municipal Court in Norway, Maine.

Harris P. Mosher is ranked among the leading physicians and surgeons in Boston.

Louis A. Crane is a well-known composer of music, an instructor in music in Connecticut College, New London, Conn.

John G. Moulton is librarian of the Haverhill, Mass. public library.

Eugene A. Reed is Superintendent of Telephone Companies in the Middle West.

Lawrence Barr is a Pittsburgh manufacturer.

Edgar Pierce is the manager of Young's Hotel, the Parker House, and the Hotel Touraine, the best known hotels in Boston.

Joseph E. Stevens is in the dyewood and tanning-extract business in New York.

* * *

The School Committee has announced that Prize Drill for Latin School will occur on Friday, May eleventh. Field Day comes on Tuesday, May twenty-ninth. Now is the time for our Juniors to make themselves eligible for commissions after Prize Drill!

* * *

George Albert Saxton, of Class H., spoke to the school on Tuesday, February 27, regarding life at the Fort Terry Military Camp. A large number of fellows were eager for information, and Saxton's interesting talk was appreciated by all.

* * *

Our memory is still pleasantly haunted by "Sunshine of Virginia," played by the orchestra on Washington's Birthday.

* * *

Mr. Guy Emerson, '04, recently elected Vice President of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, was a visitor at the school on Tuesday, February 27. He is attached to one of the largest banks in the country, and is the youngest Vice President of a bank in New York City.

* * *

Mr. John S. Perkins, '77 manager of the Advertising Department of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, called here recently. Mr. Perkins is chairman of the committee in charge of the new general catalogue, and presided over the committee for the last alumni dinner.

* * *

John Pickering Putnam, '64, died on Friday, February 23, at his home, 535 Beacon Street. Until his retirement some years ago, Mr. Putnam was one of the foremost architects of this city, also an inventor and author of note.

* * *

Frederick J. Gillis, '12, was awarded a gold medal in the prize debate of the Washington Council, K. of C. He received his degree of A. B. from Boston College last June. The Military Training Camp Association has invited Mr. Gillis to deliver a series of lectures around Boston this spring on "The Plattsburg Training Camps."

* * *

Adolphus Williamson Green, '59, since 1905 President of the National Biscuit Company, died on Thursday, March 8, in New York after a severe illness. Mr. Green had long been prominent in legal affairs of New York, Chicago, and Boston.

THE RIFLE CLUB.

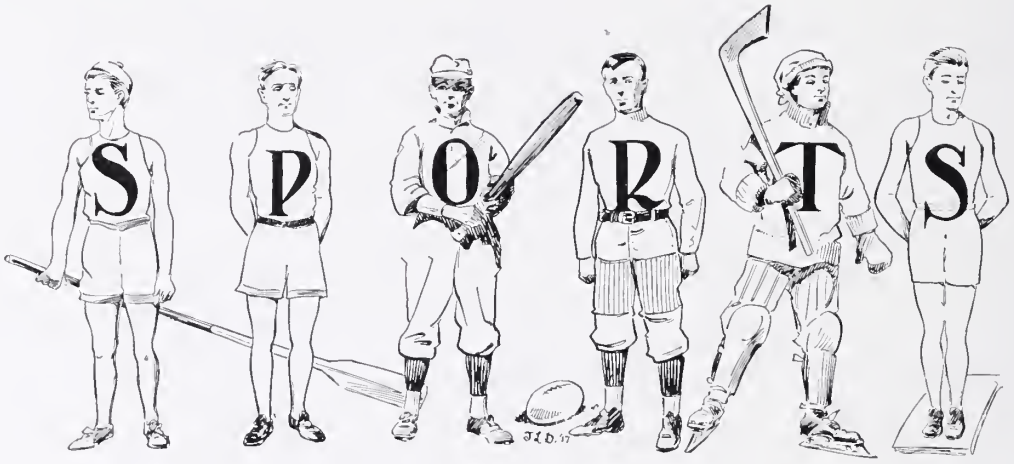
There are seasons, more or less short, for football, baseball, and track. The season for rifle shooting, however, keeps right on throughout the year, so that there is time for a great deal of practise.

Nearly every afternoon during the

week a small group of fellows may be found hard at work on the Ranges. Many of them never had a rifle in their hands before this year, but with their patient, persistent practice we predict a fine team in the future.

The scores to date, as published on the Bulletin Board were not entirely satisfactory to some non-members of the club. Inasmuch as but three boys had ever shot at a target before, we think that the scores were creditable, and certainly indicative of far better spirit than that exhibited by the "critics." Of course the published scores were not those of a winning team, but there is promising material in the club, and school insignia will be awarded to those deserving them, in spite of outside remarks to the contrary.

E. G. F. '18.



HOCKEY.

By defeating English High by the score of 2 to 0 in the annual clash between the schools, which was staged at the Arena, Friday February 23, the Latin School seven won the title of "City Champions." It was the hardest and cleanest played game ever staged between the two great rivals, with the outcome in doubt until the final whistle. English High played a plucky, uphill game and was dangerous in the second period. Several times the English forwards went the entire length of the rink but their shots were either blocked by the defensive work of Tetlow or went wide of their mark. Many of English High's brilliant dashes for almost certain scores were blocked by the brilliant defensive work of the Latin School's points, Cronin and Ryan.

Cronin was the star of the game, scoring both of Latin's goals and making some whirlwind dashes into the English territory which brought both the Latin and English rooters to their feet. Crowley and Maguire, the Latin center players, put up a consistent game and usually kept the puck well out of their own territory. Morton, the clever English rover, was the mainstay of the opposing forward line.

Latin School's first score came early in the first period. Captain Crowley picked up the puck in center ice and by fast skating, good dribbling and clever dodging, evaded all the players except the English High point. He was then forced to pass to Cronin, the latter driving the puck true to the mark.

A few minutes later Cronin picked up a rebound and drove it into the net, but

the shot was not allowed, being offside. Cronin scored his second goal late in the first period by his dash from the rear of his own net, scoring on a shot from a difficult angle. The Summary:

English High	Boston Latin
Gwinn, l. w.	r. w. Quinn, Duff
Callaghan, c.	c. McGrath, Hurwitz.
Morton, r.	r. Crowley.
Kaplan, r. w.	l. w. Maguire
Ruggo, Cuneo, c. p.	c. p. Ryan.
O'Hare, p.	p. Cronin
McDonald, g.	g. Tetlow.

Score—Boston Latin, 2; English High, 0. Goals—Cronin 2. Referee—Mooney. Time—20 m. halves.

* * *

At the Milton Academy rink Monday February 12, Boston Latin defeated a team composed of Milton Academy first and second team players by the score of 5 to 3. The Summary

Milton Academy	Boston Latin
Cabot, l. w.	r. w. Maguire
Clark, Wales, c.	c. McGrath
Humphreys, r.	r. Crowley
Potter, r. w.	l. w Quinn, Duff
Clark, c. p.	c. p. Ryan
Taylor, p.	p. Cronin
Lee, g.	g. Tetlow

Score—Boston Latin, 5; Milton Academy 3. Goals—Cronin 2, Crowley, Quinn, Maguire, Clark, Rice, Potter. Referee—Allen. Goal Umpires—Stuart and Hubbard. Timer—Gibson. Time 20-min. halves.

* * *

At Chandler's Pond, Brighton, Saturday February 17, Latin School defeated the strong Country Day School by the score of 4 to 1. However, an extra 10-minute period was necessary to decide the winner, as forty minutes of hard playing found the teams tied. Early in the overtime period Crowley carried the puck well down the rink where he passed to Quinn. When Quinn's shot bounded of Proctor's pads, Cronin scored on a rebound shot. Cronin and Crowley played strongly for Latin, while Pratt excelled for Country Day. The summary:

Country Day	Boston Latin
Nichols, l. w.	r. w. Duff, Hurwitz
Adams, c.	c. Maguire.
Pratt, r.	r. Crowley.
Butterfield, r. w.	l. w. Quinn.
Walker, c. p.	c. p. Ryan.
Smith, Clark, p.	p. Cronin.
Proctor, g.	g, Tetlow.

Score-Boston Latin, 4; Country Day, 1. Referee—Harris. Goal Umpires—Stuart and Eager. Timer—Seamans. Time—two 20 m. periods and one 10 m. overtime period.

TRACK

At the East Armory, Friday, February 16, Mechanic Arts defeated Boston Latin by the score of 48 to 29. The list of events slightly favored Mechanic Arts, as the hurdles and the relay race, two events in which Latin is especially strong, were not contested.

Malley and Wing were the only members of the Latin team to win a first place. Wing won his race in the last twenty-five yards when, by a timely burst of speed, he swept by Hargraves of Mechanic Arts, who had held the lead from the start. The 1000-yard run provided plenty of excitement. At the crack of the gun McVey of Mechanic Arts took the lead, closely followed by Healy of Latin. With but three laps left to go, Healy pushed into first place, closely followed by McVey. The Mechanic Arts runner pressed hard for the lead, but was held off until a few yards from the tape, where Healy weakened

and McVey forged ahead a winner by inches. The Summary:

60-ys, dash—won by Oberacker, M. A. H. S., Madden, M. A. H.S., second; Jenkins, M. A. H. S., third; Kennedy, B. L. S., fourth. Time—7 1-5 s.

300-yd. run—won by Wing, B.L.S.; Hargraves, M. A. H. S., second; Morrissey, M. A. H. S., third; Hosford, M. A. H. S., fourth. Time—36 3-5 s.

600-yd. run—won by Walsh, M. A. H. S.; Webster, B. L. S., second; Kidder, M. A. H. S., third; Cronin, B. L. S., fourth. Time—1 m. 26 4-5 s.

1000-yd. run—won by McVey, M. A. H. S.; Healy, B. L. S., second; Maguire, B. L. S., third; Malley B. L. S., fourth. Time—2m. 31 4-5 s.

Running High Jump—won by McVey, M. A. H. S., 5 ft.; tie for second between Beverage, B. L. S., and Van Ham and Doherty, M. A. H. S., 4 ft., 11 in.

Standing Broad Jump—won by Chin, M. A. H. S., 9 ft., 3 in.; Hurwitz, B. L. S., second, 8 ft., 11 1-2 in., Courtney, M. A. H. S., third, 8 ft., 11 in.; Oberacker M. A. H. S., fourth, 8 ft., 9 1-2 in.

Shot Put—won by Malley, B. L. S., 38 ft., 5 in.; Connell, M. A. H. S., second, 37 ft., 6 1-2 in.; Rubin, B. L. S., third, 35 ft.,3 1-2 in.; Crowley, B. L. S., fourth, 34 ft., 3in.

	M. A. H. S.	B. L. S.
60-yd. dash	10	1
300-yd. run	6	5
600-yd. run	7	4
1000-yd. run	5	6
High Jump	9	2
Broad Jump	8	3
Shot Put	3	8
	—	—
Total	48	29

D. H. S. 30 1-2. B. L. S. 57 1-2.

One of the surprises of the school indoor track season was provided on Friday, March 9, when Boston Latin defeated Dorchester High at the annual meet held at the East Armory. The Latin School runners showed the result of consistent training, winning six of the eight first places. With such a fine showing Latin School gives promise of figuring strongly in the regimental meet.

The final in the 60-yd. dash was a very close race between John Kennedy, McDonald and Hurwitz of Latin and Beal of Dorchester. The former won by a foot over McDonald. The 600-yard run had nine starters, Munroe of Dorchester being unable to compete because of an injury. McDonald of Dorchester held the lead until the final lap, when he was passed by three Latin runners, and was forced to take fourth place.

In the 1000-yd. run Carney of Dorchester ran a splendid race. The outcome was in doubt until the very end of the race, Dudley winning by inches. Cronin's win in the hurdles furnished the surprise of the afternoon. This event had been conceded to Wing, but Wing did not live up to the expectations, winning only a third place.

The Summary:

60-yd. dash—won by John Kennedy, B. L. S.; McDonald, B. L. S., second; Hurwitz, B. L. S., third; Beal, D. H. S., fourth. Time—7 1-5. s.

300-yd. run—won by Kelly, D. H. S., Kennedy, B. L. S., second; Merrill, B. L. S., third; Tower, D. H. S., fourth. Time—36 4-5 s.

600-yd. run—won by Webster, B. L. S., Doherty, B. L. S., second; Fitzgerald, B. L. S., third; McDonald, D. H. S., fourth. Time—1 m. 26 2-5 s.

1000-yd. run—won by Dudley, B. L. S., Carney, D. H. S., second; Maguire B. L. S., third; Ayer, D. H. S., fourth. Time—2 m. 32 1-5s.

Running High Jump—won by Bever-

age, B. L. S., 5 ft., 1 in; Burrows, D. H. S., and Dudley, B. L. S., tied for second, 5 ft.; Berkman, D. H. S., fourth, 4 ft., 11 in.

60-yd hurdles—won by Cronin, B. L. S., Henry, D. H. S., second; Wing, B. L. S., third; Parsons, D. H. S., fourth. Time—8 1-5. s.

Standing Broad Jump—won by Billings, D. H. S., 9 ft., 3 in.; Poole, D. H. S., 9 ft., 1 1-2 in.; Hurwitz, B. L. S., third, 9 ft.; Larsen, B L. S., fourth; 8 ft., 10 1-2 in.

Shot Put—won by Malley, B. L. S., 35 ft., 6 1-4 in., Goodrich, B. L. S., second, 34 ft., 8 3-4; Paton, D. H. S., third; 34 ft., 8 1-2 in; Crowley, B. H. S. fourth, 34 ft., 4 3-4 in.

	D. H. S.	B. L. S.
60-yd. dash	1	10
300-yd. run	6	5
600-yd. run	1	10
1000-yd. run	4	7
High Jump	4½	6½
Broad Jump	8	3
Hurdles	4	7
Shot Put	2	9
Total	30½	57½

CREW.

Rowing is a sport that is growing in popularity among the schools and is eventually bound to receive recognition as a major sport. Last year's crew, the best that ever represented the school, set a standard that will require every effort on the part of this year's crew to uphold. Ryan, who rowed at bow, is available, as is Pond at number three, and Plummer in the coxswain's seat, which he has held for the last two years. With these fellows as a foundation there is no doubt but that a winning combination can be formed. Crew is no child's play, and the fellow that races must put every ounce of strength into every stroke, even if he thinks he is going to die the next minute. However, any fellow that is fairly tall and weighs over one hundred and forty pounds, stands an excellent chance of earning a place in one of the boats. Others who were on the crew last year are Stuart, Webster, Palmer and Kroetzsch. In addition to these Dudley, Crowley, and Otis have already signified their intention of coming out, so that a good beginning for a heavy and successful crew has been made.

T. T. P. '17.

Francis L. Cronin, Latin School's sterling defense player, has been unanimously elected Captain of the hockey team for next season.

* * *

The members of the hockey team take this opportunity to express to Mr. Campbell their heartiest appreciation of his unceasing efforts in their behalf.

* * *

By vote of the faculty the following members of the hockey team have been awarded their letters: Cronin, Crowley, (Capt.), Duff, Hurwitz, Maguire, McGrath, Quinn, Ryan, Stuart (Mgr.), and Tetlow.

H. G. S. '17.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1917

April 11, Milton Academy at Milton
April 14, St. Mark's at Southboro.
April 19, Newton at Newton.
April 25, Cambridge Latin at Cambridge
April 28, Beverly High at Beverly.
May 1, Brookline at Brookline.
May 5, St. Georges at Newport.
May 9, Boston College High at Boston.
May 12, Wellesley at Wellesley.
May 16, Mechanic Arts at Boston.
May 19, Thayer Academy at So. Braintree.
May 23, Brighton at Brighton.
May 26, Dorchester at Dorchester.
June 5, English High at Boston.

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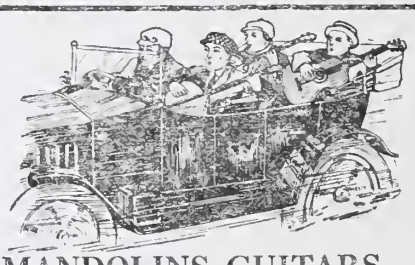
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The Latin School Register

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CLASS DAY.

The Class Day this year occurred on Monday, April 23, and was one of the best, if not the best, in recent years. Soon after half past ten the class filed to the platform for the Class Song, the words of which were sung by Ralph C. Crowley, the President and the refrain by the class itself. When this was ended, Morgan T. Ryan delivered the Class Oration, a fine piece of work, excellently written, and spoken with finesse and ease.

Next came the singing of the *Marseillaise*, and in tribute to our new ally, the audience stood while Alden H. McIntyre and a chorus sang this stirring piece. Richard O. Spero, who had written the Class Poem, recited it, bringing his hearers into the spirit of the piece by his delivery. John S. Doherty then rendered two pianoforte selections, the first by Lizst, and the second, one of his own composition.

After a brief intermission, and after the orchestra under Mr. Henderson had played several pieces, Harry Lyman Seely gave one of Artemus Ward's humorous speeches, and one that was greatly enjoyed by those present. To the great disappointment of the school the Harvard University Quartette was unable to be present. Mr Pennypacker therefore introduced the Rev. Charles J. Lyons, President of Boston College, as the speaker of the day.

Father Lyons, in his address, called to mind the position of the nation at the present time, and the fact that we were receiving the preparation necessary to cope with the conditions of the day. He bade us combine the French motto *noblesse oblige* with the Latin *respice finem* and to live up to the standards of our beliefs, and of the school. In closing he declared that we should be men of calm judgement, prepared to

keep the heritage and the principles of liberty which we had received from our forefathers.

The exercises in the Assembly Hall concluded with the singing of two verses of "America" by the entire school and its guests.

Many then adjourned to the Drill Hall to witness an exhibition by the Third Battalion. First there was the "Salute to the Colors", Captain Esmonde D. Doherty, commanding with lieutenant Isadore G. Quint as adjutant. Then followed manoeuvres by the several companies and the Drum Corps, concluding with "Evening Parade", Captain Roy E. Larsen, commanding, with Lieutenant E. Alden Minard, adjutant.

The program throughout showed careful fore-thought and preparation, and was a distinct credit to the President, the Committee, and the Class.

CLASS ORATION

MORGAN T. RYAN

Mr. Pennypacker, teachers, friends, pupils — classmates: What a singular and fortunate coincidence it is that we are enabled to celebrate the anniversary of Shakspere on the ever pleasantly recurring birthday of our Alma Mater! With the ideals of our dearly beloved school soaring and consistently maintained beyond the reach of the sister preparatory schools of this great country, — a country that prides itself in no uncertain manner on the excellence of its educational institutions and facilities, — and with the thought in mind with what astute judgment the faculty of Boston Latin School has persistently advised us to become intimate students of the greatest poet the world has ever known, who among us, seeking the goal of excellence in the classics, can fail to be deeply impressed by this doubly auspicious occasion? Let us seize Shakspere's own words in the spirit of appreciation:

> And this our life * * *
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

When I look about me and meet the pleasant gaze of the faculty and my youthful colleagues, what happy recollections are conjured up before me! What a pleasure to draw the curtain aside and bring back the many happy moments that softened the hours of hard work that we at this moment more than ever appreciate in rounding us out intellectually, that we may be properly prepared to move into the next circle of our careers! At this moment let me voice the appreciation of the Class of Nineteen-seventeen to the faculty — yours the real patient labor, ours the boundless reward.

Nor is the occasion without its tinge of sadness. The associations of the past few years make the parting sadder. The school — oh! the school of schools! — if one could but cling to thee, to embrace thee lovingly! But let us not take the parting too seriously; for so we pass through these, her portals, for the last time as the Class of Nineteen-seventeen, let there be the consoling thought of future and welcome visits to our Alma Mater.

And with the thought of our glorious

heritage in retrospect, can we fail to ponder deeply and appreciatingly over the fathers of the "Free Latin School?" With the luxurious ease and limitless facilities of the twentieth century before us, what a contrast to the simplicity, the crudity of the surroundings of our brothers two hundred and eighty-two years ago! Scarcely settled in their new found home, filled with the deepest concern, and already embroiled with the American Indian, these stout hearts, these honest souls, keenly alert to the educational idea, and fostering that ideal with great personal sacrifices, founded the "Free Latin School," destined, not because of seniority, but rather for the excellence and maintenance of the highest of ideals, to be pointed out as the bearer of educational superiority among the great preparatory schools of this country.

Where the country over can a school such as this display to public scrutiny such a galaxy of distinguished scholars? Franklin, printer, scientist, man of letters, signer of the Declaration of Independence, a most important factor in shaping the destinies of this country, and enshrined forever in the hearts of her grateful people; Emerson, philosopher who left a peerless legacy in prose and poetry; Samuel Adams, patriot, who electrified the people of his time with the opulence of his rhetoric; Wendell Phillips, orator, whose name we speak in gratitude and reverence for his fearless and militant attitude on emancipation; Edward Everett Hale, preacher, he of marked personality and a life crowned in the cause of his fellowmen. And thus, one might continue indefinitely in pointing out our distinguished brothers who have passed on.

To you, classmates, let their lives and the good they have accomplished, be something more than an entertaining story. Let us buffet the waves of adversity even as did Franklin; let us follow the doctrine of Emerson, "Hitch your wagon to a star!" The animation of the purposeful Adams should have its place in our daily tasks; nor should we omit to mention the fortitude and courage of Phillips, the endeavor to cultivate the charm and magnetism of Hale. But more than all this, classmates, in being true to God the real business of life — it follows

"*as the night the day*,"

that all the ideals we have selected, all the standards of glorious Latin School will be fulfilled and successfully maintained. May all this, classmates, be our joyful allotment in the days ahead. And, this accomplished, may it all be traced back to the influence of Boston Latin School.

SCIENTIA INQUISITIO

THE CLASS POEM

RICHARD O. SPERO

The night was o'er, and rosy Dawn
The dappled clouds in haste drove on
To make way for the sun.
Then fair Apollo, dazzling bright,
Disclosed with gilded rays a sight
Not even he would shun.
There, on a grassy couch of green,
Her limbs encased in gauzy sheen,
The nymph, sweet Pallas, lay.
On dimpled arms her fair head lies,
Untroubled by the breeze that sighs
While revelling in play.
Above her, in a tufted tree,
A thrush pours out his melody
To mate and cherished young;
But sweeter than his carol gay
A sound is heard from far away,
A song by maidens sung.
Now, near at hand, the golden notes,
Born in the depths of snow-white throats,
Rouse Pallas from her dreams,
And as her drowsy head she turns
From Earth to where Apollo burns
And in red splendor gleams,
An hundred nymphs, of brook and breeze,
Of sheltered vales and cloud-crowned trees,
Trip forth to greet their queen.
Like tinted leaves that Zephyr blows
Before hoar Winter brings his snows
They frolic on the green.
Among their rosy-wreathed bowers,
Midst brilliant birds and dew-dipped flowers,
'Neath skies of azure blue,
The fleeting hours each maid devotes
To her dear art: one parchment coats
With tints of rainbow hue;
Another's harp, with chords sublime,
Accompanies Euterpe's rhyme,
Or blithe Thalia's verse,
While Clio's tales of days gone by,
Urania's marvels of the sky,
And stern Law's maxims terse
Are heard; Religion there is seen,
And Lit'rature and Medicine,
With hosts of others, too;
And over all this lovely band
Reigns Pallas with a gentle hand,
The fairest of her crew.

A babe into a boy has grown
And, like a fledgling that has flown
His nest and winged his way
O'er hills and dales and wooded glades
Into a forest's threatening shades,
That never saw the day,
He roams the earth with restless pace,
Each land he visits, every place
Whose everlasting name
The ceaseless pen of History
Hath writ in her great book to be
Full worthy of her fame.
His eye regards with scornful haste
The city's towers, the desert's waste,
The boundless, pathless sea,
And rolling plains and mountains high,
Whose snowy crowns do kiss the sky
In seeming ecstacy.
And still he wanders, seeking o'er
He knows not what, nor why, nor where,
Yet wanders ever on
Without surcease, until one day
A bristling forest bars his way.
His arms of mighty brawn
Push thru the mass of clinging vines
Whose supple strength the oak entwines
With verdant foliage.
The wood, at first like blackest night,

At every step becomes more bright;
And now the wayward sedge
Gives place to daisy-studded lawns
Where graze the deer and spotted fawns
Beside a tinkling brook.
He hears the song-birds' melodies
A squirrel's chatter in the trees,
The rasping of a rook.
Then suddenly his eyes behold
The dazzling gleam of yellow gold,
The gold of a maiden's hair.
A queen bee midst her busy throng
Is like this maid her nymphs among,
The fairest of the fair.
The youth has found what he has sought;
To her his heart and soul he's brought
To lay before her feet.
With words of ardent love he seeks
To win her; sadly Pallas speaks
In accents low and sweet:
"Alas, e'en though my heart did yearn
To wed thee, and with love did burn,
I could not change my fate;
For I am wisdom; only he
Who knows all things can ever be
My heav'n allotted mate.
'Mong mortals none will e'er attain
Perfection; thus must I remain
Forever unespoused."
With saddened heart he turns away;
But man is fickle: for a day
He grieves, but soon is roused
From mourning by the kindly words
Of one fair nymph; like mating birds
They soon are lost in love;
And now two hearts that beat as one
Look upward when the day is done.
And worship Zeus above
The youth, my friends, is you, and I and all
Of us. The maid he lost is wisdom, and
Her band, the arts and sciences into
Whose depths for ages immemorial
Mankind has sought to fathom. Years have passed
Since first we trod the stony path that leads
To Wisdom's throne; and, like the youth
We sought
But knew not what we sought, till finally
From out the darkness came a beam of light
Which grew and grew until at last our eyes
Were dazzled by the light of learning; then
We knew what we had sought. The time draws near
When we must further grope our way into
The forest's pathless wilderness. Mayhap
In time 'twill come about that you or I
Will seek the hand of Wisdom. If we fail
(As we must fail, for we can ne'er know all)
Let us not waste our lives in fruitless search
For her whom many seek but none may find;
But let us rather wed the nymph whom God
Hath willed that we should take unto ourselves,
That when at length our lives are spent, we, too,
May thank the Giver of all things for this, —
That we have given more unto the world
Than we have taken from it.
Sad it is
To leave the fost'ring mother that has cared
For us and nursed us in our wayward youth;
But let us go into the world and do
Our duty as men should — with fearless hearts
And steadfast purpose firmly fixed in mind

To "dare do all that may become a man."
We're entering the world's arena at
A time when bloody War holds sway o'er half
The nations of the earth. It is for us
To hold aloft the olive branch of peace,
But if, perchance, the raging flames of War
Should scorch its verdant leaves, then let us strike,
And strike with all the strength which each of us
Can give to keep the 'scutcheon of our land
Free from the rust and tarnish of disgrace.

And now, O Alma Mater, comes the hour
Most dreaded by thy sons, and yet withal,
A shining mile-stone on the path to Light,
When we must bid farewell to thee ere we
Embark upon the storm-tossed sea of life
To try the mettle of the steel which thou
With utmost care hast tempered at thy forge;
And, Class-mates, as we part, and friends leave friends
Perhaps to meet no more, we'll softly say
With fervent hope betrayed by falt'ring tongue,
"Good-bye, good luck, God bless us one and all."

THE CLASS SONG

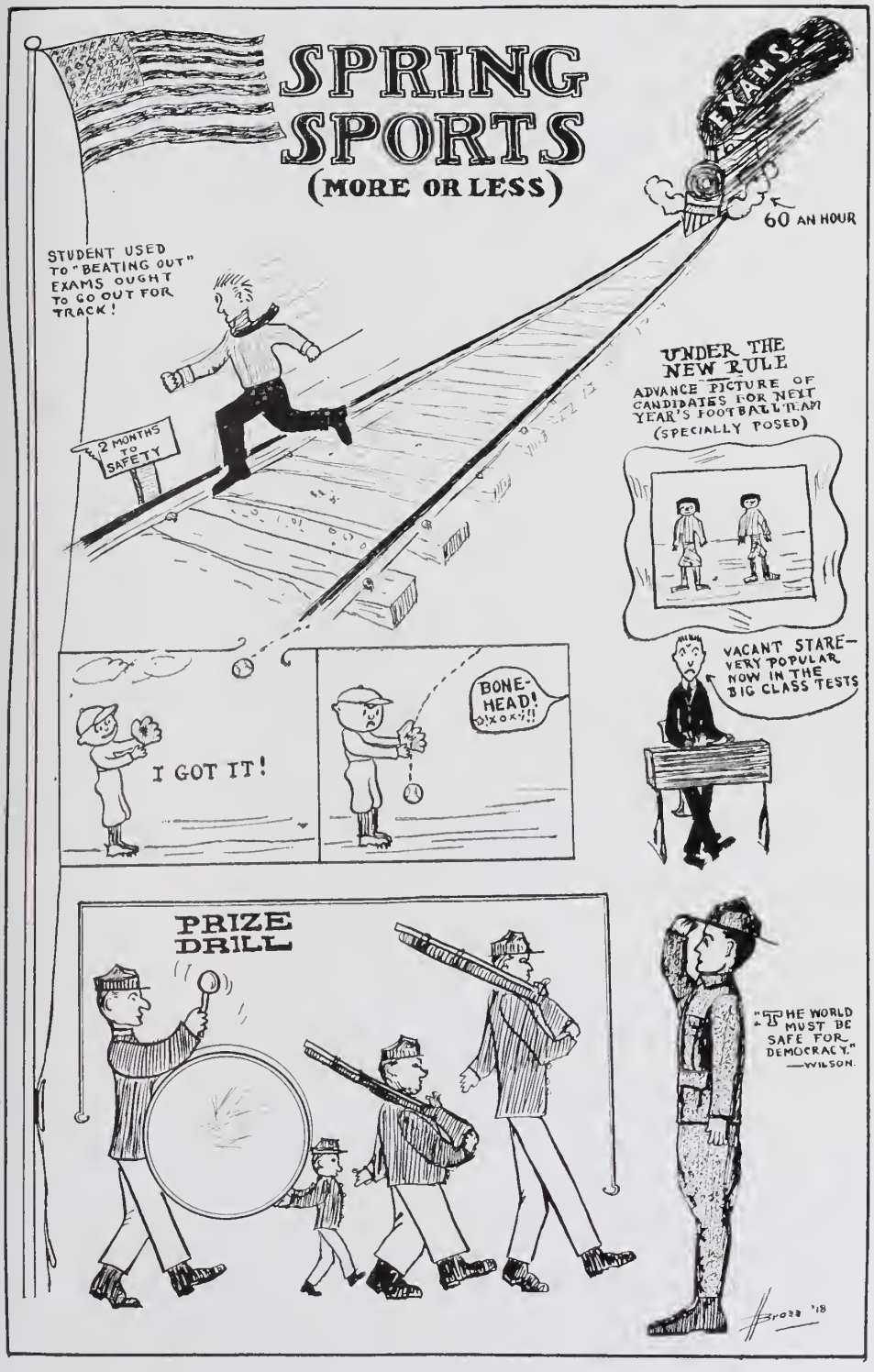
WORDS BY
RICHARD J. GOODRICH

MUSIC BY
JOHN S. DOHERTY

E'en now they trim the eager ships, the sturdy ships of Life,
And Alma Mater, we the crew, are ready for the strife,
Now you by your instructions have prepared us for that day,
And we thy sons have gathered here respect and love to pay.

Too soon the time is drawing nigh our fond farewells to give,
O mother kind, we'll cherish thee as long as we shall live,
And though success may smile on us or fortune on us frown,
We'll ne'er forget thy loving care, and strive to win the crown.

(Refrain:)
O, Alma Mater loving, kind,
You've been a Mother true,
And we the Class of Seventeen,
Have been fond sons to you.


SPRING SPORTS
(MORE OR LESS)
EXAMS
60 AN HOUR
STUDENT USED TO "BEATING OUT" EXAMS OUGHT TO GO OUT FOR TRACK!
2 MONTHS TO SAFETY
UNDER THE NEW RULE
ADVANCE PICTURE OF CANDIDATES FOR NEXT YEAR'S FOOTBALL TEAM (SPECIALLY POSED)
VACANT STARE— VERY POPULAR NOW IN THE BIG CLASS TESTS
I GOT IT!
BONE-HEAD!
PRIZE DRILL
"THE WORLD MUST BE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY." —WILSON.
Gross '18

PLAY FAIR

It was Phil Gladstone's last year at the Highland Preparatory School in Patterson, Southern Louisiana. Phil was the only son of wealthy parents sent to this particular school because his father, who had lived in the South, had graduated there and wished his son to do likewise. Phil was just rounding out his eighteenth year. He was a well set up boy, being just five feet eleven inches in height and with just enough flesh to offset his height without making him appear lanky.

It was the second week in April and the fellows of the school were very much taken up with the prospects of the season's base ball nine. Each and every one of them had set opinions on who would be the best man in this or that position.

About three o'clock on this particular afternoon three boys might have been seen walking slowly toward the athletic field connected with the school There was Jack Reynolds, Captain-elect of the tennis team, a tall, thin young chap of eighteen and a native of Atlanta, Georgia Bill Holbrook, star sprinter of the track team, which captured all honors in the season just closed; and finally, Ralph Chatterton, who was cheer leader for the school. The latter was subject to fits of stuttering. These three boys were firm friends of Phil. The four boys were so constantly together that they had received the name of the Highland Quartet.

"What do you think of the base ball material this year?" began Bill.

"I have been down to see the squad only once so far," answered Jack. "There is quite a squad, about fifty or sixty I should judge,"

"That's am-i-gh-t-t-t-ty-b-i-g number, Ja-cck," put in Ralph.

"Ye-e-es," said Jack in mockery. "I guess Phil will be sure of a place this year," he continued, "don't you fellows think so?"

"Well, he ought to be since he was first sub last year," answered Bill. "But he will have to work hard (nevertheless)," he continued, "for there are some freshies who are mighty good, and of course we want the best material regardless of what class it comes from; but I would like to see Phil in the regular lineup."

By this time the trio had arrived at the ball field, where boys of all sizes were throwing balls back and forth, knocking them out to fellows in the outer garden, and still others were trying to beat out throws to the bases.

Phil was knocking out flies to the boys aspiring to become outfielders. It had always been his ambition since he was at the prep school to distinguish himself in some form of athletics. He had found his studies very difficult the first two years and consequently had not found time to devote to athletics. Most boys of means go through prep school and college for the so-called "college life" and usually manage to just "get by," but not so with Phil, he was going to school to get as much out of it as possible. Very often when his chums mentioned above, sought to get him to join some party of theirs, he would gaily tell them that work came before play and that he had some French or Greek to do; so his friends would go without him, thinking all the while what a peculiar sort of a fellow he was. "There he is," they would say, "worth about $500,000, studying all the time just like

those fellows who live in Beacon Hall and are working their way through."

This day at the ball field Phil was more anxious than ever to prove to the coach that he deserved a berth on the nine. He had stopped knocking out flies and took up his position at first base, where he hoped he would have a permanent place. The Highland School's best hitter took his stand at the plate and for practice, hit out flies, scorching liners, bunts, and all forms of hit, which the inner garden fielded and threw, with all the strength of their young arms, at Phil.

Phil fielded them all without an error. He thought that one which was coming toward him at a terrific rate of speed far over his head, would be impossible to get, "But I'm going to try" he said to himself and jumped into the air, at the same time throwing his gloved hand up as high as he could. Before he knew it, there was a thud as the quickly moving sphere stuck in his glove, and Phil brought the ball down with him amid the thundering applause of all the players. After practice was over and Phil was in the dressing room, the coach came up to him and offered him his hand. "Phil," he began, "I watched you closely this afternoon and if you continue at the rate you are travelling now you may be sure that you will succeed." Phil took the hand proffered him and replied. "Thank you sir, I shall do the very best that I can." With that the coach left him, and Phil set to work putting on his school clothes.

He was soon in the dining hall with his friends and there followed a wonderful prophesy of what the Highland nine was going to do to its opponents this season. After the meal was over, Phil's companions proposed going over to the Highland Union to bowl for an hour.

'I'm sorry," said Phil, "but I really have quite a few lessons for tomorrow and you know if I want a place on the nine I shall have to be eligible."

"Oh! Shucks," chimed the three, "you are studying all the time. Don't you ever want any amusement while you are here?" asked Bill. They coaxed and teased Phil to join them, but nothing could keep him away from his studies and the three chums left him going to his room to study and prepare for the morrow.

Thus passed a week and a half of hard work for Phil. After his recitations were over for the day, Phil donned his base ball uniform and was on the field until 5.30.

The first game was to be with Scranton Academy on the home grounds Saturday, and this was Wednesday. Phil had secured his place at first but was closely seconded by a young soph named Brown. When Phil got the place instead of Brown, the latter took a marked dislike to him and thereafter it was a struggle between these two for the first sack.

Friday afternoon there was to be a game between the first and second teams. Phil was to play first for Team A and Brown was to play first for Team B. Neither team made a hit until the last half of the sixth, when Caldwell, the third baseman of the second team and the first man up for that side, walloped out a two-bagger. He was followed by Brown, who, after having three balls and two strikes counted on him, hit the next one into left field for a single. When he reached first, a desperate plan came to him. If he could only spike Phil, he might put him out of the game for the season and he surely would disable him for the Saturday game. He took quite a lead off the bag and when the pitcher, turning sharply, sent the ball in Phil's direction, in the hope of catching Brown napping, Brown seized

this opportunity for carrying out his plan. Starting for the bag he threw forward both his feet and slid feet foremost toward the bag on top of which Phil was standing. It would have been a close decision at all events, for hardly had the ball touched Phil's glove when, with an agonized cry, he fell to the ground. Everything had happened so quickly that no one save Brown knew what had happened. Poor Phil was lost to the world. He was borne from the field on a stretcher carried by loving hands.

When he came to, he was lying on a bed in the infirmary surrounded by ten or twelve boys all waiting for this moment. Phil did not realize at first what had happened, but looking down he saw the lower half of his leg and foot bandaged. A peculiar shadow crossed his face which did not pass unnoticed by his companions. "Why what's the matter," they asked together. "Don't you remember, Phil?" "Yes, I remember, fellows," he answered as he closed his eyes. His friends then thinking that he wanted to be alone, filed slowly by his bed as did the soldiers of Alexander at his death. When the room was empty, Phil opened his eyes and tried to remember. All he could recall was the ball coming toward him and the revengeful looking countenance of Brown and then all was blank. "Brown must have spiked me," he mused.

Phil received daily visits from his numerous friends, but of all the days he was in the infirmary, not even once did Brown poke his head inside the door.

Phil was up in ten days, but as he was very weak, the doctor thought best that he should remain two or three days longer. When finally he did come out, he had a pair of crutches, for he could not yet put his full weight on the spiked ankle. For the next two weeks Phil hobbled around on crutches with a look of great sorrow on his face. The third week he could use a cane. Highland Prep. nine had lost all but two of its seven games thus far.

It was Wednesday. On Saturday the two rival prep schools of the South, Highland Preparatory and Franklin Academy, would meet in their annual base ball game. Phil's injury was so bad that it was not until this, the fourth week out of the hospital, that he could walk without some support. He had persuaded the doctor and coach to allow him to don his uniform this day. He was now out on the field gently tossing the ball with a couple of subs, while he looked with envious eyes at Brown playing first. He tossed the ball back and forth all afternoon. Although his leg was stiff next morning, he, nevertheless, was out that afternoon working as best he could. The coach watched him a few moments and could not help but think that he had spunk.

Phil continued to practise hitting a little and catch'ng swiftly thrown balls on Friday and again on Saturday morning. He did not eat much at noon and was one of the first boys to get out on the fie'd in the afternoon. He seemed more anx'ous than those who were going to play.

The stands were rapidly filling now. On the right of the plate were the Highland rooters and their enthusiasts with their yellow and black streamers and pennants, while on the left was the Franklin delegation, likewise with their green and white streamers and pennants. Both the Highland and Franklin bands were present and before the game when one was not playing, the other was. It was a magnificent sight to see the followers of these two rival schools yelling and cheering their favorites. It was a great day for both schools in honor and equally

as great a day in weather, for the sun shone brightly and there was not a single cloud in the blue sky.

At 2.30 sharp the umpire shouted "Play Ball," and the Highland nine took their places in the field, giving the visitors their first chance. Neither team scored until the seventh, when Franklin Academy got three runs through an error, made by Brown. Phil, meantime, sitting on the bench, was aching to get into the fray. He had already asked the coach permission three times, and when Brown made the error scoring three runners, Phil jumped up from the bench and started arguing with the coach to let him get into the game.

Highland made one run in their half of the seventh and one run in their half of the eighth, so the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of Franklin at the end of the eighth. During the last half of the eighth Phil had, with tears in his eyes begged the coach to let him finish the game. After some questioning on the part of the coach, he finally gave Phil permission and with the beginning of the ninth inning we see Phil at his old post at first. A shout of applause went up from the Highland section when Phil was discovered on first. Cries of "Who is he?" "What's his name?" could be heard from the opposing delegation. Phil's name was yelled across the field, up and down until the very stands seemed to pronounce it.

Phil performed with much credit while protecting the first sack, grabbing one wild throw way out from the bag but keeping his left foot on. Thunderous applause welcomed this catch of Phil's. This retired the Franklin side and as they took their place in the field for the last half of the ninth they were jubilant, thinking victory was sure for them. Many of their admirers had left the stands feeling sure that the game was over.

The first man up for Highland was Russell, the shortstop who singled to left. Many hundreds of feet on the Highland stand then began their tattoo on the wood of the stand. These faithful followers were in hopes of seeing their school come through with a ninth inning rally. Following Russell came Phil, and as he stepped to the plate, he was greeted with tremendous applause which died away when the Franklin pitcher wound up. "Strike one," shouts the umpire. A wild shout greets this, then silence. "Ball one," shouts the umpire. More shouts and waving of streamers and pennants. The pitcher wound up, let go the ball and then — crash! Phil's bat hit the revolving sphere squarely and as Phil had swung with every ounce of strength in him the ball started on its long journey which enabled Phil, forgetful of his ankle, to reach third, while Russell made home, tying the score. Never in the history of the two schools had such shouting and cheering been heard. The coach was deciding whether or not he should put a good runner in Phil's place. On looking in Phil's direction he caught Phil's eye and saw there the expression of appeal which made him think of his college days when he was practically in the same position as Phil. "By ginger" he exclaimed, "I'm going to let him finish it out, I know he'll do it." Anderson the next man up popped up a little fly, which was easily disposed of. Everything was now still, Parsons who followed Anderson now came to the plate and after having two balls and a strike called on him, sent the ball sailing toward the left field fence. Meantime Phil was on third feeling rather queer, but he was determined not to give up at the threshold of victory. He felt the blood trickling

down his ankle and he wondered if he could reach the plate and thereby save the day. Phil watched Parson's fly until it struck the center fielder's glove and then he was off. He payed no heed to the shouts of the multitude but kept on running as hard as he could. When within a few feet of the plate, he seemed to be going faster than his legs could move and, as was natural under the circumstances, he fell, stretching forth his hands as if to hold himself up. And then all was black. He heard not the bedlam that broke loose from the stands. He felt not this teammates lift him with tender hands.

When he awoke, he was again in the infirmary, surrounded with yellow and black streamers and pennants, many admirers and a few professors. His awakening was greeted by hand clapping, shouts and cheers. "Phil you're a hero" they shouted. Rubbing his hand over his eyes, Phil smiled. A month before in the same place he had frowned. There was great rejoicing as they related to Phil his wonderful run from third to the plate, making the scoring 4 to 3 in favor of Highland.

After all his friends had left and Phil was ready to drop off to sleep, he heard a whisper, "Phil, Phil, may I come in?" Phil did not know who it was, but answered, yes. In walked Brown the first baseman. He asked Phil how he was feeling and told him how sorry he was. Then he began to talk with feverish haste all the while twisting his hat nervously around his hands. Telling Phil how he was seized with the idea of hurting him so he could secure the position. When he had finished, he was kneeling beside Phil's bed, begging forgiveness. Then Phil, putting his hand on Brown's head, told him he could forgive anyone tonight, he was so happy. Brown, then bidding Phil good-night and promising to visit him, made his way to his own room feeling better than he had for over a month.

Phil turning over gave himself up to restful slumber. And so passed one of the happiest days of his life.

J. A. G. '18

* * * * *

Dick does not care for Latin,
He hates his daily Math,
He does not care for German,
I blame him not for that.

His mother is quite puzzled,
She thinks that it is sloth.
She'd better make him a baker,
So he'll make a daily loaf.

F. R. S. '19

SCHOOL NOTES

Our country at last is in war! Though for a long time our peace-loving President endeavored to have us remain neutral, Congress has been compelled to cast its vote on the side of the Allies. It would seem, then, that we are at the turn of the tide, and that the great war rests with us. Every man, every woman, and every child must do his part for humanity's sake.

Throughout the country men are volunteering; colleges are organizing students for military training; and already some of our own boys have enlisted; and we are with them, heart and soul! We wish we, too, were old enough to do service in the field for our country. We have the Latin School records of the Civil War—the records of heroes—for inspiration and example; none were braver! We can do no less than they!

If the call to arms comes to us, as come it may, let us be ready to answer our coutry's call unflinchingly and fearlessly— as the true soldiers of democracy

* * *

We hope many of the School had the opportunity of seeing "The Contrast," the first American play ever produced by a regular theatrical company, revived after a century and a quarter at Jordan Hall, April 5 and 7. It first appeared in Boston at a theatre in Board Alley (now Hawley Street) in 1792. The author was Royall Tyler, who received his preparatory education at the Latin School, and, after graduating from Harvard, served as major on General Benjamin Lincoln's staff during the Revolution. Mr. Tyler was also the author of several other plays.

* * *

President-emeritus Eliot of Harvard, B. L. S. '53, has an article in a recent issue of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* on the Agassiz house. As many of us recall, this house was destroyed by fire in January, and its loss is much to be regretted. The writer tells some amusing incidents in connection with the Agassiz family, amusing — as one might suppose in the home of a famous naturalist. Dr. Eliot celebrated his eighty-third birthday on March 20 last.

* * *

Among the candidates to the convention for revising the constitution of the State of Massachusetts are the Latin School boys: Moorfield Storey, '62, Clement G. Morgan, '86, Samuel W. Mendum, '83, and George S. Parker, '04.

* * *

Dr. Thomas B. Shea died suddenly on March 25 at his home on Marlboro Street. He was educated at the Brimmer School, the Boston Latin School, and Holy Cross College. For a long time Dr. Shea was in charge of the sanitary division of the Health Department, and during the Spanish War was stationed at Montauk Point and had charge of the transfer of sick and wounded.

* * *

Dr. Daniel D. Lee, a prominent veterinarian of Boston, died at his home in Jamaica Plain on March 22. He was graduated from the Latin School at the head of his class and then went to Harvard where he was graduated in the first class of the Veterinary School. He founded the Boston Veterinary Hospital, was a member of the Naval Battalion, and belonged to the Boston Athletic Association.

In a recent number of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* appears a most interesting article on "Getting In and Staying In" by Samuel S. Drury, B. L. S. '97. He recommends that a freshman at college should at the end of the year give good reasons to a special board of examiners just *why* he should be allowed to come back the following year. He may have passed his examinations, Mr. Drury argues, but if he can't give some logical reason as to how the college is fitting his special case for the outside world he should not be allowed to go on.

How can a fellow get the full good out of a college course *if he doesn't know what he is aiming at?* If the student's mind is fixed on what he wants to make of himself, how much nearer he will come to his ideal and how much more interested he will be in working for it than if he "takes things generally!" Better begin to fix your mind on some definite object and start to head for that chosen plan *now*

* * *

Mr. Archibald T. Davison, B.L.S. '02, and Ph. D. (Harvard), gave a most delightful series of lectures in Boston under the auspices of the Lowell Institute on "The History of Choral Music" which began March 19. Mr. Davison is instructor in music, organist, and choir-master at Harvard.

* * *

Not long ago an open letter by Bishop Lawrence in support of President Wilson's pledge on behalf of humanity and the American people was adopted and signed by many officers of Harvard University and forwarded to Washington. Among the signers we are pleased to note the following Latin School graduates: John Bapst Blake, A. T. Davison, C. N. Jackson, Leroy M. S. Minor, Edward H. Nichols, Edward C. Pickering, George G. Sears, E. E. Southard.

William Kirkwood, '14, sailed about a month ago for France to join the French Ambulance Corps. This is Kirkwood's fifth trip to Europe since 1915.

* * *

H. H. Silliman, '14, has been elected business manager of the "University Register" of Harvard.

* * *

On March 22 the companies drilled out in the School Yard for the first time this year. Although they were glad to get out, it reminded the officers that Prize Drill is not very far off and filled them with determination to get their companies in shape for the "big day."

* * *

Colonel Benyon has written for the permission to form a volunteer regiment of the alumni of the English High and Latin schools, and has received reply that as soon as it is deemed necessary he will be granted the permission. Until the "deemed" time appears, however, the regiment, unfortunately, cannot be formed.

* * *

A poem which appeared in the last number of the English High *Record* is well worthy of comment. This parody on *Il Penseroso* (with apologies to Milton) the author has called by the well chosen name of *L' Ozioso*. Should any one of our readers have a copy of the Record for that issue, we strongly advise his reading it, for his time would be well spent.

* * *

On the Monday, April 2, on which the President read his great War Message to Congress, we had a Patriotic Exercise in the Hall — and have had each succeeding Monday since. It was opened by the customary Bible reading, followed by singing of *America* and a Salute to the Colors. After this demon-

stration Mr. Pennypacker gave a stirring talk most appropriate to the occasion. The boys' voices rang out surprisingly well on the first two verses of the song. Why don't we have more singing in the Hall?

* * *

After the Salute to the Colors on Monday, April 9, Mr. John Noble, Chairman of a committee of the Military Training Camps Association, addressed the School. Mr. Noble told very graphically how a force could be landed on the shores of New England and easily attack Boston, and that, should such be the case, we would be prepared for it by taking Military Training this summer at Fort Terry or at the new camp at Portland. Closing his talk, he expressed the wish that as great a number of boys as possible would attend the camps this coming summer.

* * *

If you have ever thought seriously of going to Amherst or Yale, now is your chance. A notice from the Alumni of those colleges is posted in Room 11 which tells how you may win a two hundred dollar scholarship. Form of application may be had from the Registrar of Amherst or Yale.

* * *

Why must we have such long, grinding "general tests" containing so many problems that nobody could expect to do them all, and giving a general discouraged feeling even before we start?—tests in which we work with feverish haste, vainly striving to "beat out" time? Do we really benefit by the nervous strain we pass through, or know any more? Or rather, do they not scatter to the wide winds what little thought we knew and shake our confidence?

* * *

Just before the vacation, April 10, Room 20 held a flag-raising. Each boy contributed toward buying the flag which is hung from the corner of the room and almost touches the desks.

* * *

Arthur William Marget, '16, last year's editor of the Register, received the Mary L. Whitney scholarship of $300 at Harvard College recently.

* * *

The *Register* has been the recipient of comment in three Boston daily newspapers. An article about the "Alumni Number" appeared in the *Globe* and also a brief article in the *Post* on the same subject.

The *Boston Herald* interviewed E. G. Fay '18, one of the Class II editors about the poetry which he has contributed to the last three numbers, quoting all three, and highly praising them.

* * *

On the morning of the Class Day Exercises Room 18 held a flag-raising. Mr. Pennypacker addressed the class, followed by Colonel Benyon, Mr. Rich, J. M. Malorey and G. A. Saxton. The class as a whole contributed toward buying the flag, which is a large one, measuring five by eight feet.

AT THE END OF HIS RED TAPE

Headquarters, Southern Department,
Fort Sam Houston, Texas,
July 21. 1916.
Order No. 10,463,242.
To C. O. all Infantry Regiments.
Subject. Drawing of Animals.

All infantry regiments are hereby ordered to draw their full allowance of animals at once.

(Sig.) Maj. Gen.
(per) Omar Bundy,
Col. and department adjutant

(The gentle reader will kindly observe that the above order does not include burros, horned-toads, lizards, or rattlesnakes.)

* * * *

As soon as the above order was delivered to the — th Mass. Regiment it was immediately turned over to the Regiment Quartermaster. Said Q. M. read order, rasped "Ah! Ha! At last I get me "mas mules," and straightway hied himself to the Grand Mogul of the Mule Pen.

Said the G. M. of the Mule Pen to the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, "Have you your forage for these mules?"

"No sir! I have not as yet" replied the Q. M.

"Can't get your mules until you get your forage" quoth the G. M. of the Mule Pen departing from the scene suddenly and with great dignity.

Back to the starting place went the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, and taking a long breath he proceeded to the Grand Mogul of the Horse Grub Pile.

"Dear and most respected sir" said he to the G. M. of the Horse Grub Pile, "Is it your will that I have a sufficient supply of beef (brown hay) and horse prunes (alfalfa) for my beloved mules?"

"Have you said mules?" asked the G. M. of the feed pile.

"Alas! No," answered the Q. M. with fear and trembling.

"Nothing doing until you get 'em" and with this the G. M. of the Horse Grub Pile vanished as completely and as suddenly as had the G. M. of the Mule Pen.

"Oh! Fuss" cursed the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment "How annoying all this is! What in the world shall I do?' and still muttering his terrible oath, "Oh fuss," he stole to a secluded spot where he might think of a some means of escaping from his terrible predicament.

All at once a brilliant idea flashed into his active mind.

"Ah! Revenge! I will make out an affidavit to the effect that I have my horse grub, get my mules, and then really get the grub."

No sooner said than done, Soon he had in his possession a big, imposing, swear-paper that said the horse grub was resting peacefully on the banks of the Rio Grande next to the "campamento" of said —th Mass. Regiment.

With this imposing document in his hand the Q. M. hiked confidently to the G. M. of the Mule Pen. Tendering said swear paper, he demanded his mules.

"Where are your halters?" quietly inquired the G. M. of the Mule Pen.

"Alas! I have no halters."

"Then get some, — pronto" commanded the G. M. of the Mule Pen in a deep base voice "And move lively please; you clutter up the approach to my mule parlor."

In some unaccountable way the G.M. of the Horse Grub Pile heard of the

affidavit. With much promptness he ordered the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment to be ushered into his awful presence.

In came the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment, sure that his last day on earth had 'come.

"Well" roared the G. M. of the Horse Grub Pile in tones that made the Q. M. of the —th Mass. Regiment shake in his shoes, "Since you can't get those mules, bring back that horse grub your affidavit says you have — and be quick about it, too!"

* * *

Funeral Notice.

The services over the body of the late Quartermaster of the —th Mass. Regiment who died suddenly of curvature (acute) of the intellect, will be held at the 1st Government Mules Chapel tomorrow at 9:14 a.m. Friends and relatives invited to attend.

H. G. O. C.

BETWEEN THE BELLS

A Double-Header.

"Two heads are better than one," they say, But it does not always work that way. There's an instance, though, on which there's no quarrel, Two heads are better than one in a barrel.

Shakspere Studies

A singular custom of the day was for visitors of quality to bring with them the gate of their palace, or to borrow one near by, perhaps that of their host, to be used as a visiting card. The absence of this formality on the part of the murderers is noticed by the servant, who, when asked if they are present, sneeringly answer ."They are, my lord, without the palace gate!"

Table luxuries were unknown; meal was a popular dish at the royal board. In one instance Macbeth says; Air we will not eat—(Scene 2.)

Balked

She: "George Peterson, if you kiss me again, Ill' scream out loud."

George:—(kisses her) Good! I never heard you scream out loud."

She:—"George Peterson, I won't scream out loud now, just to spite you."

Neglected Education.

"When we got to the house," said the fireman, "we found the piano ablaze.

"Did you turn the hose on it?"

"Alas, No! You see it never learned to play on the piano.

Poor Excuse.

Teacher:—"Frankie Fizzletop, you were late this morning."

Frankie:—"Yes'm. We've got a new baby at our house".

Teacher:—"Well don't let it happen again."

Such is Life.

"A designing man I hate." cried Nell with scornful head erect;

And yet within a year she loved
And wed an architect.

Ford Motto.

Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.

A Ford Car

Spring Song

Kissed by the South Sea's laughing
mouth,
Witched by the hau tree's whispered
lore,
Always the first breeze
From the South
Brings deeper myst'ries
Than before.

Springtime! thawed the frozen rills.
Glad time! — and a thousand thrills.
Sunshine, all entrancing
In the air;
Sunbeams! how they're dancing
Everywhere!

Land of the Midnight Sun, so cold,
Home of the Northlight's lurid bow,
Spring melts your ice towers,
Ages old,
Finds hardy wild flowers
In the snow!

Perfumes of the Wildwood fill the air,
Memories of childhood linger there.
April floods the gay streams
Like the Nile.
Maytide steals sweet day dreams
All the while.

E. G. F. '18.

ATHLETICS

TRACK

ENGLISH HIGH, 59. LATIN, 29.

At our annual meet with English High, held at the East Armory, Thursday, March 15, English High, through its superiority in the field events, won by the score of 59 to 29. In the running events, Latin with 27 points lacked one point of tieing English. Out of a possible 33 points in the field events, excluding the hurdles, Latin secured only two.

Capt. Nolan of English won the 300-yd run in the last lap of the race. It looked bad for Nolan when Kennedy took the lead at the crack of the gun. However, Kennedy, after he had rounded the final corner, turned to watch Nolan and the English High leader meanwhile slipped past him, winning first place by less than a yard.

In the 600-yd. run Webster set a fast pace over half the course but near the end of the race Crosson showed a burst of speed which put him in the lead and he won his race without much difficulty. Dudley easily won the 1000-yd run over McDonald of English, the former finishing in splendid condition. On the second lap McDonald tripped and lost his stride but made a great fight and succeeded in wresting the second place from Maguire, by whom he was hard pressed throughout the race.

The summary:

60-yd. dash—Won by Flee (E); John Kennedy (L), second; Bluestein(E), third; Cass (E), fourth. Time—7s.

60-yd. hurdles—Won by Wing(L); Cronin (L), second; Donnelly (E), third; Feeney (E), fourth. Time—8s.

300-yd. run—Won by Nolan(E); James Kennedy (L), second; Merrill (L), third; Howlett (E), fourth. Time—37 1-5s.

600-yd. run—Won by Crosson (E); Webster (L), second; Wharton (E), third; Doherty (L), fourth. Time—1m 23 4-5s.

1000-yd. run—Won by Dudley (L); McDonald (E), second; Maguire (L), third; Kirley (E), fourth. Time 2m. 33 4-5s.

Standing broad jump—Won by Nolan (E); Moroni (E), second; Hurwitz(L), third; Bluestein (E), fourth. Distance—9 ft. 7¾ in.

Running high jump—Tie for first place, Wood, Carmody, Feeney, Raplan, all of English. Height—5 ft.

Shot-put—Won by Dowd (E); Whalen (E), second; Galloway (E), third; Isenberg (E) fourth. Distance—36 ft. 10½ in.

	E. H.S	B. L. S.
60-yd. dash	8	3
60-yd. hurdles	3	8
300-yd. run	6	5
600-yd. run	7	4
1000-yd. run	4	7
Broad jump	9	2
High jump	11	0
Shot-put.	11	0
Totals	59	29

THE REGIMENTAL MEET

The ninth annual meet of the Track and Field League of the Boston High

Schools was held in the East Armory, Newton Street, on Saturday, March 24. The meet rested in a decisive but well-earned victory for English High School, whose athletes scored 82 points. The High School of Commerce was second with 57 5-6 points, and Boston Latin with 22 points finished third, while Dorchester High with 20½ points finished in fourth place. The remaining points were divided among East Boston, Mechanic Arts, Brighton, West Roxbury and Hyde Park High Schools, which finished in the order named.

Seven records were broken, one of which was broken by Hurwitz of Latin. With a toss of 45 ft. 9½ in. Hurwitz bettered by 2 inches the intermediate shot-put record made by Cohen of English in 1915. In the final of the 1000-yd. run Dudley finished about eight yards ahead of Carney of Dorchester, in the fastest 1000-yd. run at these carnivals since 1912. He was clocked in 2m. 29s.

The final of the hurdles proved to be a splendid race. According to all timers, Cronin of Latin, finished in first place. One official, very friendly indeed to the Commerce coach, picked James of Commerce for first. It took a long time before the matter was settled, Cronin being awarded only second place. It seems very strange indeed that the race was timed on Cronin and then the judges awarded first place to another competitor.

The showing of the junior division was very disappointing, for in years past the juniors usually scored the most points and their work figured greatly in the final totals. This year the senior division scored the largest number of points with a total of 13, while the intermediates scored 9, and the juniors failed to score at all.

The following is the summary of the Latin School point winners:

SENIOR.

Name	Event	Place	Pts.
Webster	600-yd. run	Third	2
Dudley	1000-yd. run	First	5
Cronin	60-yd. hurdles	Second	3
Wing	60-yd. hurdles	Third	2
Malley	shot-put	Fourth	1

INTERMEDIATE.

Hurwitz	45-yd. dash	Third	2
Doherty	600-yd. run	Third	2
Hurwitz	shot-put	First	5

The following members of the Track Team have been awarded their "L's": Cronin, Donahue (Mgr.), Dudley, Hurwitz, Kennedy, Malley, Merrill, Webster and Wing (Capt.).

BASEBALL

During the early part of April practice was greatly hampered by the inclement weather, but during the spring recess the players were put through several stiff workouts. Latin School is represented by practically a veteran team, a team which if it continues to make the progress it has already made, should prove to be a strong contender for the city championship title.

ST. MARK'S, 9. BOSTON LATIN, 14,

At Southboro, Saturday, April 14. Latin School opened its season by defeating St. Mark's by the score of 14 to 9. St. Mark's used five pitchers, all of whom were hit freely. The batting of Dilworth featured for St. Mark's, with Capt. Maguire and Goodrich as leaders in Latin School's attack.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Mark's	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	1— 9
Boston Latin	3	0	2	0	5	0	3	0	1—14

Newton High, 4. Boston Latin,3.

At Claflin Field, Newtonville, Thursday, April 19, Newton High defeated Latin School in a well played game by

Owing to the lack of room this month, we are unable to insert the full box score of base ball games. The limitations of space are also responsible for the omission of several stories which we had intended to offer our readers.—Ed.

the narrow margin of 4 to 3. Except in the second inning when Newton scored three runs without much trouble, Latin had the better of the argument. In the eighth inning with one out and the score tied Turner singled, Hughes scoring him from first with a timely two-bagger to deep center. The score:—

Innings.....	1	2	2	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	— 4
Boston Latin..	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 3

Under the close supervision of Coach Manning and Capt. Pond the crew has made splendid progress. Prospects for the crew were not very bright at the outset, owing to a decided lack of material. With the approach of seasonable weather a decided increase in interest has been noticed. Capt. Pond is rowing at number three, while Palmer, Otis, and Webster because of their previous experience as members of last year's second crew, seem to be the ogical choice for the remaining positions in the shell. Cronin, Murphy, and Adams have been coming along fast but lack experience.

Negotiations are under way for races with Stone School, English High, Exeter, and Groton.

Oliver Green Captain of the Latin School Crew in 1913, is rowing number seven on the Yale Varsity.

Ned Murdough '15 is rowing at six on the Tech Junior Crew.

Joe Hunt Captain of the Crew in 1915. was recently awarded the title of New England Junior Champion Sculler.

H. G. S. '17.

SOME THINGS CAT-EGORICAL

There was a man
Most spic and span —
He had a cat —
't was black and fat.
But while he slept,
With snoring pep,
It ran a race
Across his face.
"In all my life
Such beastly strife
I've never seen
From cat so mean!"
So cried the man
As he began
To chase the cat
With baseball bat.
He made a swing —
The cat "took wing" —
The bat came down
On Chinatown —
The dishes flew —
The cat cried, "Mew" —
The man was sad
And very mad.
"I'll get you yet —
'Lest we forget' "
He cried in haste —
And straightway chased.
All over town,
And up and down,
With wond'rous speed
The cat did lead.
At last the cat
By baseball bat
Was cornered in
A big coal bin.
The cat he gave —
How very grave! —
Some poison in
A pudding tin.
The cat ate it,
But had no fit —
He begged instead
More to be fed!
A cat like this
Was much amiss —
And dumfound-ed
The *man* fell dead!

H. B. B. '18.

TENNIS SCHEDULE 1917

MAY 8, MILTON ACADEMY AT MILTON

MAY 16, NEWTON AT NEWTON

MAY 18, HUNTINGTON SCHOOL AT Y. M. C. A. COURTS

MAY 22, HARVARD, 1920 AT CAMBRIDGE

MAY 24, NEEDHAM AT JARVIS FIELD

MAY 30, BROOKLINE AT BROOKLINE

JUNE 6, COMMERCE AT JARVIS FIELD

JUNE 15, ENGLISH AT JARVIS FIELD

P. T. C. B. H. '18

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VOLUME XXXVI NO. 9

JUNE, 1917

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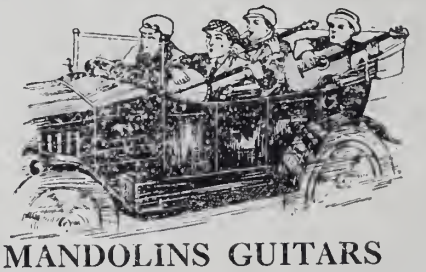
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The Latin School Register



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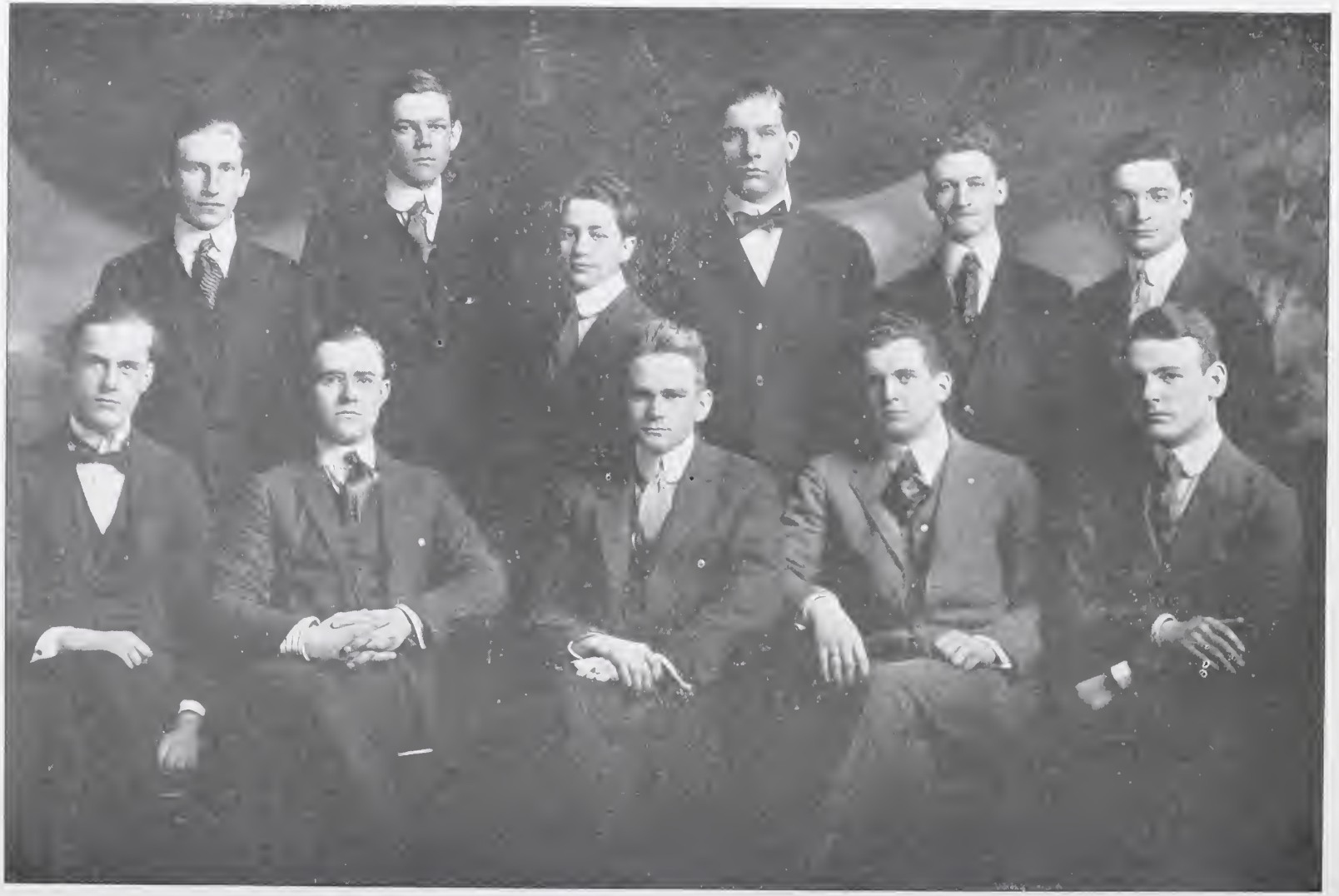


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Seated, Left to right; E. G. Fay, H. L. Seely, (Business Manager) E. A. Minard (Editor in Chief,) A. H. McIntyre (Assistant Bus. Mgr.) M. T. Ryan.

Latin School Register

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BOSTON UNDERGROUND STREET RAILWAYS

GARDNER PRIZE ESSAY

FREDERICK JOHN SWEENEY, '17

Among the most vital of the economic problems confronting the officials of Boston today is the urgent necessity of furnishing adequate and rapid transportation facilities to a querulous public. The energetic enterprise and bustling haste of the modern business man, demand the speedy execution of his projects before all else. This, the present traffic-congested streets of Boston render almost impossible.

The narrow confines of her winding thoroughfares are utterly insufficient. Limited as these are, the space is even further cramped and consumed by the tracks of the Elevated Railway which are inlaid in the center of the street. Hampered on every hand by the conflicting courses of other vehicles and by the insistent haste of their drivers, the motorman of an electric car does not venture to attain a speed greatly in excess of three miles per hour while traversing the teeming center of the business section. Again the interval between the passages of two cars is exceedingly irregular—owing to the great number of traffic blockades and minor accidents which occur daily. Disgusted at the tremendous inefficiency of the surface lines, those who can afford the expense, have already forsaken the electric cars for private automobiles. Therefore a change in the system of transportation by the Electric Railway is not only demanded by the exigencies of the times but also would redound to the financial advan-

tage of the company. To obviate this most serious defect of its operations, these are two courses either of which the Elevated Company may adopt as its permanent policy. Both of these are already in operation on a somewhat minor scale.

The first is the erection of aerial structures above the levels of the streets over which trains may be run. Among the objections to this plan are the noisy roar of the passing trains, the dread possibilities of a car leaving the tracks, the interception of the sunlight, and the rapid deteriration of property adjoining such structures. The second and more feasible plan is the excavation of subterranean routes. This last policy, while difficult of accomplishment and exceedingly expensive, is quite sound.

The financial success of the subway is not a theoretical argument, it is a proven fact. Not only does Louis D. Brandeis, the present associate judge of the Supreme Court, so rate it in his statement of the financial condition of the Elevated Railway made in 1902, seven years after the opening of the first subway in Boston, but the continued extension of these in late years likewise attests to their money making proclivities. As the present so-called "Park Street Subway" was proven a safe undertaking by surface and subterranean surveys, it assuredly is possible that similar undertakings are permissible in other portions of the city. The disposition of the city's pipes and sewers can be easily adjusted in future projects if it offered no serious obstacles on such streets as Tremont, Park, and Washington Streets. Sufficient protection may be assured against any caving in by the walls of the tunnel through careful, selection of the construction material and careful inquiry into the character of the contractor. Experiments have proved that steel framework encased in cement is a most stable support. The recent cheapness of steel encouraged this composition and from economical motives the Elevated officials were constrained to employ this formula in building Boston's first subways. These walls should be surmounted by roo's fashioned into arches. The material used may be either brick or cement, preferably cement.

That this combination of materials is remarkably firm is demonstrated by the East Boston Tunnel. Running beneath the waters of Boston Harbor, this truly marvelous masterpiece of engineering skill has for years withstood the incessant assaults of nature's warriors, Time and Tide. This marvel of modern science stands a mute but irrefutable monument to the triumph of human genius over the barriers of nature. If the obstacle of Boston Harbor is surmountable, certainly a hindrance such as the Charles River, the Mystic River, Beacon Hill, or almost any natural obstruction must bow to the all-conquering human brain.

The problems of ventilation, lighting, and drainage have all been satisfactorily solved and in such a manner as to present no impediment to the car service, the cumbersome and bulky mechanism being either confined to separate rooms or concealed in the concrete walls. Another pleasing feature of the subway is the ability to regulate its temperature. In winter, it is agreeably warm and in summer delightfully cool. In the present subways this matter of temperature has been admirably adjusted. All danger of collisions between two cars has been practically eliminated by an automatically governed system of lights

which regulate the speed of the cars by reflecting various hues of light.

The underground stations are efficiently managed and, with perhaps the single exception of Park Street in the late stages of the afternoon, give capable and satisfactory service to the public. Whenever several of such stations are situated near each other, the connecting passages are nicely arranged and in no way conflict with one another. One weakness in the present system is, however, plainly apparent. I refer to the somewhat imperfect selection of sites for stations. For example, Washington Street is copiously dotted with various stations, a few of which, in my humble opinion, might easily be spared. In direct contrast to this is the reat inconvenience caused by a lack of stations at the junction of Arling on and Boylston Streets and in Adams Square. In the former instance, str nuous complaints have been registered by the public but in the latter case I have not heard a dissenting murmur. Nevertheless, it is a distinct mistake to have no direct subterranean connections between Adams Square, Scollay Square and Park Street.

Aside from the mechanical arrangement of the subway, there are several advantages of tremendous import which must be discussed. The first and perhaps most essential of these is the great 20th century question of speed. In their tunnels beneath the ground electric cars can attain a speed of from three to five times that possible at the surface. With his attention distracted by no surrounding wagons or automobiles, the motorman can permit his car to run at will merely heeding the warnings of the lighting system and adapting his speed to the windings of the tunnel. Business may go on with heightened speed and increased energy and incidentally aid the Elevated company by its growing profits.

The second great benefit of the underground system is its ability to accomodate an increasing population. The surface lines whose cars are continually blocked and delayed by the active business vehicles would succeed only in stringing out an extended line of slow-moving cars if it should be determined to serve the enlarged number of its patrons by increasing the list of cars. In the subway, however, where everything is conducted with precision and dispatch, if more cars should be run it would merely result in a slight decrease in the averagre rate of speed.

In the year ending June 30, 1891, the total number of passengers who rode on the cars of the Elevated Railway was 51,404,809. At that time, it was estimated that the proposed new subway which was to be the first one in Boston, could accomodate 200,000,000. These figures, though far below those of the present day, are fraught with significance and may justly serve as a criterion of the underground system's usefulness.

Heretofore I have elaborated on the positive advantages of the system. I shall now endeavor to point out some of its negative benefits. In the first place the interior of the tunnel is immune from all ill-effects of severe storms. However much the raging of the elements may complicate the surface traffic it is powerless to disturb the tranquil flow of the subterranean stream. The expense of maintaining snow-ploughs, clearing switches of caked dirt, sanding the tracks, etc., is abolished. Another heavy financial burden is removed from the shoulders of the company

by removing or at least vastly diminishing the likelihood of collisions between their cars and other conveyances and by practically abolishing the possibility of accidents to their drivers and to pedestrians. The heavy settlements involved in the resultant damage suits and the company's liabilities toward its employees are avoided or nullified and the corporation is saved just so much money.

A third noteworthy result of adopting the underground plan would be the removal of the trolley wires and supporting poles, and the steel rails from the center of the street. This would prevent many accidents in the course of a year and by affording larger space would tend to quicken the transaction of business on the surface. It seems to me that all these facts tend to form a powerful argument in favor of the adoption of the subway plan.

Again, however, I wish to emphasize the necessity of careful deliberation and intense thought in culling the sites for any proposed stations. This seems to me the most glaring defect of our present method and should be remedied as soon as possible. The benefits of excavating subways more and more as I have been gratified to observe, seems to be the present policy of the Elevated Railway Company, are almost inconceivable. As the recent subway connecting Harvard Square with the South Station has done much to establish closer intercourse between Boston and Cambridge, so would additional underground tunnels foment a closer alliance between Boston and its suburbs and between the suburbs themselves. Moreover, though no steps have as yet been taken in the matter, adjustments could be made for the more convenient and efficient handling of freight in these subterranean tubes. The ferries, too, could be discontinued.

When one thinks of all these items that would result from the building of more of these "tubes", the greater speed, increased accomodations, more perfect safety, closer social and commercial intercourse, increased mercantile advantages and the removal of superficial inconveniences, he regrets the monopoly enjoyed by the Boston Elevated Railway Company, the lack of competition to stimulate and hasten the building of more and yet more subways. As the great Roman Empire was built up bit by bit till finally it dominated the world so, let us hope, the subway will gradually become the stable mode of public transportation in the days to come.

To further the cause of the subway, it would seem a judicious move on the part of the Elevated to obtain legislative approval of the proposed undertaking, market the capital stock and permit the subscribers to elect the directors rather than to market the stock prior to gaining legislative approval. This last course is not only contradictory to the principles of democracy but would enable a few rich speculators, who would regard the matter accordingly as a business investment and so direct the company, to absorb all the stock; whereas the populace would be more prone to view the matter as a public enterprise.

Such subways as these, subways of the people, for the people, and governed by the people, would be a most magnificent tribute to Boston's democracy and place her on a higher plane than even Plato's "Ideal Republic."



OUR COUNTRY

E. G. FAY, '18

PRIZE WINNING ENGLISH POEM

When Freedom slavery defied,
And sought new birth beyond the sea,
The voices of the Angels cried,
"Behold! The dawn of Liberty!"
The Stars and Stripes were raised on high
Unfurled beneath the azure sky,
The symbol of democracy!

Oh, mighty nation, strong and great!
Thou chosen land of Freedom's race,
When moves the awful hand of Fate,
And clouds make dark the war-god's face
As thru the sky his car is driven.
Columbia! To thee is given
To save the banner of the free!
Thy refuge be the God in Heaven,
Thy sword the brand of Calvary!

And when, amid the battle-din,
Our soldiers see thy banner rise
Majestic o'er the bloody fray,
Then Triumph, shining in their eyes
Will aid their sinews brave, the day
To win!

America! Thou land of light!
For thee thy sons will ever fight,
If need be die, to save thy name,
Preserve thine honor, keep thy fame
Respected upon land and sea,
Thou champion of Liberty!

My Flag! With heaven born colors dyed,
Brave banner! this great nation's pride,
Rise up! Go forth! Be mighty yet.
Thy children never may forget
The battle fought at Lexington,
The lightning charge of Marion,
Nor Bunker Hill.

Our fathers built a nation great,
Of blessed Liberty the home.
They launched the glorious Ship of State
And fought for Union's preservation.
They stood the test; when new trials come,
To try th'endurance of a nation
"So conceived, so dedicated," then
Shall *we*, their sons, relinguish weakly
That for which they bled so freely?
Or shall we yield to foreign foe,
Abandon Freedom's Union? No!
But grit like men.

Lead on, thou monarch of the cloud!
Stream o'er the smoky battle shroud,
And be it writ beneath the sky,
"By this sign, Victory!—or die."
O Banner bright! where stream in air
Thy stripes immortal and thy stars,
Brave men may seek new courage there,
And inspiration from thy bars.

And where, full floating in the wind
That Flag with Union Jack betwined,
Or o'er the French Tricolor fly,
O'er any flag of staunch ally,
Then will our brothers cheer the name
"America," and send the fame
Of Union shiv'ring to the sky.

God bless our land, with war-noise rent
And bless that Flag, from Heaven sent
To bring good cheer and lead the Way.
Our cause is just; in God we trust,—
And these our arms to win the day.
And fight we will, for win we must.
Almighty God, be with us yet!
We'll *not* forget!

FRENCH TRANSLATION

PRIZE WINNING COMPOSITION

RICHARD OSCAR SPERO, '17

"A Tale of Two Cities." Chapter XXII.

Mme Defarge l'observait, avec une approbation supprimée telle que convenait à celle qui menait les femmes de Saint-Antoine. Une de ses soeurs tricotait auprés d'elle. La petite, quelque peu dodue femme l'un boulanger affamé, et la mêre en mème temps de deux enfants, cette lieutenante avait déjà gagné le nom complimenteur de la Vengeance.

"Ecoutez!" dit la Vengeance. "Ecoutez donc. Qui vient?"

Comme si l'on avait tout à coup mis le feu à une traíneé de poudre tendue depuis la borne la plus externe du quartier Saint-Antoine jusqu'à la porte du cabaret, un murmure qui se répandait rapidement s'avança en se précipitant.

"C'est Defarge," dit madame. "Silence, patriotes."

Defarge entra haletant, ôta une casquette rouge qu'il portait et regarda autour de lui! "Ecoutez, partout!" dit madame encore. "Ecoutez-le!" Defarge se tint, palpitant, contre un fond de yeux ardents et de bouches ouvertes, formé à la porte; tousceux qui étaient au dedans du cabaret avaient sauté sur leurs pieds.

"Dites-le, donc, mon mari. Qu'est-ce que c'est?"

"Une nouvelle de l'autre monde!"

"Quoi donc?" s'écria madame, méprisamment. "De l'autre monde?"

"Est-ce que chacun ici se rappelle du vieux Foulon, qui a dit aux gens affamés qu'ils pouvaient manger de l'herbe et qui est mort et est allé à l'enfer?

"Chacun!" de toute gorge.

"Ce sont ses nouvelles. Il est au milieu de nous!"

"Au milieu de nous!" encore de la gorge universelle. "Et mort?"

"Pas mort! Il avait tant de peur de nous—et pour cause—qu'il s'est fait représenter comme mort et a eu de grandes obsèques simuleés. Mais on l'a trouvé vivant, se cachant à la campagne, et l'a ramené. Je l'ai vu il n'y a qu'un instant en route à l' Hôtel de Ville, prisonnier. J'ai dit qu'il a eu cause d' avoir peur de nous. Dites-le, tous. En a-t-il en cause?"

Vieux pécheur misérable, âgé de plus de soixante-dix ans, s'il ne l'avait jamais déjà su, il l'aurait su au fond de son coeur s'il avait pu entendre le cri qui lui répondit.

Il suivit un moment de silence profonde. Defarge et sa femme se regardèrent fermement. La Vengeance se pencha et on entendait le son discordant d'un tambour comme elle le tournait à ses pieds derrière le comptoir.

"Patriotes", dit Defarge, d'une voix déterminé, "sommes-nous prëts?"

TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN

PRIZE WINNING INTERPRETATION

WILLIAM HENRY DUNPHY, '17

Horace, Ode I., 3

So may the goddess queen of Cyprus isle,
So Leda's radiant twins, rich fount of light,
And the dread lord of winds, propitious, smile
On thy rude course, the raging blasts bound tight,
Alone may mild Iapyx guide thy flight,
Oh ship, well-blest, thine is the charge so dear,
Thine Vergil, bear him safe to Attic shore,-
Return him safe, I pray, oh ship forbear
To rend the marrow of my bosom's core.
Undaunted oak and triple bronze encase
His heart, who first to the ferocious sea
Sent his frail bark, nor feared the head long chase
Of Afric battling with Aquiloné
Little he recked of the stern Hyades,
Or maddened Notus who so vengeful raves,
Than whom no stronger rules the Adrian seas-
So potent he to rouse or still the waves!
When feared he, rash, the stride of death who looked
With eyes undimmed on monstrous, floating things;
Endured hoar Ocean's swollen tide and brooked
Epiric crags which old ill—rumor sings?
The god foreseeing did his work in vain
Who parted Earth from the unmingling sea,
If wicked ships invade the sacred main,
In high defiance of his prime decree.
All pain the race of men sink to endure
The forfeit of condemned, presumptuous crime.
The sons of bold Iapetus t'allure,
With guile accurst brought flame to human clime
No sooner flame from its celestial home
Was brought, than famine lean and troops of ill,
Till now unknown, unfeared, assail and roam
The hapless land, and, man's sad lot to fill,
Draws nigh the slow necessity of death,
Till now remote, nor mixed with human breath.
Ah! Daedalus must tempt the hollow air
Audacious task—on wings to man denied
To quell the Acheron great Hercule's share.
No deed is difficult to human pride.
Heaven's self we seek, by folly still oppressed.
And still offending by the heights we dare,
Permit not Jove's incensed bolts to rest.

Hockey Team 1916-1917—*CITY CHAMPIONS*



Standing, Left to right, Quinn, Tetlow, MacGrath, Maguire, Hurwitz, Duff
Seated, Left to right, Cronin, Stuart (Manager), Crowley (Captain) Mr. V. I. Campbell (Faculty Manager), Ryan

RECORD OF THE CLASS OF 1917

ABRAMS, HAROLD.

Entered in 1913 from the O. W. Holmes School, Fidelity Prize, 1915.

ANDERSON, OLIVER EUGENE.

Entered in 1912 from the Longfellow Grammar School, Battalion adjutant, 1916.

BARRY, THOMAS DRAKE.

Entered Class B IV, in 1913 from the Mather School; Classical Prize, 1914; Fidelity Prize, 1915.

BAXTER, WILLIAM LEO.

Entered B IV in 1912 from the Frederick W. Lincoln School.

BLOOM. JOSEPH CHARLES.

Entered Class B IV 1913 from the Christopher Gibson School, Fidelity Prize, 1914; Modern Prize, 1915.

BENANDER, CARL ARTHUR.

Entered in 1913 from the Pontiac Grammar School, Approbation Prize, 1914, -15,-16; Classical Prize 1914, 1915; Modern Prize, 1916.

COLBURNE, MAURICE SYDNEY.

Entered 1913 from the Abraham Lincoln School. Received prize for Modern Studies, 1914; prize for Classical Studies 1915; read original essay on "Washington, the Soldier" 1915; received prize for original composition in English,1916; Third prize in reading, 1917; member of Dramatic Club cast 1915-1916; *Register* Staff 1916,-1917.

COFFEY, JOSEPH JEREMIAH.

Entered September 1913 from Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Lieutenant, Co., H. 1916.

COHEN, REUBEN H.

Entered in 1913 from Emerson School, Track Team, 1915; Tennis Team 1917.

CONNELLY, GEORGE WILLIAM.

Entered in 1912 from the Chapman School. Member of Baseball Team., 1916. Member of Football Team, 1916. Tennis Team; 1917. Fidelity Prize, 1917

CORBETT, ANDREW JAMES LEO.

Entered from the High School of Commerce, 1913.

CROWLEY, ALBERT HENRY.

Entered from the William E. Russell School, September 1913; Lieutenant, Co N. 1916-1917; Captain, Co. N. 1916; 1917.

CROWLEY RALPH CHARLES.

Entered in 1911 from the Charles Summer School; Modern Prize, 1912; Member of Football Team 1915, 1916; Member of Hockey Team 1916, 1917; Captain of Hockey Team, 1917; Member of Track Team, 1917; Prize for Individual Drill 1916; President of Class, 1917.

DOHERTY, ESMONDE THOMAS.

Entered Class VI, in 1910, from the Martin Grammar School; Lieutenant Company G. 1915, 1916; Captain Company O. 1916, 1917; Member of track team, 1914-15; Member of track team, 1916-17

DOHERTY, JOHN SCOTT.

Entered 1913; Pianist of Orchestra; pianist of mandolin club; baritone and director of B. L. S. quartette.

DONAHUE EDWARD, CANDLAN.

Entered B IV ,1913, from Mary Hemenway School, Prize for General Excellence in Conduct and studies 1914; Lieut, Co. L. 1916-1917; Captain 1917; Dramatic Club 1916; No Misdemeanor Marks for Four Years.

DONAHUE, JAMES EVANS.

Entered in 1912 from the Charles Sumner School; Assistant Manager of Track Team, 1916; Lieutenant 1916; Manager of Track Team, 1917; Captain in 1916-1917; Major, 1917; Prize Drill Committee, 1917.

DRUMMEY, ROBERT BULMAN.

Entered in 1913, from the F. W. Lincoln School; Modern Prize, 1916.

DUFF, ARTHUR MURRAY.

Entered in 1911 from the Washington Allston School; Member of Hockey Team, 1915-16, 1916-'17.

DUFFY, BERNARD JOSEPH.

Entered from Sherwin Grammar in 1911; Classical Prize, 1914; 1915; Lieut. Co. O. 1916.

DUNPHY, WILLIAM HENRY.

Entered in 1913, from the Christopher Gibson School; Classical Prizes, 1914-15-16; Approbation Prizes, 1914-15-16; Prize for an English peom on the subject "Peace" 1916; Prize for an English essay on the subject "Preparatory School Athletics" 1917; Latin Translation Prize, 1917; Derby Medalist, 1917; *Register* Staff, 1916-1917.

FAHEY, JAMES EDWARD.

Entered Class B IV 1913 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Modern Prize, 1913-14.

FASANELLO, JOHN BAPTIST.

Entered in 1913 from the Frederic W. Lincoln School.

FISHER, HENRY CHARLES.

Entered in 1911 from the George Putnam Grammar School.

FITZGERALD, WALTER LEWIS

Entered Sixth Class in 1911 from the Nathan Hale School; Lieutenant, Co. K. in 1916; Capt. of Co. G. in 1917; Member of track team in 1917.

FORD, MAURICE THOMAS.

Entered in 1913 from the Mather School; Fidelity prize, 1915.

GIOIOSA, ALBERT ANGELO.

Entered 1912, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Football Team, 1916; Lieutenant Co. P, 1916-1917.

GINSBURG, ALFRED PHILIP.

Entered in 1913 from the George Putnam School; Lieutenant, Company M. 1916; Classical Prize 1917.

GINSBURG, JOSEPH SAMUEL.

Entered in 1913 from the Christopher Gibson School; Lieutenant, Company F. 1915-16.

GOLDINGS, ISRAEL LEONARD.

Entered in 1913 from the Hugh O'Brien School; Fidelity Prize, 1914.

GOODRICH, RICHARD IRA.

Entered in 1913 from the Edward Everett School; Modern Prize, 1914; Lieutenant in Company F. 1916; Baseball Team 1916 and 1917; Football Team 1917; Track Team, 1917; Member of the Class Committee, 1917; Wrote words of the Class song.

HANRAHAN, PAUL BURNS.

Entered 1913, from Prince School; Lieutenant Company K. 1915-16.

HANSON, PAUL LANDERS.

Entered 1913 from the John Winthrop School; Classical Prize, 1914; Lieutenant Company O, 1815-16; Captain Company P, 1916-17.

HAYNES, EDMUND JOSEPH.

Entered in 1913 from the Wm. E. Russell School; Fidelity prize, 1916; No misdemeanor marks for four years.

HEFLER, WILLIAM ABBOTT.

Entered in 1913 from the Agassiz School; Modern Prize, 1917; Classical Prize, 1914; Approbation Prize, 1914, 1915; Lieutenant, Company B. 1915-16; Captain, Company B. 1916-17; Member of Class Committee, 1916-17.

HEGENCH, PHILIP LAWRENCE.

Entered in 1913, from the Charles Sumner School.

KAPLAN, JOSEPH HERBERT.

Entered in 1913 from the Christopher Gibson Grammar School; Prize for excellence in drumming, 1916.

KEELER, ALBERT PHILIP.

Entered in 1913 from the John Winthrop School; Fidelity Prize, 1914; Lieutenant Company I. 1916; Captain Company F. 1917.

KROETZSCH, HERMANN REINHOLD.

Entered 1913 from the John Winthrop School; Individual Prizes 1913,1914; Fidelity Prize, 1913; Lieutenant, Co. M. 1914,1915; Member of Track Team 1914; Manager of Football Team, 1916; Member of Crew, 1917,1917.

LAMBERT, FRANK LESTER.

Entered in 1913 from the John Winthrop School; Approbation Prize 1914, 1915; Classical Prize, 1916; Modern Prize 1914,1915,1917; Perfect Attendance, 4 years.

LARSEN, ROY EDWARD.

Entered in 1913 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Classical prize 1914; Approbation prize 1914,1915; Track Team 1914, 1917; Football team 1917; Baseball team 1916, 1917; Lieutenant Company A. 1916; Capt. Company M. 1917; Lieutenant Colonel 2nd Regt. 1917; Class Committee 1917; No misdemeanor marks for four years.

LEVY, HARRY.

Entered Class B IV in 1913 from Comins Elementary School; Fidelity Prize 1916; Lieut. Company D. 1916; Captain Company E. 1916—1917.

LUNDEGREN, WALTER TRISTRAM

Entered sixth Class in 1911 from Theodore Lyman Grammar School; Won classical prizes in 1912,1913; Modern Prizes 1914 1915; Declamation prize 1913.

McCANN, JOHN FRANCIS JR.

Entered Class B IV, in 1913 from the Oliver Hazard Perry School; First Prize in Reading, 1916; Read original essay on "Washington, the Man" Feb. 21, 1917; Second prize in declamation, 1917.

McCARTHY, JOHN JOSEPH.

Entered in 1913 from Thomas N. Hart School; Lieutenant, Co. M. 1916; Baseball teams 1916, 1917.

McDONALD, MORTON

Entered in 1910 from the Mather School; Lieutenant, Company K. 1916; Member of Track Team, 1917.

McGRATH, FRANCIS LEO.

Entered in 1912, from the Wendell Phillips School; Track team, 1912, 1913, 1915, 1916; and 1917; Football team, 1915, 1916, 1917; Hockey team, 1915, 1916, 1917; Baseball team, 1915, 1916; No misdemeanor marks for five years; Perfect attendence for five years.

MacGRATH, JOHN HENRY VINCENT.

Entered in 1912 from T.N. Hart School

MacHALE WILLIAM.

Entered in 1912 from the Agassiz School; Lieutenant in Company E. 1915, 1916; Member of Baseball team, 1916; Member of Football team, 1916.

McKENNA, WILLIAM ALOYSIUS.
Entered in 1912 from the Wendell Phillips School.

McINTYRE, ALDEN HADDON.
Entered in 1913 from the Dorchester High School; Modern Prize, 1914, 1916; Classical 1915; Lieut. Co., I. 1916; Staff Officer, 1916; Capt. Co., L. 1917; Asst. Business Mgr. of *Register* 1916-17; Class Committee 1917;

McISAAC, CHARLES FRANCIS.
Entered from the Bigelow School; in 1912.

MINER, REGINALD BODLEY.
Entered in 1915 from the Franklin High School; Leader of Mandolin Club, 1917; Battalion Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, 1917.

MINARD, ELBRIDGE ALDEN.
Entered in 1912 from the Edward Everett School; On *Register* staff, 1914-1915-1916· Editor in-Chief, 1916-1917; Assistant Manager of Baseball, 1915; No misdemeanor marks for five years; Lieutenant, Company B. 1916; Lieutenant, Company O. 1916-1917; Captain, 1917; Prize Drill Committee, 1917.

MONAHAN, FRANCIS EDWARD.
Entered in 1913 from the School of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help".

MULLOY, JAMES JOHN.
Entered in 1912 from John Winthrop School; Fidelity Prize, 1917.

MURPHY, JOHN JOSEPH.
Entered in 1912 from the Roger Wolcott School; Football Team, 1917; Class Committee, 1917.

O'BRIEN, PAUL SIROIS.
Entered in 1913 from St. Peter's School Lieutenant, Company N. 1915-16.

O'HEARN, JOHN RICHARD.
Entered in 1912 from the Harvard Grammar School; Fidelity Prize, 1916.

O'ROURKE, PATRICK JOSEPH.
Entered in 1913; President of Debating Club 1916.

PARSONS, NEIL LEHAN.
Entered in 1913 from the John Winthrop School; Lieutenant, Company H. 1915-16.

PIKE, JACOB.
Entered Class B. IV. in September, 1914 from the Samuel Adams School; Modern Prize, 1916.

PLUMER, JAMES MARSHALL.
Entered in 1914 from St. Paul's School Concord N. H.; 2nd Crew 1914-15; 1st. Crew 1915-16, 1916-17; Hockey Team, 1915-16; Fidelity Prize, 1917.

POND, THOMAS TEMPLE.
Entered Class B. VI. in 1913 from the Minot School; Lieutenant in Company A. 1916; Captain of Company A. 1916, 1917; Major of 1st. Battalion 1917; Hockey Team 1916; Crew 1914-1915, 1916.

QUINT, ISADOR GABRIEL.
Entered in 1912 from the Roxbury Latin School; Fidelity prize, 1913; Lieutenant, Company M. 1916-17; Captain Company M. 1917.

RYAN, MORGAN THOMAS.
Entered in 1912 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Third prize in declamation 1916; First prize in declamation 1917; Secretary Debating Club 1916; Member of Dramatic Club Cast, 1916; Lieutenant Co. C. 1916; Captain Co., C. 1917; Colonel, 1917; Member of *Register* staff 1917; delivered Class Oration, 1917.

SAPERSTEIN, ABRAHAM.

Entered in 1913 from the U. S. Grant School; Lieutenant, Company N, 1916; Captain, Company I, 1916-1917; Modern Prize, 1915, 1917; Schallenbach Prize, 1917.

SARJEANT, FRANCIS BERNARD.

Entered from F. W. Lincoln School in 1912.

SCHELL, EDWARD JOSEPH PAUL

Entered in 1913 from the St. Peter's School; Modern Prize, 1915.

SEELY, HARRY LYMAN.

Entered from the Oliver Hazard Perry School 1911; Approbation prize 1913; Third Declamation prize 1915; Special Prize in declamation, 1917; Third Reading prize 1916; First prize in reading, 1917; Individual prize 1915; Lieutenant, Company L. 1916; Member of *Register* Staff 1915-16; Business Manager, *Register* 1916-17; Assistant Manager Baseball; 1916; Manager Baseball 1917; Secretary of Graduating Class, 1917;.

SHAIN, JOSEPH HERMAN.

Entered 1912 from the Wendell Phillips School.

SMITH, ROBERT HERMAN. JR.

Entered in 1912 from the Bigelow Grammar; Lieutenant in Company I. 1916; Capt. Company I, 1916; Capt of Company H. 1916, 1917; Major 1917.

SPERO RICHARD OSCAR.

Entered Class II, 1915; from DeWitt Clinton High School, New York City; Classical Prize, 1917; read orignal essay on "Washington as a Statesman", 1916; Lieut. Company N. 1917 Prize Drill Committee, 1917; Battalion Adjutant, 1917; Class Poet; French Prize, 1917.

STUART, HAROLD GRAY.

Entered in 1911 from the Henry L. Pierce School; Individual Medal 1915; Member of football team, 1915, 1916; Member of second crew, 1916; Lieutenant, Company I. 1916; Captain Com-I. 1916; Colonel of 2nd regiment, 1916; Manager of Hockey Team, 1917; Member of *Register* staff, 1916-1917.

SULLIVAN, JOHN DAVID.

Entered in 1913 from the John A. Andrew School; Modern Prize, 1914; Classical Prize, 1915; Lieutenant in Company A. 1916; Captain of Company K. 1917.

SWEENEY, FREDERICK JOHN

Entered in 1913 from Bennett Grammar School; Modern Prize, 1914, 1915; Gardner Prize, 1917.

TETLOW, J. EDWARD JR.

Entered in 1911 from the Edward Everett School; Prize for Individual Drill 1915; Lieutenant, Company A. 1915; Captain, Company A. 1916; Baseball Team 1916, 1917. Hockey Team 1915-16, 1916-17.

VOGEL, FRANK CHAFEE.

Entered in 1910 from the Agassiz Grammar School; Individual Drill Medal 1914; Fidelity Prize 1914. Track Team 1911; Orchestra 1915-16.

WESTMAN, WILLIAM ELLERY.

Entered in 1912 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Lieutenant, Company D, 1916.



The Football Team



Standing, Left to right, Mr. O'Brien, (Coach), Cronin, Atwood, Parent, J. Cronin, McHale, Doyle, Kroetzch, (Mgr.)
Seated, Left to right, Goodrich, Stuart, Ryan, O'Connor, MacGrath, Crowley, Kennedy
In Front, Murphy, Gioiosa, Larsen

PRIZE DECLAMATION

JUNE 1, 1917

The annual Prize Declamation or old-time "Exhibition Day" occurred on Friday, June 1. After music by the Latin School Orchestra, and a brief welcome by Mr. Pennypacker, the speaking began. The boys ascended the platform in the following order:

I. James Francis Mc Dermott
The Wreck of the Hesperus- *Longfellow*

II. Herbert Elmer Whiting
Recessional *Kipling*

* * *

III. Winthrop Huntington Rice
The Inchcape Rock *Southey*

IV. Orazio Ercole Vaccaro
The Revolutionary Rising *Read*

V. Delmer Eugene Engewald
Abraham Lincoln *Ingersoll*

* * *

VI. William Francis Nolan
Admiral Farragut *Bames*

VII. Samuel Smith
Supposed Speech of John Adams *Webster*

VIII. Joseph Schneider
The Pilot's Story *Howells*

IX. Samuel Henry Epstein
Ursus the Bull *Sienkiewicz*

X. Edward George Madden
Sergeant Prentiss' First Plea *Bachman*

* * *

XI. Maurice Sidney Coburne
The Man In the Shadow *Child*

XII. John Francis Mc Cann
Spartacus to the Gladiators *Kelogg*

XIII. Harry Lyman Seely
On the Other Train *Anon*

* * *

XIV. Morgan Thomas Ryan
The Death of Rodriguez *Davis*

XV. Neil Louis Cropp
Metamora *Stone*

XVI. George Leonard Mc Kim
The Boy in Blue *Long*

* Absent

The judges, all distinguished alumni of the school, or, as the program had them, *viri praeclari*, were the following:—Edwin Hale Abbot, '51, Edward Bangs Drew, '59, John O'Dows, '74, Harold Bayard Eaton, '74, Carlton Howard Lee, '85, Robert Elmer Townsend, '85, Michael Francis Carney, '92, James Hewins, '92, Francis Butler Granger, '95, Clemens Richard Lamson, '95.

The music during the intermissions was a piano solo by Bensinger, '18, a violin solo by Epstein, '18 with Bensinger '18 at the piano, and selections by the Mandolin Club under the leadership of R. B. Miner, '17.

When the orchestra, according to an old custom had played the *Carmen Harvardianum*, Mr. Pennypacker rose and announced the prizes and distinctions.

AWARD OF PRIZES JUNE, 1917.

For Excellence in Classical Studies—Alfred Philip Ginsburg, Carl Arthur Benander, Richard Oscar Spero, Edward Marcus Rubin, Herbert Spencer Saver, George Albert Saxton, Elliott Morton Finkelstein, Philip Francis Kenney, Samuel Gold, Nathaniel Herman Frank, Karl Watson Baker, Samuel Hyman Epstein, Paul Andrew Dever, Paul Wenners, Matthew John Emmett Carolan, Hyman Harold Rudofsky, Bertram Fogel Sheffreen, David Cohen, Michael Gerald Whalen, Charles Harold Gushee, Eugene Chellis Glover, Louis Jacobs, Myron Samuel Silbert, Philip Clement Cleary, Thomas Robert Hull, Joseph Emanuel Ingoldsby, Edmund Burke, Charles Francis McNeil.

For Excellence in Modern Studies—Abraham Saperstein, William Abbot Hefler, Frank Lester Lambert, Malcolm Dexter Clarke, David Stearn, Carl Norman Bensinger, Nathan David Tumaroff Sherman Main Clough, Sumner Hyman Askowith, Sidney Irving Miller, Francis Joseph

Sullivan, Allan Sebastian Tarplin, Joseph Berger, Hartwell Pond, Roger William Jenks, Joseph Schneider, Laurence Eliot Bunker, Moses Hirsh, John Battista Petronio, Samuel Hirsh Segool, Leo Shubow, John Leo Donovan, Harry Hyman Stamler, Edward Dunne Malley, Carl Thomas Crosby, Samuel Joseph Isenberg, Herbert Elmer Whiting, William Francis Carr.

For Excellence in Reading—First prize, Harry Lyman Seely; second prize, Harold Benedict Bross; third prize, Maurice Sydney Coburne.

For General Excellence in Conduct and Studies—Carl Arthur Benander, Michael D'Amelio, Elliott Morton Finkelstein, Vito Mirabile, Eugene Chellis Glover, Nathan David Tumarofl, Philip Francis Kenney, Nathaniel Herman Frank, Karl Watson Baker, Arthur Edward Hurwitch, George Albert Saxton, Benjamin Trustman, Allan Sebastian Tarplin, John Leo Donovan, Jr., Harry Hyman Stamler, Carl Thomas Crosby.

For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity—James John Mulloy, James Marshall Plumer, George William Connelly, Arthur Maurice Kahn, James Andrew Buckley, Barrett Hurtwiz, George Leonard McKim, Edmund Vincent Elston, Matthew Rosenthal, Morris Goldberg, Vincent Immanuel Benander, Constantine Barbarisi, Harold Francis Crotty, William Frederic Hinckley, Samuel Abrams, Parker Francis Pond, Dudely Winthrop Hallett, Thomas Campbell, Walter Vincent Stearns, William Joseph Roycroft, Dermit Augustine Whittaker, John King White, Timothy Henry Joseph Delaney, Robert John Bond, Douglas Randall Gates, Charles Frank Muscovitch, William Faxon Otis.

For Original Written Exercises—For an English poem on the subject, "Our Country," Elliot Gilbert Fay, For an English essay on "Preparatory School Athletics," William Henry Dunphy.

For Translations into English—Translation from Horace, William Henry Dunphy. Translation from and into French, Richard Oscar Spero.

Gardner Prize—Frederick John Sweeney.

Derby Prize—William Henry Dunphy.

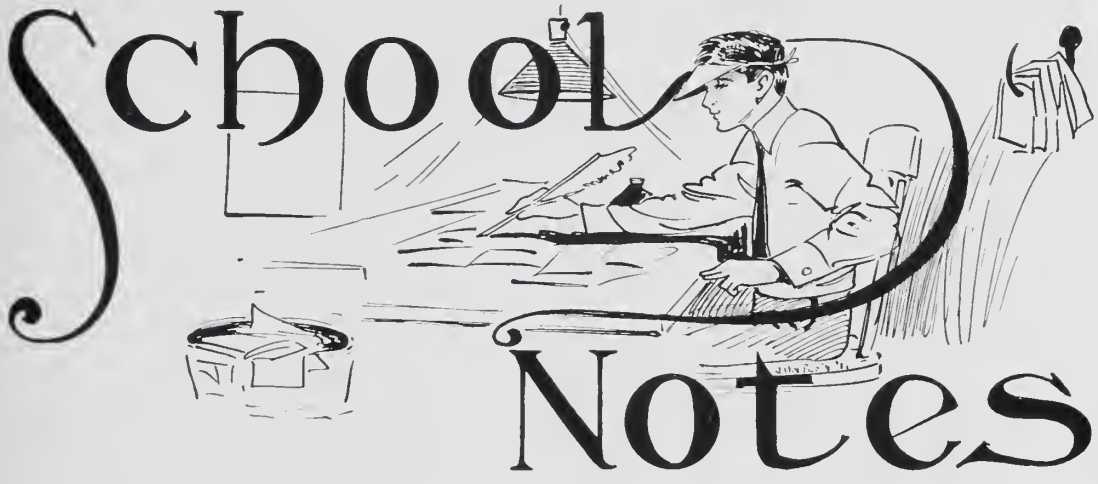
Class of 1885 Prizes—Eugene Chellis Glover, John Battista Petronio, Myron Samuel Silbert, Harry Hyman Stamler.

The Schallenbach Prize—Abraham Saperstein.

Honorable Mention for Conspicuous Records During the Entire Course—Of perfection in attendance, Frank Lester Lambert, 4 years; Francis Leo McGrath, 5 years.—Of conduct above criticism, Carl Arthur Benander, 4 years. Edward Candlan Donahue, 4 years; Edmund Joseph Haynes, 4 years; Roy Edward Larsen, 4 years; Francis Leo McGrath, 5 years; Elbridge Alden Minard, 5 years.

When these honors had been awarded, Mr. Pennypacker introduced the senior alumnus present, Mr. Edwin Hale Abbot, '51, who, after a brief speech, made known the results of the competition in declamation, as follows.: First prize, Morgan Thomas Ryan, second prize, John Francis Mc Cann; third prize, George Leonard Mc Kim. Special prize for classes I and II., Henry Lyman Seely; for classes III and IV., Joseph Schneider; for classes V and VI., Orazio Ercole Vaccaro.





Vale.

In a few days the Class of 1917 will leave these walls to face the world as graduates of the Boston Latin School. Most of us enter higher institutions of learning, while others start immediately on life's work. Some will face bitter adversity and misfortune, while others will enjoy life to its utmost. Wherever we go and whatever station in life we may occupy, we shall always retain the fondest recollections of this school, the masters with whom we have worked, and the members of the school with whom we have come in contact.

And now we go. We feel that the last years have been happy ones; the years to come will be largely what we make them.

* * * *

Finis.

As we prepare this last number of the *Register*, it is not at all unfitting that we should make some review of the year's work.

Undoubtedly this year's staff has had more obstacles to overcome than any staff of recent years. School, commencing later than usual, and delayed us in our preparations. The cost of everything connected with the publication of the paper has advanced steadily, while the subscription price has remained the same. The result is that there will be but very little if any surplus to hand over to next year's staff.

Notwithstanding these things, there is much to be thankful for. We have received splendid support from the members of the staff. The business management has labored exceedingly well under great difficulties and credit is due them for their support. The members from Class I have all worked hard and faithfully in their several departments, while the members from Class II have done their share in the year's work. The Class II editors, Fay and Bross, should have especial mention in this place, for both the amount and the quality of their work. Bowers, the editor from Class III, who has worked faithfully in his position, will be una' le to be on the staff next year, as his family moves away from the city. As for the editor, he, as usual, takes all the blame.

To the staff of next year we wish

good luck. We have enjoyed the work taking pride in being connected with this good old paper. They, without doubt, will continue to preserve its quality, traditions, and customers.

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Many, have no doubt wondered at the variety and noticeability of the color of our covers, but the fact is that paper stock is so high that the *Register* staff has to take almost any color that is offered it.

* * * *

Perhaps in this last number we might extend a word of appreciation to our exchanges. Although we do not comment on them, we, nevertheless receive them with pleasure and read their comment concerning us with much interest.

* * * *

The *Register* staff usually has the reputation of being composed of the leaders of school activity. This year's staff is certainly no exception, for it contains last year's colonel, this year's colonel, four captains, the class secretary, the class orator, one member of the Class Committee, and the managers of baseball and hockey. Without wishing to pat ourselves on the back, we think we have had a fairly representative staff.

* * * *

Arthur Woods, '88, David A. Ellis, '90 ,and Samuel Smith Drury, '97 are among those nominated for the election of Overseers of Harvard College.

* * * *

William Tryon, who entered the Latin School in 1863, died at his home in Lima, Perú, on April 24. He was a Civil War veteran and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* for April 26, in a list of recent publications by Harvard men, we observe the names of the following Latin School boys, who have written books or pamphlets Paul Revere Frothingham, George Santayana, Allen French, and Charles E. Whitmore.

John C. S. Andrew, '92 who has been teaching history in the English High School, Lynn, Mass., is now vocational advisor in that city.

* * * *

On Monday, May 7, Mr. James L. McGonagy of Dartmouth College spoke to the school on "Mental and Physical Quitters." His talk, forceful and to the point, was much appreciated by all.

* * * *

William L. Orr, '18, left the first of May for ambulance service in France. He tried unsuccessfully to be accepted for the Reserve Officers Training Corps, was accepted for Colonel Roosevelt's division, but got a chance to cross in the ambulance service, and so is about to do his bit. Good luck to the first Latin School boy to leave!

* * * *

The annual Prize Drill of the Second Regiment, B. S. C., occurred on Friday, May 11, at Mechanics Building. Promptly at two o'clock the first two companies marched on the floor, and for over two hours the time was taken up by company drill, broken by the Drum Corps exhibition and a round of the individual drill.

When the regiment had assembled for Evening Parade at the command of Quartermaster Saxton, it was found that the Colonel was Morgan T. Ryan, Captain of Company C. When he had received the coveted white flag from Mr. Pennypacker, Company M, Captain

Roy E. Larson was awarded the Third Battalion Prize, and as his company received the next highest number of points Captain Larson became Lieutenant Colonel. Next in order prizes were given to Company H, Robert H. Smith, Captain, and Company A, Thomas Temple Pond, Captain.

As Company N, Captain James E. Donahue, received the next highest number of points, Captain Donahue assumed command of the Third Battalion.

* * * *

Individual medals were won by Sergeants Parent, Malley, Walsh, Moore, Hall, McDonnell, and Orlov, Corporal H. L. McCurdy, and Private Joseph Currier Sergeant F. A. Murphy won the drumming prize and Private Henry Phinney the bugling prize.

The committee of arrangements ,as named on the tickets, consisted of Captains Fitzgerald and J. E. Donahue, with Lieutenants Spero, Minard, Crowley, and E. C. Donahue.

The drill was one of the best in recent years, the companies showing much steadiness and freedom from the so-called called "bone" plays that used to occurr.

* * * *

On Saturday, May 12, the School Regiment with the others of the brigade, paraded in honor of Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre, Marshall of France.

The Cadets assembled on Appleton Street at 11.30 under the command of Colonel Ryan. and after a wait of some time in a pouring rain moved off to Commonwealth Avenue, where another long wait occurred. Here the sun came out for a time, and the boys' clothing steamed as they stood and shivered. Some captains put their companies through the manual to warm them up a bit. Finally the column got under way although the Third Battalion became, for a time, a mob, as the mounted police forced them to push on.

The route taken was much longer than usual, and was a succession of stops and starts. Some captains had an idea of what an old time charge was, leading their companies at top speed down a slippery, muddy street, while the crowd cheered them on.

After going through the down town business section and passing City Hall, the platoons came back into company formation and at "Eyes Right" passed in review before the hero of the Marne. Then the Common was reached and, after a long tedious wait, the march back to the school was begun. Again the boys had another glimpse of Joffre, speeding by in his car.

* * * *

Major Harry G. Chase of the Signal Corps, M. N. G., spoke briefly to the boys at the usual Monday morning assembly on May 14.

* * * *

While a certain company, famous for the bearing and dignity of its officers was passing a point in the parade, a fair young lady was heard to remark to her companion. "There's more blondes than anything else in Latin School-but brains."

* * * *

The school contributed the sum of one hundred and fifteen dollars to the fund given Marshal Joffre on Saturday, May 12,.

* * * *

Henry M. Rogers, '18, was made Commander of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts Military Order of the Loyal Legion at a meeting on May 2.

* * * *

Mayor Curley recommended Henry A. Brickley, a former Latin School boy, for

appointment in the active service of the United States Aviation Corps.

* * * *

Dr. Robert Green, a Latin School graduate, will conduct one of the courses in Human Anatomy at the Harvard Summer School.

* * * *

Prices in the lunch room were advanced in very nearly everything on May 18, not withstanding the fact that the size of many orders had been reduced previoulsy. In a letter to Mr. Pennypacker, the head of the school lunch department stated that they had run behind for two months and would have to raise prices on the afore-mentioned date. The far-famed "H C. L." is certainly creeping in everywhere!

* * * *

Major Thomas F. Schley, who was a student here from 1880-1881, died recently at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu Hawaii. He was the son of the Admiral Schley of Spanish War fame.

* * * *

Dr Cadis Phipps, '99 is a member of the Boston Hospital Red Cross unit for service abroad. By the time this number is issued, he will probably be "Somewhere in France."

* * * *

Irving G. Rouillard, '08, was ordained to the deaconate of the Episcopal Church on May 17.

* * * *

In the last few weeks we have noticed with pleasure the appointment of many Latin School graduates to commissioned or non-commissioned offices in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Harvard. The following have won positions of one sort or another. Captain, J. O. Nesson, Lieutenants, M. H. C. Gersumsley,'13, A. R. Nelson, '15, P. W. Bolster, '16, Sergeants, M. S. Ginsburg, '14, E. D. Seeley, '15, J. A. Kiggen, '15, E. Nathan, '16, J. B. Nathan, '16, P. S. Remington, '16, W. N. Elton, '16.

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Room 6. Mr. Southworth, master, is another room to have an American flag. This one, while not so large as those in some of the others rooms, makes up in quality for its lack of size.

* * * *

In these days of military display and ardor, it is always difficult to restrain our feelings and keep from enlisting in some branch of the Service. However we should remember that it is not yet time for most of us to take up such duties. Men older and better prepared than we should go first, and then, as in other days, youth will answer the call if necessary. It does no one any good when a young fellow goes forth to fight; he has not attained his growth and cannot withstand the rigors and trials of the march as well as older men.

All honor to those boys who are enlisted, but when our country by the selective draft puts a large force in the field, let us bide our time until the day shall come when we may don the uniform shoulder the rifle, and fight with our fully developed strength.

* * * *

At the usual exercises for Memorial Day, on May 29, Mr. John R. Richardson, for many years a teacher here, spoke about his service in the Civil War. He took as his topic the Battle of Gettysburg, mentioning especially the struggle for Little Round Top. Mr. Richardson always receives a warm welcome here, and this year's was no exception.

* * * *

Bensinger, '18, who plays the piano at the usual school assemblies, should have credit for his work of the past year. His rendering of Chopin's Funeral

March at the Memorial Day exercises was especially fine.

* * * *

During the summer months, many boys have spare time that could be very well spent in reading worth while books. If we were to recommend a few, dealing with the war, we would advise any boy who enjoys a book that makes him think, to read H. G. Well's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. It is a long book conducive to hard thought. *A Hilltop on the Marne* by Mildred Aldrich, is another book, a personal narrative of the first few months of the war, pleasantly written, and enjoyable. *The First Hundred Thousand* by Captain Ian Hay Beith is about the lighter side of war, if there be one. It deals chiefly with the training and early experiences of some Scotch Highlanders, and anyone would enjoy it. These books, we understand, may be obtained in the Boston Public Library.

As boys who, in a few years may be called upon to fight, we should at least know what we are fighting for. We venture to state, that of fifty boys taken at random in the school, not more than twenty could intelligently and satisfactorily answer a question concerning the war, its causes, conduct, and effects. Intelligent reading should become a habit.

* * * *

Room 6, Mr. Powers, master, made a fine showing on Prize Declamation day, for its members won four approbation prizes, a reading prize and a declamation prize.

* * * *

The *Register* follows the custom established last year by publishing some of the Prize Winning essays.



AS THE END OF THE YEAR DRAWS NIGH



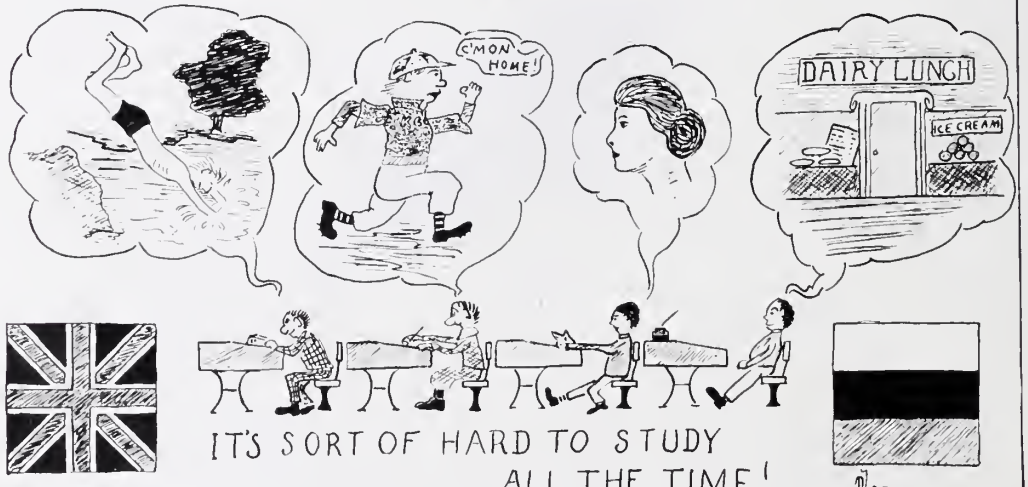
OUR OARSMEN HAVE ACQUIRED RARE FORM



SOME OF US ARE GOING FARMING



DEMON "FLUNKO" LOOMS UP LARGE



IT'S SORT OF HARD TO STUDY ALL THE TIME!

Plumer '17



WITTY: "What's the difference between a woman who goes to a fortune teller, and a man who frequents the bar room?"

DITTY: "Give up."

WITTY: "The first goes to get her hand read, while the other goes to get his nose red."

* * *

OLD EDITOR: Where is Scribbler?

ASSISTANT: Gone off to get married.

O. E: Well, I'm glad of that. Now he won't kick so about staying here nights.

* * *

Proprietor: This is the fourteenth time your grandmother died during the base-ball season.

OFFICE BOY: Yes, s-sir! You know my grandfather is a Mormon.

* * *

"To vote for your bill", said the Congressman, "I would have to stultify myself."

"Just so," said the lobbyist, blandly, "And of course we don't expect a man to stultify himself for nothing."

* * *

WIFE: Here is the longest word in the language. There are twenty syllables in it.

HUSBAND: Just the same it isn't. The longest word is the comparative degree of 'long'.

WIFE: How do you make that out?

HUSBAND: Easy enough. I don't care how long your word is, that is 'longer'.

MRS CHURCHLEY: We are going to give our pastor a thirty day vacation! what do you think of it?

MR. CHURCHLEY: Well, I think it would be better to let him take a day off every Sunday for thirty weeks.!

* * *

MRS. WEST: Yes; Sylvia got a divorce from her husband for non-support.

MR. BEST: Did he starve her?

MRS. WEST: Almost as bad. He let her pine for a pearl necklace for over two years.

* * *

BOARDER: You made me pay in advance at first because I was a stranger. That was all right, but I am not a stranger now.

LANDLADY: No, I know you now.

* * *

CUSTOMER: I Want to get a baby carriage.

CLERK: Yes sir, a Ford?

* * *

People who live in the best circles often fail to get ahead much.

* * *

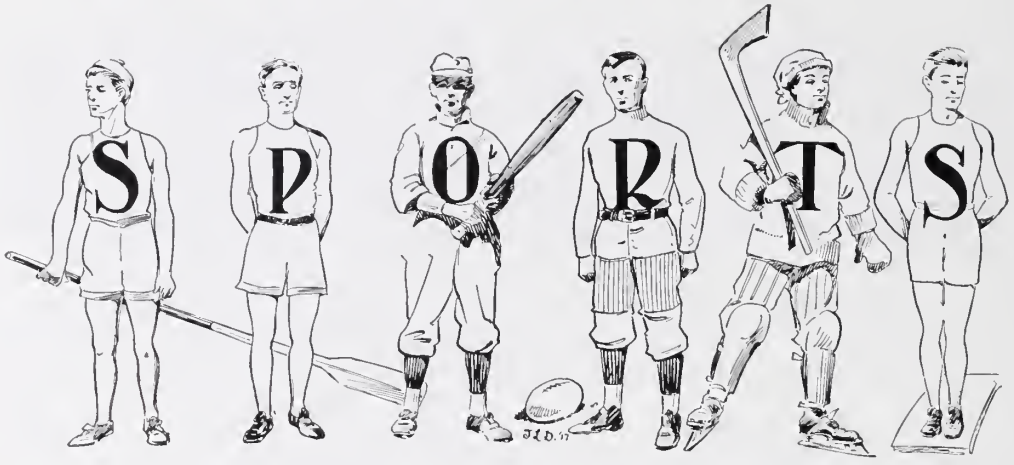
MR. CYNIC: Yes! Money is a drug on the market.

MR. KLINIC: It is, eh? Well, all I ask is just to get enough of that drug to commit suicide with.

* * *

KIND LADY: Here is a dime. Now promise me you will not go to that saloon over the way and spend it.

THIRSTY THOMAS (the tramp): I promise, lady. But is there any special saloon in town you'd like me to patronize?



As the school year draws to a close, a favorable time for reviewing the activities of our various athletic teams seems to offer itself. The school teams, especially two minor teams which hitherto have not been officially recognized, have had very successful careers and have received a most liberal support from the student body.

No doubt the greatest achievement of the year was the formation of the Latin School Athletic Association. This organizing has been the means of stimulating the interest in athletics, and by contributing the nominal fee of one cent each week every pupil in the school is doing his share, no matter how small, to encourage and support athletics. For the past few years the poor equipment of the teams has been a subject of much criticism, but this year the income of the association was used to purchase new uniforms for our team.

The first sport which we will stop to consider is football. We ask ourselves if the team had a successful season. We do not determine the success of a team by the number of games won, but by the benefits we have derived from our training. Because of the delay in the opening of school almost a month's training in the rudiments of football was lost. The task of rounding a team into shape, a team worthy to represent the school in our annual clash with English High was assigned to Coach O'Brien, and a tedious task it was. Although we suffered defeat on Thanksgiving Day, we cannot feel that the team was unsuccessful, for Coach O'Brien instilled a fighting spirit into that team, as well as the spirit of fairness and clean play, the greatest assets in Life's battles.

As soon as the ice began to form, Capt. Crowley assembled his players and started them on one of the most successful careers a Latin School hockey team has ever had. The weather was unusually favorable to hockey, only two games being cancelled on account of lack of ice. By its hard earned victory over English High the hockey team brought to the school the championship title. Capt.-elect Cronin will have practically a veteran team next season. May his team repeat the fine work of this year's team!

After the Christmas recess, the candidates for track honors began to make their appearance. The inter-class meet although won by the Second Class,

brought to the front members of other classes who showed that they possessed ability in track athletics. Among the season's consistent performers were, Capt. Wing and Cronin in the hurdles, Doherty and Webster in the 600, Dudley and Maguire in the 1000, and Crowley and Malley in the shot-put. Latin's weakness was in the field events, this proving costly in the Mechanic Arts and the English meets. In the Regimental Meet, Latin made a fine showing, winning fourth place over Dorchester High. Our team could no doubt have made a still better showing had it not been for the disappointing performance of our juniors, who in years past have been the leading point-winners.

The greatest achievement made by an athletic team was when the crew brought a two-fold honor to Latin School. By defeating the Rindge crew by a length the Latin crew not only brought another championship to the school but also has the honor of being the first Boston High School to win the Inter-scholastic rowing championship. The entire first crew will be back next year and should prove a strong contender for the beautiful B. F. Keith Trophy.

As the school's athletic activities draw to a close, let us not forget to express to two of our teachers, former Latin School athletes, our heartiest appreciation for their untiring efforts in encouraging the teams and urging them on to victory For the first time in many years Latin School Is the proud possessor of two championship titles. Although these titles were won by minor teams, the school has every reason to feel proud of these teams. It was the satisfaction of knowing that the team was receiving the encouragement of Mr. Campbell and Mr O'Brien that crowned our efforts with success.

BASEBALL

On Wednesday, April 25, at Cambridge, Boston Latin defeated Cambridge Latin in a loosely played game by the score of 8 to 5. Boston Latin practically won the game in the first inning, when, by bunching their hits and clever base running, they succeeded in scoring four runs.

While in the box Hayes of Cambridge received wretched support, six of the seven errors being made by his teammates in the first form sessions. Vickers who replaced Hayes in the sixth inning, had the Boston players at his mercy, striking out nine men in the remaining four innings and shutting off our team from further score.

McCarthy's home run, the longest hit ever made on Russell Field, was the feature of the game. The score: Cambridge Latin 5, Boston Latin 8.

* * * *

At Beverly, Saturday, April 28, Boston Latin defeated Beverly High in a well played game. The first half of the fourth inning found the teams evenly matched with the score of 3 to 0 in Latin's favor.

In the last half of the fourth inning Beverly tied the score, Coakley and Hilyard scoring on Eicke's two-bagger to deep center. In the seventh inning the opposing pitcher weakened and Latin scored three runs on as many hits.

Eicke's running catch and Goodrich's batting were features of the game.

On Wednesday, May 9, the Latin team received a white-wash at the hands of the Boston College High. Lovely of Boston College High held our players to one hit and aided materially in winning his game, getting two hits and scoring three runs. B. C. High scored first in the second inning and added three more runs in the fifth.

In the fifth inning with the bases filled, Lovely banged out a two-bagger sending three men over the plate. The Latin players were seldom unable to connect with the ball but the Boston College High infielders displayed remarkable fielding and prevented Latin from what seemed certain scores.

In the first of the so-called Boston High School League games Mechanic Arts defeated Boston Latin by the score of 3 to 1. The opposing pitchers Fullerton of Mechanics and Shea of Latin, pitched a fine game, Fullerton having the better of the argument.

In the fourth inning Mechanic Arts practically won the game, two runners crossing the plate. Madden opened, hitting one to Regan, who threw wildly, allowing the runner to go to second. Fullerton then singled to right, sending Madden to third. Jenning's hit to to third and beat out the throw to first, but Madden, trying to reach home was caught at the plate, Tetlow blocking the runner off in fine style. Connell followed with a hit to second scoring Fullerton and Jennings.

Mechanic Arts added another run in the seventh after two were out. Hosford drove a sharp single to center, Fletcher scoring him with a double to right field.

At Braintree, Saturday, May 19, the Latin nine suffered a 5 to 4 defeat at the hands of the Thayer Academy team. Latin started off strong, scoring three runs in the opening session. In the fourth inning and again in the fifth Thayer scored on plays that seemed almost certain outs, errors by our battery proving costly.

In the second game of the city series, which was played at Lincoln Field, Dorchester, Saturday, May 26, Latin was overwhelmingly defeated by Dorchester High by the score of 11 to 3. Both teams displayed a poor brand of baseball, the opposing pitchers receiving wretched support. In the fifth inning Dorchester won, scoring four runs on two hits and two errors.

TENNIS

On Tuesday, May 8, the Latin School tennis team opened its season by defeating Milton Academy by the score of 3 to 2 on the latter's courts. The summary.

Singles.

Hurwitz (L) defeated Campbell (M) 8-6, 4-6, 6-4.

Knox (M) defeated Cohen (L) 6-3, 6-4.

Bradley (M) defeated Davis (L) 7-5, 6-4.

Doubles.

Davis and Hurwitz (L) defeated Campbell and Knox (M) 7-5, 6-4.

Cohen and Clarke (L) defeated Bradley and Gorham (M) 6-1, 6-3.

The match between Newton High and Boston Latin played at the courts of the Newton Centre Squash Tennis Club on Wednesday, May 16, resulted in Latin's first defeat of the season. The score was 4 to 1 in favor of Newton. The summary:

Singles.

Hurwitz (L) defeated Scott (N), 4-6, 7-5, 6-3.

Vaughn (N) defeated Cohen (L) 6-1, 6-4. Jackson (N) defeated Davis (L) 9-7, 6-4.

Doubles.

Scott and Vaughn (N) defeated Davis and Hurwitz (L) 6-2, 6-1.

Marshall and Leete (N) defeated Cohen and Clarke (L) 8-6, 6-4.

At the Y. M. C. A. courts Friday, May 18, Latin easily defeated Hunting-

The Base-Ball Team, 1917



Standing, Left to right, Kennedy, Cronin, Malley, Shea, Larsen, Regan
Seated, Left to right, Mr. O'Brien (Coach) D' Amelio, Tetlow, Maguire (Capt.,) McCarthy, Goodrich, Seely (Manager)

ton School by the score of 5 to 0. The summary:

Singles.

Hurwitz (L) defeated Proctor (H) 6-4, 6-3.

Cohen (L) defeated Russell (H) 6-4, 6-0.

Davis (L) defeated Wands (H) 10-8, 6-1.

Doubles.

Cohen and Hurwitz (L) defeated Proctor and Russell (H) 2-6, 6-1, 6-1.

Parker and Connelly (L) defeated Wands and Clark (H) 6-4.

CREW

The crew in spite of the fact that it was greatly weakened by the loss of Pond has made rapid progress. Cronin is now rowing at number three and with a little experience should prove to be able to fill Pond's place creditably. The order of the first boat as it will row in the regetta is, Ryan, stroke, Cronin 3, Otis 2, Webster bow, Plumer coxswain. The second boat seems to be a well balanced boat and has fine material

Next year the crew will be without an experienced coxswain as Plumer and Kroetzsch our first and second coxswains, will graduate this year. However, we do not lose the services of any of our oarsmen, as at present there is no member of the Senior Class rowing on either our first or our second crew.

The Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association recently voted to adopt fall training. Fall rowing will prove a vast help because two or three weeks will prove sufficient to train a man for the only position that will be vacant, namely the position of coxswain.

To Capt. Ryan and his crew falls the honor of being the first Boston High School crew to ever win the crew championship. By winning first place in the regatta, Friday, May 25, Latin School becomes the proud possessor of the beautiful B. F. Keith trophy for a period of one year. With a veteran crew next year, Latin School ought to be able to win the cup for another year and strengthen its chances for becoming the permanent holder of the trophy.

H. G. S. '17.



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